

MIDAMBLE

PETER JAEGER

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if p then q classics

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Variations for Walkers and Pilgrims

Relics

Finding ourselves in a dark wood where the straight road no longer lay, we were often simple. Walking in order to research where we were in relation to our desire, we remembered surface. Coming across two roads that diverged in a wood, we stepped into the wood. Beginning nowhere, going nowhere, and arriving nowhere, we deepened the level. Wandering lonely as clouds, we thought ourselves mannered. Investigating the difference between the fantasy and the reality of walking, we clearly saw the void. Noticing that even the best walks—like the best books—had their moments of tedium, we left off modern thought. Treading on ground inhabited by our first human ancestors, we humanized

A baby's mind is mu a banquet arranged by the devil in an inn to lead the dominican monks into temptation a bektash dervish inhaling hashish a biographical note on yasutani-roshi a blessing and a curse a blind beggar receives his sight a body of broken bones a book a breastplate against death a bridge between two worlds a brief account of yoga philosophy a brief history of the medical skills from the monasteries a brief history of your life a brief history a brief introduction to life in the cloister a brief life-sketch of sri sankara a brother who sins against you a buddha a buddhist bible? a buffalo passes through a window a call to persevere a camel and the eye of a needle a cautionary tale of

constraint. Aiming at definite, special goals (they belong to the secret category of research and are therefore not communicable), we ate our quiet ferns. Knowing that our friends and families were standing in a line and waving good-bye to us as long as they could see our backs, we overcame our fear. Embarking on foot, we wrote a new haiku. Deciding to attempt a description of our journey—a journey which since the days of the greatest of our great grandparents had not been attempted—we listened to airports. Paying our debts and making our wills and settling all of our affairs, we were ready to go. Encountering thousands of improvised pilgrimages, often unguided by the principles of a

karmic retribution a child is born a christian hermit on shiva's holy mountain a christian woman a christian's experience of zen a communion of love a condemnation of ephraim a confession of trust a contrary view of karma a contrary view refuted a conversation at paphos—43 ad a cosmic covenant a country vihara a cremation story a crippled woman healed on the sabbath a cry against deceitful friends a cry in distress a cry of distress a cry of the heart a cup of tea a dead girl and a sick woman a desperate year a dialogue on inner purpose a disciple is he who lives the teaching a divine invitation a dragon in the clouds a dream of the starets a drop of water a drunken buddha a famous

major world religion, and of varying levels of seriousness and sanctity, we entertained no one. Finding it more appropriate to walk across the city to visit the land-art retrospective than to ride the bus, we reconciled nothing. Laughing with the fat Buddha of sweets on a suburban lawn by the path, we lived on park benches. Touching the *Westwerk* door before setting off, we entered the zero. Trying to understand what we saw, heard, smelled, tasted and touched, as well as whatever became evident to our other senses, we repeated often. Remembering that one of our poets had written “the surface is where the depth is,” we reported nothing. Being aware of things outside of ourselves (objects we

tibetan monastery a farewell to t'ien cho on retreat on hua mountain a fight with a kurra a folk novel of china a foretaste of paradise a fork in the path a fresh start for everyone a full-spectrum approach a go-between's business a general survey a golden compass a great thought a group of hasidim faces death a guest of the lamas a happy life a harmony of the gospels a healing buddha a healthy body and a sound mind a higher love a historical grammar of poetic myth a history of taoism a holistic indexing system a house for the naked a house of emptiness and order a husband with many wives a hymn of trust in god a jayanthi for the buddha's enlightenment a job as church watchman a joyful

might have tripped over, other people that we might have walked into, invisible, psychological objects), we avoided junkspace. Using the Sanskrit term *tirtha* or ford to the divine, we ate organic bread. Hearing that ancient scholars began their commentaries on page two in order to illustrate from the outset that completion was impossible, we bought some bus tickets. Starting to generate some momentum of pace but without a plot or course to follow, we tolerated noise. Circumambulating a holy mountain, we were blown into space. Terrifying ourselves with the words *it is nigh a day's journey to a great hill where our Lord fasted forty days*, we heard the leaves crackle. Stopping to

noise a lamp on a stand a lamp unto yourself a letter to a dying man a life of peace freedom and joy a light in the west a list of bad dreams chanted for a cause and cure for missing souls a lone lamp a love poem with witches a man of great strength a man with leprosy a martinet a matter of honour a matter of time not place a meaningful myth? a meditation course a meditation using beads a meeting with khidr a meeting with oneself a member of the human race a memorial for jenny a message from god a mevleev dervish of damascus a miracle a mistake a model of the universe a mohammedan wonder-worker a monk in the cloister of zwettl monastery a monk in the convent of zwettl a monk

hear a siren *dopplering* into the distance, we wanted to be girls. Climbing directly to the summit where the rocks shone oily and black from ceremonial fires, we recorded a drone. Revealing the contours of an idiotic story, we overturned no one. Taking pilgrimage as an allegory of the journey of the soul in order to provide us with a reasonable explanation for our frequent association of walking and death, we wore our trousers rolled. Believing that our walk was life-affirming, we held each other tight. Purchasing permits and taking along a government escort, we recognized a truth. Bringing along a sheaf of maps that we couldn't even read, we questioned a structure. Locating a pre-

walking in jakobsberg a moral universe a more integral map a more measured greatness a mother's advice a mysterious order a natural process of growth a never-ending learning and adapting a new beginning a new buddhist movement a new creation a new earth a new heaven and a new earth a new rule a non-buddhist questions the buddha two faces of prometheus a parable a path in plain view a path of questions a path of self-transcendence a penny less to pay a perfume saint displays his wonders a peruvian dance song a pilgrim's prayer a place of meditation a plea against the wicked a poem for the goddess her city and the marriage of her son and daughter a poem for the wind a poet a poetry of

historic megalith by a narrow footpath on the left, we understood weather. Taking extra care when crossing the road, we studied all subjects. Feeling like the road was walking through us rather than that we were walking on it, we mediated sky. Marvelling at the wisdom that went into creating the human body, we wrote syllabic verse. Knowing from our preliminary research that pilgrims used to pass there with their yaks before the path became so small, we listened to the leaves. Discovering an ancient way, we understood our grief. Arriving at the abbey after walking all morning through poplar and lime, we questioned what was dull. Following original ideas which were different from migrations or

infinite possibilities a point of view on the practice a poison arrow a practical program for monks a prayer for deliverance a prayer for help a prayer for light a prayer for protection a prayer of the afflicted when he is overwhelmed and poureth out his complaint before the lord a prelude: for the feast of st. agnes a present reality a program of spiritual healing a promised prophet a prophet without honour a prostitute living like a wife a psalm for solomon a psalm of asaph a psalm of david the servant of the lord a psalm of david to bring to remembrance a psalm of david when he was in the wilderness of judah a psalm of david a psalm of praise a psalm a pure heart is better than knowledge a quality

making journeys or exploring or being nomads or pilgrims, we operated chance. Taking a break in the afternoon chill to eat pears and almonds and to patch the day's new blisters, we stayed ephemeral. Entering a darkened church to hear a flautist and harpist tuning their instruments, we hoped to rest in peace. Seeing no sign of other walkers, we lacked consistent tone. Taking our socks off to dry them out, we stopped an argument. Spanning many time periods and geographical spaces as well as representing the un-nameable areas that we hoped to encounter, we cleaned our leather boots. Wearing elastic bandages on our legs and sweat bands on our arms, we contemplated love. Strolling beside

must have a vehicle a quantum leap in the evolution of consciousness a question is an answer a question of time a quiet mind is all you need a reader's guide to exploring the bible a reader's guide to the holy bible a realization a redemptive sacrifice a reformed heretic a religious awakening? a remnant to be saved a retreat in crete a rufa'ee dervish in an ecstatic state a sabbath-rest for the people of god a sabbatical year a sanniyasi in india a scientific look at mudras a seal upon thy heart a sense of the sacred a sense we have lost a sequence of songs of the ghost dance religion a severe famine a shaman climbs up the sky a shaman vision poem a sheikh of the nakshibendeas subduing a lion by his

an unknown little stream as it wound in and out, we breathed in mindful air. Questioning whether the river was the same famous stream mentioned in the scriptures, we lazed in the sunshine. Prattling about common joys and sorrows and the household news of the village girls who came for water and sat by the riverside in the morning, we organized labour. Marking a kind of de-militarized zone between territories, we studied the *dharma*. Crossing a cobbled bridge, we met our parents' ghosts. Agreeing to set out forthwith, we terrified ourselves. Referring to our journey as the *death walk*, we sang in harmony. Calling it hiking, we were buried by soil. Collecting objects on the way to serve as

spiritual powers a short elucidation of the extraordinary reality of sovereign wisdom a short elucidation of the extraordinary a short history of fasting—and what you can discover in the process a single entity a sister serving food in the convent a small prayer to everything a smile in his lifetime a son promised to sarah a song and psalm for the sons of korah a song of amergin a song of degrees of david a song of degrees a song of loves a song of praise to god a song of the spider goddess a song of the winds a song upon alamothe a sound's true nature a special transmission outside the scriptures a spiritual journey a still small voice a story of moses a stream of creativity a structured day a sufi notebook a

charms, we seared our eyes on sand. Passing a clump of skyborne roots, we learned a silent prayer. Marching on and on for seasons and years, we cried when faced with sums. Rolling with the planet on its long sidereal slide, we responded in kind. Dreaming of all the cities we had passed through, we voted no to them. Entering the land of the peoples of the moon dynasty and their capital—a city of five thousand temples and as many monkeys—we listened to traffic. Finding ourselves saddened by injuries, we sang Hallelujah. Puzzling over the difference between walking in a dream from dreaming while walking, we became forgiving. Resting our swollen feet in the main square by the clapping of

summer of prayer a tale of three lives a teacher of the law a thousand mountains are covered with snow—why is only one peak not white? a thousand prostrations a thrust home a time for everything a tiresome intermediate stage: the arrival of the demons a treasury of 112 types of yoga a tree and its fruit a tree freshly rooted a trinity of love a type of brainwashing a universal revelation a verse on the philosophers' discriminations a visit from lama govinda a visit to spiral castle a visit with a pious family a wife is sought for isaac a wife's rights and duties a wild holy band a wish for harmony a wolf in monk's robes a woman comes out of meditation a word for it a workman approved by

pigeon's wings and the honk of small cars stuck in traffic, we burned our mouths on tea. Stopping in a modern city to replenish our supplies, we drank too much again. Moving across the land at great speed in the dark, we were all converted. Seeing the glow of the earth as if we were running along great lighted pathways in the night, we never could obey. Relying more heavily on the refrain of our footsteps than on the plot and bearing of any map, we entered a time warp. Becoming directionless, we lay down with lions. Carrying on without a destination in mind, we plunged under water. Following the route of our previous studies, we did this we did that. Expecting nothing to happen on the journey, we

god a zen retreat aaron to assist mooses aaron's golden calf aaron's rod becomes a serpent abandon memories and expectations abandon words and speaking abandoning all hindrances abandoning postural variety to contemplate inner vibration abandoning technical righteousness and remaining in the functionality of asana abandonment abasa (he frowned) abdominal (or diaphragmatic) breathing abdominal contraction abdominal massaging abdominal rotation or churning abdominal toning asana abigail pacifies david abijah wars against jeroboam abijah's wicked reign abner deserts to david abnormal effects of pranayama abode of the unmanifest abode of the unplanned

were so super bored. Discerning different configurations as they emerged, we heard the news today. Treading in the footprints of our ancestors, we knew inquisition. Resting among purple blossoms and broken columns, we lost our best players. Approaching a ruined hermitage through a scraggly orchard and some cement picnic tables with our ankles swollen from trudging through the afternoon heat, we wasted our water. Growing lethargic and dreamy, we thought of the Bardo. Imagining a series of random walks along an array of mysteriously interconnected paths held together by a pattern that we would never be able to recognize, we dismembered ourselves. Arriving

affect about antony and basic questions about eating and looking about letting go and relaxing about life and death about moderation and the middle way about mohammed son of isa about prostitutes and courtesans about st. francis and his oil about the best in people about the daily routine about the healing power of compassion about the healing power of feelings and thoughts about the healing power of joy about the healing power of music about the healing power of prayer about the origin of fasting about the seven deadly sins about the sivananda yoga vedanta centres about this mind about time and eternity about wisdom publications about writing and meditation abraham and

at the barrier-gate which marks the entrance to the northern regions, we hummed tuneless music. Joining an annual collective pilgrimage to a sacred tomb, we relied on instinct. Finding words painted on the side of a cliff as we circled the grounds of a high lama's residence, we lost our A.D.D. Climbing a cliff while darkness fell, we found a deeper peace. Wandering through many diverse lands and many provinces and kingdoms and isles where dwelt many diverse folks of diverse manners and laws, we forgot newspapers. Stumbling across the low-fi wreck of a fifty year old radio tower, we sexualized it. Standing on timber stacks, we shook off big cities. Going on foot more than twenty times to the

abimelech abraham and the angels abraham justified by faith
abraham's faith in god abraham in egypt absalom returns to
david's court absalom slain by joab absalom's conspiracy
absalom's revenge absence of expectation absence of the
unchanging self absence of worldly desires absolute and relative
absolute conviction absolute perfection is here and now absolute
reality defined absolute reality is the only foundation absolute
void absolute abstinence and a 'discerning eye ' abstinence
bestows strength absurdity and ignorance abundance and
balance abundance abuse poem: for kodzo and others acceleration
of restraint accept life as it comes accept yourself acceptance of

tomb of the holy prophet, we let the time obscure. Following the best avenue available for making connections between the natural and the spirit world, we ran past burning tires. Becoming visibly shabby, we stayed introspective. Budging along that road like cough syrup stirring on the bottom of a dead ocean, we thought of those in boats. Emerging with each footstep, we foregrounded our faith. Taking lanterns for our feet rather than bright torches for the distance, we felt like Lazarus. Travelling as pilgrims eager to reach the shrine of an eminent lama, we increased in knowledge. Thinking of our homes a thousand *li* away while a green-willow wind stirred a nearby pond, we entered

the now acceptance accessing the power of the now accident and emergency buddhism according to yoga philosophy accurate proportion accusation and trial achieving equilibrium acquiescence acquiring knowledge acquiring merit acquisition of the girl and gaining over a man act on reality acting in knowledge of krishna action and idea action and inaction action and rest from action action and words action without purpose actions activation prayer for the protector setrabjen active and passive practice actors fairground entertainers and bargain dealers ranting on the subject actual terminology used for sufis actual transcendent insight actualizing the fundamental point acute

the dragon. Believing the merit of our path would be written on the earth, in the seas, and in heaven, we donated some coins. Cracking dried out acorns under our feet to frighten off a hare, we contained multitudes. Smelling wealthy horses as they passed, we forgot our concept. Facing the gate of the sword, high and jagged, we often used collage. Continuing up a grassy slope on our left to a wall, we rubbed our swollen shins. Crossing a stile before going diagonally left through another gateway and bearing right on a well-formed track, we went right off the grid. Finding a place of even deeper seclusion, we dropped out of art school. Crossing ridge after ridge until we came to a hilltop overlooking

pain and chronic pain ad-dharyat (the winds) addiction and taste addiction and the search for wholeness addictions additional teachings address list of sivananda yoga vedanta centres addresses of vipassana centres worldwide ad-duha (daylight) ad-dukhan (smoke) adjusting asceticism admirable records of unmoving wisdom admission to the order admonishing a young teacher admonishing others adonijah is put to death adorations to the guru adultery adultery: mixing of levels advaita advanced spiritual stations practices and experiences advanced work in the pose advancing in krishna consciousness advantages of giving advantages of upholding precepts advice about widows elders

an inland sea, we hoped to become light. Toddling down to the shore, we jettisoned our clothes. Discovering two magnificent pre-historic monuments, we tore our maps in half. Arriving at a promontory over the sea just as another party of pilgrims were passing by, we burned all our money. Reading the map once again, we found it of no use. Seeing a bird-track to the west, we all mis-translated. Entering a forest, we gave back everything. Understanding how the woodland walk displayed the changes of the year more than any other type of walk, we were always eager. Resting beside the smoke and crackle of an orange bonfire, we let it all just go. Noticing how late afternoon sunlight turned the

and slaves advice against wicked women advice for instructors advice for sustaining the community advice to a young prophet advices and queries advocating the digestive fire or cleansing with the essence of fire aeacus aeneas and dorcas aesthetics of emptiness affinities and aptitudes affinities africa after a short time i felt the calming effects of the convent after all one never knows after delivery after months of sitting after reading takahashi after the crucifixion after the night office—gesthemani abbey after the rebellion visiting the mountain temple after your four elements have decomposed where will you go? afterlife? against ammon and edom against false prophets against moab

valley's home for the mentally disturbed to a brilliant ochre hue, we became more fragile. Reaching the beaver pond shrouded by a thick October fog, we remained subjective. Crossing the pond and the so-called forty-eight rapids of a river and countless other streams, we came to a village. Wanting to see the famous local wisteria vines in their early autumn colours even though their flowering season was spring, we listened very hard. Passing burnt-out buildings, we broke our mileage wall. Stepping carefully over the possible hazards of snow and ice, we heard our backpacks creak. Walking back and forth through a snowy graveyard all winter, we had no idea. Heading through more

against the philistines agamemnon and clytaemnestra age limitations agni yoga: harnessing the inner fire agni agnosticism agreement with solomon abah covets naboth's vineyard abah defeats the syrians abah spares ben-hadad ahaziah's reign over judah ahimsa ahimsa: non-violence ahithopel's council rejected aims and ideals of self-realization fellowship aims and ideals of yogoda satsang society of india aims in life aims of yoga aims of zen air cleansing aitreya upanishad ajmal of badakshan ajna chakra al que quiere: eleven pai-hua al-'adiyat (the war steeds) al-ahqaf (the sand dunes) al-ahzab (the confederate tribes) al-'a'la (the most high) al-'alaq (clots of blood) al-an'am (cattle) al-

dripping woodland, we hollowed out the way. Hearing only the sad croak of birds, the slap of falling water, and the sloshing of our boots through wet leaves, we had the highest hopes. Forgetting modern time in that landscape, we often fragmented. Tying untreated leather strips around our feet and leaving bare everything except our soles, we harvested chestnuts. Dreaming together on August nights of the road stretching out at the edge of a forest beside a field of wheat on ground baked hard by the sun, we all kept to ourselves. Watching pilgrims bow, fall on their knees, press their foreheads against the ground, and pay homage, we wondered about time. Curling up towards the pass of green

anbiya' (the prophets) al-anfal (the spoils) al-'ankabut (the spider) al-a'raf (the heights) al-'asr (the declining day) al-balad (the city) al-baqarah (the cow) al-bayyinah (the proof) al-buruj (the constellations) alcectis alchemy alcyone and ceyx alertness al-fajr (the dawn) al-falaq (daybreak) al-fath (the victory) al-fatihah (the exordium) al-fatir (the creator) al-fil (the elephant) al-furqan al-ghashiyah (the overwhelming event) al-hadid (iron) al-hajj (pilgrimage) al-haqqah (the catastrophe) al-hashr (exile) al-hijr al-hujurat (the chambers) al-humazah (the slanderer) alien people clutching their gods al-ikhlas (oneness) al-'imran (the imrans) al-infitar (the cataclysm) al-insan (man) al-inshiqaq

mud, we un-fogged our glasses. Climbing uphill where the horizon grew wider, we offered ornaments. Marching along alone or only as a small group or forming a troop, we wondered forever. Remaining in a district with only a few friends, without tents, without leaders and without a guide, we kissed and didn't tell. Having the path mostly to ourselves at that time of year, we all felt like virgins. Witnessing the sky grow dark and the rattle of nearby goat bells getting drowned out by the rush of strong winds catching in holm-oak leaves, we needed much more depth. Holing up for three hours in a storm, we burned our tongues on stew. Keeping dry beneath the tree canopy with the storm

(the rending) al-inshirah (comfort) alive al-jathiyah (kneeling) al-jinn (the jinn) al-jumu'ah (friday or the day of congregation) al-kafirun (the unbelievers) al-kahf (the cave) al-kauthar (abundance) all creatures ask me who is god? all included all is anatta all is change all is suffering all is vanity all israel will be saved all knowledge is ignorance all lives all dances and all is loud all modes of mind are really only mind all of us so close to buddha all people have their own place of birth in karma where is your place of birth in karma? all problems are illusions of the mind all religions are one (composed c. 1788) all search for happiness is misery all shall be charity all shall be well all

splashing on the leaves above us, we thought we were obscure. Tramping for hours through rain and mist along ancient track ways to see a church spire rise out of the murk at last, we lost ourselves in myth. Finding tankards of local apple cider after such a long walk in bad weather, we gave away our coins. Crossing a desert stoked up into a furnace, we did meditation. Passing a group of shrouded figures bearing a corpse, we entered ground so cold. Reaching the shrine, we prayed for refugees. Entreating the intercession of a holy old woman who lived a secluded life upon the top of the little range of hills nearby, we went to therapy. Carrying a sheep's stomach full of butter and another full of

structures are unstable all suffering is born of desire all that we are all the buddhas and the buddhas' dharma of the supreme way arise from this sutra all things are and are not all things are unborn all things conditioned all who receive the word are begotten by god allah will provide al-lail (night) allama prabhu allergy alleviating stress all-inclusive study allowing the diminishment of the ego all-quadrant all-quadrant all-level all-quadrants all-levels all-lines: an overview of unicef al-ma'arij (the ladders) al-ma'idah (the table) al-ma'un (alms) alms al-muddaththir (the cloaked one) al-mujadilah (she who pleaded) al-mulk (sovereignty) al-mu'min (the believer) al-mu'minin (the

goat's milk, we thought we all mattered. Finding the hermitage situated on the side of a hill completely covered with dark cedars and pines, we loved another one. Looking at pieces of stone carved with single and double crosses cut by earlier pilgrims and some un-coffined skeletons that had been discovered in shallow graves in the nearby cemetery, we upheld nothing. Walking right past our objective without recognizing it in our discouragement and haste, we sang bhajans and hymns. Dropping down the slope, we touched an ancient oak. Wanting to turn off the path there, we spent too much on crap. Stopping because of the muddy road after the early rain of the wet season and our own weaknesses,

believers) al-mumtahanah (she who is tested) al-munafiqun (the hypocrites) al-mursalat (those that are sent forth) al-muzzammil (the mantled one) alone with the alone aloneness and isolation along the way al-qalam (the pen) al-qamar (the moon) al-qari'ah (the disaster) al-qasas (the story) al-qiyamah (the resurrection) al-quraish al-saba' altered state of consciousness altering the flow of nadis and breath alternate crops alternate nostril breathing alternative visualization sequence alternative visualizations altruism al-waqi'ah (that which is coming) always serve others al-zilzal (the earthquake) amaziah's reign in judah amban's forty-ninth talk ambition america america's spiritual

we understood little. Wandering over the hills and far away, we took off our headphones. Standing by the ghostly shape of a white horse etched into the chalk hillside as it emerged from the morning haze, we showed the kōan Mu. Circling the ramparts of an Iron Age fort while two helicopters hovered overhead and the solar wind blew fallen leaves and stray bits of rubbish around our legs, we were pretty vacant. Stopping to eat lunch beside a long barrow, we grieved for fallen skies. Leaning against the broad trunk of an oak in the shade, we fought gravity's pull. Listening intently to the sound of our plastic lunch bags moving gently in the breeze as if that sound could shed some light on our reasons

crisis amnon's sin with tamar among the masters amos an abdal marabout or holy man in a crazed state an accident and its unexpected outcome an account of the holy grail from ancient ritual to christian symbol an allegorical explanation of jacob an all-encompassing ideal an ancient tradition an angel foretells samson's birth an answer of jesus an approach to the diamond sutra an argument—of the passion of the christ an awakening an eccentric sage an eternal world an evening walk an experience in cosmic consciousness an experiment in common life an experimental place an explanation and the meaning of the symbolic use of five ingredients: wine meat fish cereal and sexual

for walking, we loved men and women. Continuing on through a miasma of pig-slurry and chalk dust, we fought the law and won. Stopping fatigued to lie in the long grass which grew along the path, we knew our primate blood. Hearing some kind of unknowable insect clicking away beside us, we prayed for loving grace. Hoisting our packs, we remained relentless. Hoping to show up along the path somewhere ahead, we trusted the humans. Playing with feral children in the porch of a neo-lithic tomb, we stopped reading Virgil. Coming to another crossroads, we saw through dimensions. Spending half the allotted time walking one way and then turning around and coming back, we

union an explanation of the concepts of nyasa: consecration of the body through touch and vinyasa: the art of sequencing an explanation of the myth of matsyendranatha and the psychological and metaphysical signification of the fish's belly an explanation of the use of support in iyengar yoga an exploration of the rituals of pranayama through the spontaneous mantra soham an eye for an eye an eye for an eye? an idyll in south india an illustration from marriage an imbalance of scholarship and faith an innocent an integral vision for business science and spirituality an integral vision an interview with the sacred mother an introduction setting out the impossibility of objectivising the subject an

broke our feet open. Missing a stile and turning into the wrong farmer's field only to find a small statue of the Buddha sitting by a hedge, we checked our messages. Setting out in the dark between a row of ornamental shrubs, we passed a feral cat. Wondering if discontinuity was an epiphenomenon of our research methods, we painted stones with mud. Freezing the balls of our thigh-bones solid in their sockets while sleeping in the winter mountains, we contemplated space. Gripeing about our aches and pains—the persistent blister on the left little toe, the shin splint, the broken heart—we prayed for divine grace. Gleaning insight the farther we went, we litigated none.

introduction to the techniques of meditation an introduction to zen with stories parables and koan riddles told by zen masters an introduction to zen an introductory guide to the buddhist tradition an ode an old saw re-sharpened anachronism anahata chakra anal cleansing analysis of gross objects analysis of subtle objects analysis of the characteristic of vikalpa analytical answers ananias and sapphira anapananusmrti sutras anapanasati anasazi anatomy of nonduality ancestor dajian huineng ancient india and he is with us and how to bring the two into harmony and it is all undone and so goodbye to cities angels anger and dying anger angharad animal postures animal story x animals

Encountering many old acquaintances along the way and also lamas who were studying in the theological seminaries as well as pilgrims in fur caps with large ear-flaps of fox-skin, we called and responded. Losing all certainty of location, we all read *Leaves of Grass*. Bundling together blankets, sandals, loin-cloths, strings of prayer beads, and copies of the Holy Scriptures, we found the way again. Walking slowly by the high hill where the mother of the prophet had dwelled, we missed our families. Coming across no busy roads, just a gentle landscape with clumps of woodland and wandering streams, we lugged our emotions. Walking into a valley, we found carvings on rocks. Reading a sign by the path

an-naba' (the tidings) an-nahl (the bee) an-najm (the star) an-naml (the ant) an-nas (men) an-nasr (help) an-nazi'at (those soul snatchers) an-nisa' (women) announcement an-nur (light) anonymous (the cloud of unknowing) another dimension another interpretation and criticism of the expression pratyakcetana another school another visit to india antarayas—the obstacles antidotes to illusion antiope anuloma pranayama anuloma viloma anyone can do it that way aparigraha aphorisms aphrodite's nature and deeds apocalyptic style apollo's nature and deeds apophasis and kataphasis apophatic and kataphatic traditions in the 20th century apostles of christ appearance and

about standing in the centre of an ancient burial pit, we overheard children. Knowing the value of our steps only when confronted with death, we forgot our shopping. Wandering through space and time, we masticated food. Finding a way-marker at last emblazoned with the scallop-shell motif of the *Camino*, we sang it *legato*. Heading with aching feet to another city, we played minimalist. Paying three rupees for a bed, we tragedied sex. Bathing in the hot mineral springs inside one of the city's temples in the hope of gaining purification, we loved our children most. Strolling through the Emperor's garden to see his moon-viewing platform, we signed with muddy hands. Treading on pavement

reality appearances and the reality appetite application of principles application applications of effortless learning appointment of joshua appointment of the land appreciation of the commentaries apprenticeship approaches to satori approaching the inexplicable approaching the study of dharma appropriate attention april and november arabic sufi poetry architectural tranquillity are there several essential tibetan buddhisms? are women eligible for yoga? aren't we all? ares' nature and deeds arion arising as illusion arising aristaeus arjuna's refusal to fight ar-ra'd (thunder) ar-rahman (the merciful) arrangement of the camp arresting the stone buddha

stones from the time of the crucifixion which had been dug up and raised to street level by teams of archaeologists, we closed the span between. Searching fruitlessly for an obelisk shown on a map, we plateaued-out on words. Losing some of our travelling companions in the maze of city streets, we limped to the doctor. Remembering that only some of us were wealthy enough to afford clean private rooms and healthy food along the way, we purchased too much stuff. Mentioning the seamy side of pilgrimage, we slept through morning light. Obtaining new travel permits, following only the main paths, and passing through the localities ahead within a certain time limit with a new book of credentials

arrival at jerusalem arrival at rome arrival in irkutsk arriving and departing arriving at the oasis and feeling a new freedom ar-rum (the greeks) artaxerxes' commission to ezra artemis's nature and deeds articles for the tabernacle arunachala aryan eightfold path as a man crosses a bridge the bridge flows the water remains motionless as devoid of its own nature as the spirit breathes as without so within asa reigns over judah asana and adoration of gods and goddesses asana and its effects asana as a means of contemplating the re-absorption of elements into the body asana as a way of mirroring the body's spatiality asana courses asana of initiation into lucid dreams asana visualization asana asana:

to be stamped at each resting place in order to provide proof of our passage, we laughed at solar flares. Thronging the roads like nefarious travellers, we saddened at Christmas. Coming upon nothing but paved lane after paved lane, we blistered our big toes. Listening to goat bells in morning darkness, we were bitten by snakes. Meandering slowly past some abandoned circular huts with conical straw roofs, we wanted to be mud. Pushing our way towards a village standing in an open field, we softened igneous. Calling a greeting, we had amateur sex. Remarking that the people in those parts had dead eyes, we planted many trees. Passing through towns and villages with an inchoate, dreamlike

yogic postures for health and awareness asanas (yogic postures) and backache asanas after delivery (post-natal) asanas and pranayama: pregnancy asanas during pregnancy asanas for emotional stability asanas for stress asanas for you asanas with props asanga and nagarjuna asanga's teaching of great compassion (from geshe wangyal's door of liberation) ascending the mountain ascetic practices asceticism is everything asceticism ascetics asclepius ashore on malta ash-shams (the sun) ash-shu'ara' (the poets) ash-shura (counsel) asia asita's visit ask me another ask the rose about the rose ask seek knock asleep and awake aspects of dukka aspects of posture aspects of prana

feel, as if they lay on the threshold of neither one thing nor another, we marked them with an X. Doubting that anything would stop villagers from being suspicious of strangers on foot, we overflowed mud banks. Wondering if that area was the so-called 'scuzzy' bit of the walk, we paid for a ticket. Hearing a tweet from someone's phone and turning to look back at a gang of men stepping quickly towards us, we puddled into sleet. Shaking off the authorities who wanted us to postpone our journey indefinitely while they processed our credentials, we cauterized our skin. Hurrying over a bridge and a disused railway line, then through some farm buildings, we lost the will to live. Hearing a minor

aspects of the spiritual life aspects of yogic discipline aspiration
as-saff (battle array) as-saffat (the ranks) as-sajdah (adoration)
assertion and refutation associated fu organ association with
holy folk assumptions assyria to be punished astanga yoga—the
eight limbs of yoga astanga yoga—the eightfold path of yoga
asteyas astrology at a glance: what helps when? at encinitas in
california at eventide god came in at i-chou climbing the tower of
lung-hsing temple to view the high northern mountains at least
at night at lushan temple at the close of an age at the feet of
master mandooka at the feet of the master aitareya at the feet of
the monk at the frontier at the home of martha and mary at

chord of wind sigh through the leaves of chestnut trees, we composed a sonnet. Hoping to find a night's lodging at some friendly farm, we drank the mountain soup. Pushing on through almost entirely uninhabited land—a desolate, featureless country mainly devoted to cabbage and turnip, with poor hedges and few trees—we tried to speak *being*. Leaving without lingering, we couldn't stop laughing. Reaching the foot of a small, nearly ruined temple with tufts of grass growing from its roof where a young priest came running down the path and asked us to leave some stones on a nearby cairn, we considered so much. Contemplating what pilgrimage might mean to other pilgrims, we all thronged

whose command? athaliah is slain athaliah usurps the throne
athamas athene's nature and deeds atlas and prometheus atma
proved and crowned atman atonement: realizing responsibility
atreus and thyestes attached to sensual pleasures attachment to
rewards of merit attachment—non-attachment at-taghabun
(cheating) at-tahrim (prohibition) attaining self-mastery and
control of the mind attaining the bliss indestructible attainment
of the way realization of mind—just putting your head through a
gate attainments of a teacher attainments of the bodhisattva at-
takathur (worldly gain) at-takwir (the cessation) at-talaq
(divorce) attar of nishapur at-tariq (the nightly visitant) at-

together. Finding no path ahead, we smeared our toes with grease. Doubting if we could find another path nearby, we danced to power chords. Consulting our maps and looking for way-markers, we winced but understood. Following a restricted byway, we felt the ground get warm. Wearing broad hats with the brims turned up at the front and long scarves wound around our bodies, we slipped on ancient clay. Hearing that the rivers in that region were lethal to drink, we upset our stomachs. Walking in terror of unseen spirits which dwelt in the woods and streams, we washed off our makeup. Coming across a group of naked holy men who rested on a silted river bank, we asked for assistance.

taubah (repentance) attention and bodily sensations attention
at-tin (the fig) attitude of non-profit in asana attitude of psychic
union attitude of the womb or source attitude towards action
attitude attraction and beautification attraction of celebrities
attributes of karma yoga at-tur (the mountain) auge aum-tat-sat
auparishtaka of mouth congress aura visualization auspicious
arrival of yung t'ao authentic presence authenticity of faith
authority and empowerment authority authorship
autobiographical accounts of watching and praying autobiography
automatic restraint autumn thoughts avidya avoid drifting off
avoid entanglement avoid evil avoid strain avoid wickedness

Leaving only footprints in the sand behind us, we Americanized. Singing of all the rocks and creeks in the whole country, we waited for the moon. Copying scriptures every night and putting them in special boxes at each temple along the way, we forgot our music. Knowing of a great number of the ancients who had died on this road, we stared into space. Following the way to a river, we took another route. Prostrating ourselves on the ground, we lost our spectacles. Wandering through a wealth of differing landscapes, we spaced-out solitude. Traversing lands devoid of human habitation, we hoped to be in tune. Wearing scarves, hats and thick woollen coats near a frozen beaver pond, we added

avoiding guilt avoiding offences avoiding the infidel awake o sleeper arise from the dead awakened doing awakened in faith awakening (1) awakening (2) awakening (3) awakening and the outgoing movement awakening and the return movement awakening cosmic energy awakening of intuition awakening of prana and sushumna awakening surya shakti awakening awareness and consciousness awareness and equanimity awareness is free awareness of being is bliss awareness of breath awareness of inner space awareness of one's dharma awareness of others' suffering awareness of sensations awareness of subtle movements and breath awareness of the body awareness

three more feet. Hiding under the rocks above as they provided us with a little protection from the worst of the weather, we tore some pages out. Ending a day's walk cold and hungry on a dark country lane far from home, we waited for a bus. Pointing out the simple monuments left to the memories of earlier walkers, we raised our lighters high. Crossing the cool surface of a stream shaded by hornbeam oak, we steered for the drumlins. Spending many weeks on a high plateau among the people and prey of the snow leopard, we were scared of the dark. Identifying our path as a terraced ledge or as a hollow-way cut deep into the ground by the many feet that came before us, we raced against the dark.

awareness: every pore of the skin has to become an eye ayurvedic disease management ayurvedic treatment aztec definitions az-zukhruf (ornaments of gold) az-zumar (the throngs) b. k. s. iyengar's contribution to yoga baasha's reign in israel babaji the yogi-christ of modern india babaji's interest in the west babylon's doom babylonian captivity foretold back to the source backbends background and history background of yoga and ayurveda: integral vision of the universe and the individual human being background bad friends bahaudin's answers baiame's gift of manna balaam blesses israel balaam's ass speaks balance balance: evenness is harmony balancing asana balancing the

Passing through a deserted village where circular plates of cow dung and straw had been set out to dry in the sun, we spotted more contrails. Leaving the wastes of the high plateau, we whistled with skylarks. Returning from our solitude to a religious metropolis swarming with thousands of pilgrims, we sat out the dancing. Listening to hymns in gilded temples on our way, we washed each other's feet. Experiencing diagonal nightmares about murder and mistaken identity in a mountain hut, we tried to raise our chests. Ambling around the apse of a cathedral, we went all medieval. Creating unofficial paths which were indistinguishable from the genuine rights of way, we refused to

doshas balancing the perfections balancing balancings bald mountain zaum-poems bamboo acrobats bandha and kriya bandhas and the granthis bandhas nadis and chakras bani isra'il (the night journey) banishing ego banners of praise bantu combinations baraka barnabus and saul sent off barrelled abdomen technique baruch records the prophecies base emotions basho and a stick basho and zen basho basic buddhism basic buddhist teachings basic readings from the kabbalah bassui's dharma talk on one-mind and letters to his disciples bath bathing battle of king battle of the sexes bayazid bistami be grateful to the mind be holy be indifferent to pain and pleasure be love's willing

lie down. Visiting an ancient monument to find a sign advising us to keep off due to erosion, we all practiced yoga. Drifting in and out of the drone of traffic all afternoon, we changed understanding. Mending our torn trousers and tying a new strap to our hats and applying *moxa* to our legs to strengthen them, we carried wood guitars. Walking around a cow one hundred and eight times while turning rosaries in our hands, we numbed ourselves with sound. Walking down to the creek with a crowd of birds and apes, we tore our inner groins. Heading north for a bit but also wondering if that route would ever make any sense, we leaned towards nothing. Beginning somewhere, sometime, we lost our

slave be still be the observer be thou my vision be washed be ye therefore perfect be you creative as god is creative beard event beating a bully beating the heart at jade lake beautiful empty pages beauty arises in the stillness of your presence beauty because i cannot sleep become more by dying becoming a fruit tree becoming christ becoming immortal becoming one with dying becoming pure becoming what one can become be devilment beer and pretzels—the fasting food of monks beer mugs from the monastery bees and honey before the sanhedrin before the woman taken in adultery before you enter the body forgive before you set off: your shopping list beginningless beginning beginner's

future love. Turning north-east on the old prairie road, we stopped conversation. Finding it helpful to have other models of the journey in our minds, we gave away our books. Sleeping where the long swampish river came to an end at last, we knew topography. Arriving at the village after wandering some twenty miles in two days, we ate rice and mushrooms. Thinking of a day's walk that would take in something of the character of both upland and lowland, we were stimulated. Going everywhere on foot until some people brought their horses to our lands, we heard a train coming. Walking along roads with begging pots and staffs, we were far too polite. Branching off the path to zigzag

mind beginner's variation beginning of the vision beginning with what is accessible beginningless vasanas have an end beginnings behind the obvious behold i am doing a new thing behold the days come beholding the precious stupa being alone in order to be in touch with the mystery being happy making happy is the rhythm of life being is your deepest self being kind to yourself being mindful of misery being present now being restored to ourselves being right making wrong being the teaching of dhyana master hui yun as recorded by p'ei hsu a noted scholar of the tang dynasty being yourself belief in afterlife belief of signs and wonders belief believers are healthier believing in nothing bell

down the slope, we smelled the rarest poplar. Lingered in the village for several days, we asked for our receipts. Starting a long walk of a hundred and thirty miles to the capital of the province, we kicked through crackling leaves. Going into the forest at last, we confused Latin tongues. Passing along the gangway to the altar and placing small heaps of meal in bowls, we welcomed news from home. Keeping our eyes open during walking meditation and taking one hundred and eight peaceful steps in every direction, we were highly exposed. Finding that a day of silence in the salt flats could be a pilgrimage in itself, we soaked our feet in tea. Taking very light steps and trying not to hammer

ringing in the enclosed convent bellerophon bell-sound and priest's robe belus and the danaids ben yusuf the carpenter beneath the bodhi tree benedict's warmheartedness benedictine monks playing cards benedictine nuns in the refectory benediction beneficial solitude: the desert lives benefit of all benefit benefits of anuloma viloma benefits of kapalabhati benefits of meditating on quiescence and insight benefits of poses benefits of the bow benefits of the bridge benefits of the cobra benefits of the crow benefits of the fish benefits of the forward bend benefits of the half spinal twist benefits of the hands to feet pose benefits of the headstand benefits of the locust benefits of the peacock benefits

the ground or our heels, we heard the wires hum. Thanking people from all parts of the inner plateau, we left before dawn. Climbing over a ridge—a natural boundary between the river basin to the west and the valley to the east—and obtaining there forgiveness for the rest of our journey, we felt a strange stirring. Resting the familiar twinges in our heel tendons, we drank too much coffee. Coming upon a rough little stone-built shelter, we cleaned our bloody toes. Noting it was our last chance to urinate before open country, we pissed in some bushes. Joining a string of pilgrims passing to and fro, we limped and limped and limped. Becoming monks in order to complete our journey, we lost our

of the plough benefits of the shoulderstand benefits of the sun salutation benefits of the triangle benefitting others be-ness benevolence etc. benjamin must go to egypt between birth and death between the material and spiritual world beware of the hollow men beyond all knowledge beyond appearances beyond ayurveda beyond consciousness beyond ego: your true identity beyond happiness and unhappiness there is peace beyond language beyond mind there is no suffering beyond mindlessness beyond pain and pleasure there is bliss beyond phenomena beyond pluralism beyond religion beyond the body and mind beyond the cycles of creation and dissolution beyond thought

underwear. Starting out at daybreak underneath three peaks soaring clear of soft clouds, we heard a curtain rise. Standing on a path likely to have been the ancient route people used for centuries to get to the agricultural land that we could still glimpse behind us—now covered in hop gardens—we entangled nothing. Linger on thoughts which often made our steps heavy, we never saw the staff. Going to the beach to pick up some pink shells, we saw the dawn sky dance. Scrambling from the chief temple to our Vihara by a path, or rather a ledge cut along the perpendicular face of a rocky mass 200 feet high, we shouted “help” in French. Fulfilling our pilgrimage more *sikerly* by going

bhakti yoga: union through devotion bible reading biblical humour biblical prayers biblical sensuousness big mood bihar school of yoga bihar yoga bharati bija pranayama bildad affirms god’s justice binding asana bindu visarga biofeedback groups biographies biography of swami sivananda and swami vishnu-devananda birth and death are nirvana birth and death birth control birth of the fire god birth birthing births of hermes apollo artemis and dionysus black hat sect school black black-nosed buddha blanket blessed are the poor blessed are the righteous blessed are they that hear the word blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness blessed is the man that findeth

first the longer way rather than the nearer way, we crept through quiet steam. Walking along the trail in a rather comatose state—half-baked by the sun—we withheld history. Coming round a corner and starting back as if we had been kicked in the face, we hid in a basket. Taking a break and going into the temple to have a drink of tea, we hung mental pictures. Determining our progress, we wandered with the deer. Dictating when we had to look for shelter, we melted the colours. Straying off the path entirely from time to time, we erased it from view. Remembering something about the hissing of summer wind in thistles, we studied lyric sheets. Walking upwards of an hour as the under-

wisdom blessed is the man that is found without blemish blessing body speech and mind blessing chant blessing of the kindling blessings and woes blessings of obedience blessings blind bartimaeus receives his sight blind from birth blindness and concentration bliss beyond pain bliss bliss—the divine body (ananda) blood river shaman chant blood bloodstream sermon boasting about tomorrow boat pose bodhicitta bodhidharma and peace of mind bodhidharma by sesshu (1420-1506) bodhidharma puts the mind to rest bodhidharma bodhidharma's emptiness bodhisattva vow ceremony bodhisattva vow bodhisattva vows bodhisattva's four methods of guidance body and mind are

wood decreased while the white birch and poplar grew to the tallest height that we had ever seen, we thrust our leaves skyward. Watching our steps so we would not sink to our knees in the quicksand that was everywhere, we found cleaner havens. Becoming entirely deserted, we shot into the light. Walking into the fumes of early-ripening rice, we boomed about value. Waking early, we honoured the maples. Going out to view a market that had been created in the wilderness by an enchanter's wand, we feathered our shelter. Stopping in a clearing to speak with an old man who had spent the earlier part of his life on continual pilgrimage to the celebrated temples of his god Vishnu, we

symptoms of ignorance body and mind body and soul body is not-self body stillness body/floor awareness body-and-mind study of the way bone booger event book knowledge versus self-knowledge books in english by d. t. suzuki books of the bible listed alphabetically boomeritis boreas born as the earth born in the grave borrowed clothes both bull and man forgotten both bull and self transcended bound to him in love bowing formally bowing boys brahman brahmacharya brahmans brain of the pose bread and wine bread in the wilderness bread breaking down the guru-disciple myth breaking free of the pain-body breaking free breaking identification with the pain body breaking the chain

collected nothing. Investigating minimal changes in our own stories about landscape, we exchanged every phrase. Walking in search of something intangible, we helped each other on. Recalling the origin of the word travel in *travail* which also means work and suffering and the pangs of childbirth, we felt fragile at night. Passing a moss-covered wall of stones, we shut down our hard drives. Realizing that speed would make our journey more difficult, we collected some nouns. Connecting the lowest and most material to the most high and ethereal, we closed another breach. Climbing ever higher through cool clouds, we left ourselves elsewhere. Believing our route to be a place where

breaking the fetters breaking through barriers breaks are as much a part of the day as work and prayer breaks in communication breakthrough sermon breath and pranayama breath control breath in pranayama breath health and pranayama breathe to live breathe! you are alive breathing and lifespan breathing exercises to calm the mind breathing in a long breath i know i am breathing in a long breath breathing in a short breath i know i am breathing in a short breath breathing in i am aware of my mental formations breathing in i am aware of my mind breathing in i am aware of my whole body breathing in i calm my mental formations breathing in i calm my whole body breathing in i concentrate my

miracles once happened, still happen, and may happen again, we moved toward purpose. Thinking our journey worth recording, we copied manuscripts. Loving to walk north, especially around the ruins shipped over as ballast and re-assembled there after the war, we carried a poem. Seeing that the door frame was decorated with scallop shells and scenes from the life of Saint James, we burned all our money. Walking along the silting river bank, we followed a dog's glance. Crunching freshly fallen chestnuts with our teeth and chewing them as we descended, we remained skeletons. Looking up from time to time as the smoke from corpses crackled away on the other side of the river, we ended our

mind breathing in i feel happy breathing in i feel joyful breathing in i know i am breathing in breathing in i liberate my mind breathing in i make my mind happy breathing in i observe cessation breathing in i observe letting go breathing in i observe the disappearance of desire breathing in i observe the impermanent nature of all dharmas breathing out a long breath i know i am breathing out a long breath breathing out a short breath i know i am breathing out a short breath breathing out i am aware of my mental formations breathing out i am aware of my mind breathing out i am aware of my whole body breathing out i calm my mental formations breathing out i calm my whole

routine. Practising walking meditation, we thought fitness second. Learning to walk again, we threatened sanity. Receiving charity and respect by everyone along the way, we had no time for work. Following a pilgrimage route or just walking anywhere that appealed to us, we left ourselves hazy. Smelling the high-street cows, we dropped our telephones. Going up to that Golgotha by degrees, we flowered in our hearts. Walking there in summer, we counted syllables. Protecting our faces from huge flies, we crossed a mountain stream. Saying thank you to the glade for the passing scent of pine, we were human beings. Touching no money and content with a handful of rice while all

body breathing out i concentrate my mind breathing out i feel happy breathing out i feel joyful breathing out i know i am breathing out breathing out i know my out-breath is a long breath breathing out i liberate my mind breathing out i make my mind happy breathing out i observe cessation breathing out i observe letting go breathing out i observe the disappearance of desire breathing out i observe the impermanent nature of all dharmas breathing techniques breathing the spirit breathing to dispel anxiety breathing with the dying person breathing brevity bridge and fluvial confluence bridge pose bridging the gap brief chronology brief history of saiva tantra and kashmir saivism

our worldly possessions consisted of a small dry pumpkin to carry water, a harmonica, a brass cup and a walking stick, we told ourselves stories. Hanging our simple gifts—cheap *kadakhs* like gauze bandages, bangles, necklaces, amulet cases, rosaries, all of the most inexpensive kind and all presents from those of us who, carried away by our enthusiasm for the journey, offered up the insignificant ornaments we happening to be wearing—we feared all vanity. Meeting someone who got himself together after a bout with cancer by walking for six months, we lost our form to earth. Receiving everything that we needed for our journey, we carved out our niches. Noting how a chocolate-brown pine martin

brilliance bringing everything to life broken tablets brother ananta and sister nalini brother death buddha ancestors buddha and blake are one buddha and jesus: a comparison buddha and the truth of suffering buddha dhamma sangha buddha is made of non-buddha elements buddha nature in tantra buddha poems from beat to hip hop buddha the enlightened and sarvasattva the ignorant buddha's enlightenment buddha's treasury of light buddha's zen buddhadharma and poetry without credentials buddhaghosa on the four categories of questions buddhahood in this life buddhism and christianity buddhism and physical well-being buddhism and the beat generation buddhism and the

stared at us mid-track, we reproduced research. Wandering among wattle trees under the noon-time sun, we embraced our purpose. Walking in a gloomy night, we watched our bones decay. Scrambling through thickets of cacti, we came to swift blossom. Venturing out in a dark forest full of wild animals, we welcomed all distance. Avoiding leaving any trace of ourselves by walking in a stream and dragging our canoes along the edge of the rapids, we could never be found. Facing advancing darkness on the trail, we believed promises. Restoring the conditions of an older time, we slept with each other. Tending to emphasize an infinite number of paths such that all of us wandering had a place

world buddhism and western psychotherapy buddhism and wisdom buddhism art practice polity buddhism as a missionary religion buddhism in burma buddhism in ceylon buddhism in china buddhism in contemporary american poetry buddhism in japan buddhism in korea buddhism karma and the three doctrines buddhism the chinese religion and the ceremony of writing buddhism today buddhism buddhist art in china buddhist art in japan buddhist art buddhist culture buddhist india buddhist monk meditating buddhist poet monks of china buddhist ruminations buddhist schools of thought buddhist science buddhist thought in the teachings of jesus buddhist /

on them, we longed for better lands. Sleeping in camps with devotees, we drank Coca-Cola. Resting between the hill-tops and the sky—where we could not see even a cubit's span of space—we were made out of stars. Walking the last few leagues towards the mosque holding hands, we reduced lethargy. Rising with the moon to see how the footpath appeared, we took it for granted. Hearing no bells there, we made up liturgies. Perishing where the earth of the hill crumbled, we happily decayed. Setting out with a hymn on our lips, we were eaten by wolves. Finding a deer park on the right, we studied discipline. Departing on foot in search of our families, we wandered through deserts. Taking with us our

tantric cosmology budding of the root building of solomon's house building of the temple bull forgotten—man remains burial events burning of the scroll buson but isn't a corpse dead? buttermilk buy me from my words by faith the saints subdued kingdoms by faith by itself nothing has existence byzantium cadmus and harmonia caenis and caeneus cage and d. t. suzuki cage zen and the beats at sarah lawrence college cages cain slays abel calamities coming upon judah california 1955 call the labourers and pay them their hire call to repentance calligraphic representation of the prophet's ascension from qur'an 17:1 reading from the bottom upwards calling card callistus and

bows and coming to a hickory tree which provided us with arrows, we pressed heads together. Stalling with very sore shins, we needed to shudder. Changing course outside of an ancient city even though it meant walking an extra seven miles or so, we understood boredom. Finding ourselves increasing the number of pilgrims, we stared into a gulf. Setting off across the sands, we understood meanings. Putting on our packs and leaving, we shunned community. Strolling across a wheat field towards an old church, we collapsed in the pews. Crunching on stones or padding over solid rock, we set out for heaven. Walking only in washes or valleys where the sand stretched soft and level, we

ignatius of xanthopoulos callistus calm calmness camel pose camel's-eye view can 'bad' karma be prevented? can a dead child understand chanting? can an animal create karma? can chanting reach the dead? can ego be destroyed? can fear be carried from life to life? can i ask you about truth? can there be more than one buddha at a time? can you hear the mountain stream? cana canaan divided by lot cancer research studies cancer candles as intercessions for recovery cane-drinking canterbury caring for and liberating the mind carl jung and thomas merton carol carthusian monk ringing a bell carthusian monks at the dinner table carthusian monks deep in silence carthusian monks in the

became accustomed. Hugging our mothers for bearing us, we made the old traverse. Losing our way on a neglected and marshy track, we questioned our egos. Keeping on the path, we carried fruit and cheese. Walking in a clockwise direction, we intersected swamps. Emerging from the forest and finding ourselves in a totally different country, we learned other customs. Searing our eyes on the solar path, we didn't care for sense. Striding along the path with aromatic tapers in our hands, we aided grey people. Stepping over a stile in the corner, we forgot the fashion. Paying homage to all places and associations relating to the ancient history of our journey, we missed our kids again. Avoiding wet,

monastery of marienau cast all your votes for dancing catch the scent catching the bull catching the ox catching categorical answers categorical teachings categories of pain catholicism catreus and althaemenes causal aspect causation cause and effect are one cause and effect cause of afflictions cause causes of disharmony causes of imbalance and disease according to yoga causing to sin cautions celebrating the eucharist: sunday as a gift from god celebrating the journey celebration celestial paradise centaur centrifugal and centripetal forces balance out to zero centring centuries of meditations cerebral awakening ceremonial protocols ceremonies and conversion ceremonies of music and

swampy bottom lands, we checked the almanac. Finding ourselves among bird calls and mid-morning fields, we played at being men. Stepping cautiously through the open door of a cathedral attached to an enormous belfry, we begged a loaf of bread. Skirting a cave in which a gangster was found dead from methane asphyxiation earlier in the year, we walked all day in rain. Taking a wrong turn, we found ourselves alone. Going several kilometres in the wrong direction on a road leading back towards the city, we breathed the breath of all. Intending to practice compassion *enroute* but seething with rage, we left without goodbyes. Re-calibrating our research to incorporate a

movement cessation of thought cessation cessation ch'i-chi
chaitya chakra visualization chakras challenge and response
chandali yoga chandra namaskara chandra change and
impermanence change of a lover's feelings and how to get rid of
him change—in order to begin anew changing and unchanging
reality changing attitudes changing object of concentration
changing your karma chang-tzu channelling emotions chant to
be used in processions around a site with furnaces chanting with
instruments chaos and higher order chapter on absolute
liberation chapter on attainments chapter on practice chapter on
super consciousness chapters and other matters characteristics

degree of randomized orientations, we procrastinated. Stepping lightly over the beautiful uncut hair of graves, we found another friend. Climbing up a steep ridge to push our hands at the sky, we warmed ourselves with sun. Measuring the distance between two places as a line of song, we had to spice it up. Entertaining the thought of right and wrong direction, we fell into stasis. Researching how to stop the arrow of a compass from turning, we took a slower path. Massaging the earth underfoot, we missed our home cooking. Feeling that we had no bodies and were not walking but rather joyously floating through the air, we found our self-esteem. Seeing all of our inner organs while walking, we

of a superior teacher characteristics of ivar characteristics of purusha characteristics of wisdom charity charity—the mental body (manas) charms chart of muhammad's family cheese produced at the convent of chambraud in france cherished notions chi flow meditation chi gong chia tao child prodigies childhood children and parents children in the marketplace children of god children of his majesty chimayo united states chin an chinese herbalism chinese mythology chinese notes chinese poems of enlightenment and death chinese poetry chinese pure land chinese versions chinese-style poems choosing an object for concentration: inside the body (mind and breathing)

used antique mirrors. Reading in our younger companions' eyes the excitement they still felt on the way, we allowed fallow time. Spending the best part of our lifetimes on the path, we took a dead-end track. Working our way across continents to reach something we still could not truly name—although it remained close to us all throughout our travels—we went without clothing. Researching the nameless stuff running in and around and through all things—a kind of substance which was more empty than our words could fathom—we stopped to smell roses. Noting the confluence of inexpression with the contradictions resting between walking and standing still, we dressed up in saffron.

outside the body (sound and forms) choosing life is also choosing death choosing chopping wood christ and history christ sat in the temple and taught christ the wisdom and power of god christ: the reality of your diving presence christ's ascension and pentecost—to heaven and back christ's bounties christ's cross christ's first coming foretold christ's hospital christ's kingdom foretold christ's mystical body christ's sacrifice once for all christian community i christian community ii christian culture needs oriental wisdom christian meditation christian prayer: engaging one's whole being christian vitality christianity and the gnostics christianity christians and muslims christmas carol christmas

Beginning also to glimpse, from time to time, just how empty our walk could become, we made technology. Residing in the objects and images we encountered, we understood something. Learning somehow to articulate the results of our research without precision, we asked for directions. Wanting to understand the way by thinking through terms outside of the long clichéd opposition between presence and absence, we inhaled acrid fumes. Clarifying our findings as something approaching cleanliness rather than contradiction or philosophical *aporia*, we misread the classics. Finding less, we wanted nothing more. Leaving a small convent with its nine nuns and continuing on

day masses christmas night christmas rose in the garden at oberzell christmas—the celebration of life chronic diseases chronological table of the main events in the life of muhammad chrysalis and flying off chuang tse in ‘spiritual teaching of the tao’ chuang tse chuang tzu church vault in the choir of poblet in spain churning circle circles circular portrait: ikkyu and mori circumambulation and churning cistercian monk in the monastery of zwettl cities of refuge cities of the levites citta—consciousness clairvoyance clarifying the questions clarity in action clarity class classes of restraint classic poses classical authors classical taoism clavicular breathing clean and unclean

into the forest, we all went a waltzing. Reading some quotation from the poet Novalis painted on a cement wall along our way: “Where are we really going—always home,” we tried to stay centred. Walking on a dyke where we felt a connection to the old Roman frontiers and back further to the ramparts and the ditches of the Iron Age forts—although this connection was merely a bi-product of our imaginations—we consulted giants. Thinking of the pathways we trod as spotless, we were forbidden drink. Carrying on straight through an avenue of beech trees, we threw away our cares. Wearing white clothing, sedge hats, and walking sticks, we loved profound discourse. Eating sardines from a tin

meats clean and unclean spirits clean and unclean cleaning house
cleaning the mind cleanliness and food cleanliness of heart
cleanliness cleansing and culturing the mind cleansing and
rinsing of hearts cleansing breathing exercise cleansing oneself
of ‘sin ’ cleansing the intestines with air cleobis and biton climate
climbing event cloister in the monastery at bebenhausen cloister
with column decorated with statues of the evangelists in the
cathedral closing of the eyes closing the seven gates cloth
cleansing clothes clothing cloud water assembly cobra respiration
god will defend judah coda: jack kerouac’s dream code of yoga
practice codes of conduct cold pattern collection of all the

and fruit cake with a flask of milky tea, we were too shy for shops. Trying to walk too far and hurting our feet and then leaving the path never to return, we went out of our minds. Looping the municipal park several times a day to prepare our legs for our next departure, we wore old wooden clogs. Feeling the strain in our legs, feet, and backs, we came to the summit. Replenishing our stocks and stopping to dry out our socks in a park before continuing onwards, we tasted skunky air. Taking the Roman Road west, we shared with animals. Trudging through waist-high wheat towards the foothills and snow-capped peaks beyond, we revered the ancients. Keeping on towards a crossroads where an

dharma collective karma colonization of samaria colophon
colour colouration of the mind columbanus and the other saints
combination of practices come to my house comfort in discomfort
coming home on the ox's back coming out of the pose
commemoration of a deceased child comment by national teacher
daito: losing his money he is charged with the crime as well
commentaries and commentators of the yoga sutras
commentaries on the prajnaparamita heart sutra commentaries
on the sutra commentaries on yoga sutras commentary on the
koan 'mu' commentary commenting on a recluse commitment to
virtue commitments in constantly changing circumstances

ancient track-way branched to the right, we calculated length. Entering a great valley where a dead saint had been buried and where a monastic community—the guardians of ancient icons and manuscripts—still thrived, we added up our years. Making no distinction between silence and noise, we studied round arches. Climbing two hundred yards or so away from a monastery, we threw off jewellery. Coming to a waterfall pouring out of a hollow in a ridge and tumbling down into a dark pool below in a huge leap of several hundred feet, we witnessed time run out. Walking towards the higher mountain ranges in a more buoyant mood, we came upon a clue. Establishing a base camp, we rubbed

common mistakes common rest time commune with nature communication communion with the divine companionship with the holy comparisons and moral lessons compass school compassion is an ocean—the mystical side to compassion compassion is the very essence compassion compensation complaining and resentment complaint about the wicked complaint against the wicked complaints of present evils complaints of the people complete intestinal wash complete potential complete spirit completion compline components of kriya yoga composure of body breath and mind conceit of views conceit concentrated gazing concentrating the mind concentration

our genitals. Drinking from a small diurnal stream fed by melting snow, we were short of breath. Stepping out into nature, we knew frost at midnight. Treading old roads as if they led somewhere, we localized atoms. Resolving all tongues into our own tongue, we universalized. Presuming always that there was a destination ahead, we disputed papers. Enjoying comparative freedom on un-owned land, we followed archetypes. Pulling on our *goretex*® coats, we globalized our minds. Stopping briefly in cold rain, we shared a flask of scotch. Climbing a summit, we watched the snow clouds roll. Sleeping that night very cold in our flimsy tents, we read old documents. Embarking from there on a lonely route

and the forsaking of idle thoughts concentration and wisdom
concentration in serenity concentration of the mind (samadhi)
concentration of the mind concentration on the goal concentration
concentration: its practice concentration: its spiritual uses
concept and means concept of detachment concept of karma
concept of that to which the present sutra refers concerning egypt
concerning life and conduct concerning moral virtues concerning
the valley of visions concerning the vijñanas concerning unsolved
murder concluding exhortations conclusions about a beginning
concomitant of the dispersions concordance condemnation of
samaria condemned israel's idolatry conditioned and scattered

through snowy hills, we healed the misshapen. Struggling up and down mountain paths buffeted by icy winds from the north, we carried wondrous news. Discovering the difference between orange-painted shrines and exposed-beam wooden shrines, we walked on bridleways. Interested in milestones, we lost our whole family. Hearing a man whose eyes were heavy with opium shout: “You have come here to rob the graves,” we trailed our hands through light. Walking very quickly for two hours in order to circle out of sight and to gain the other side of a ridge so as to remain downwind of some lions, we faced into the sun. Losing our footing, we spent too much on shoes. Starting again at dawn

mind conditioned co-production conditions necessary for
transcendent insight conditions conduct and occasion conduct
conductors of prana confession confessions of a zen master
confessions of ignorance conflict between the spirit and the world
conflict conflicting duties confucianism congratulations
congregations conjunction and dissociation connecting with
inner body conquering the internal nature conquering the two-
sided passion—desire and anger conquest of energy conquest of
the phenomenal universe conquest of the senses conquest of vital
airs conquests of the tribes conquistador tourist and indian
conscience conscious death conscious dreaming conscious

beside a river rushing through a narrow channel, we loved that October. Fearing we would never return, we often fidgeted. Hoping to hear little unknown birds sing of our natural ignorance, we tore down walls. Resting among wild garlic and bluebells and the sound of ambulance sirens speeding over a bridge which spanned the gorge above, we thought so many ways. Taking off our packs and pulling them through the narrow gorge after us, we tired of stops and starts. Making sky ladders to descend further, we abandoned ourselves. Strolling past a rice paddy flanked by a row of very high palm trees, we all sang Hosanna. Breaking in our shoes at last, we lost our fear of dark. Coming to

parenting conscious suffering consciousness and matter
consciousness arising—world arises consciousness is the nature
of purusha consciousness of existence consciousness studies
consciousness consecrating your practice with the heart by
paying homage to your lineage consecration in truth consecration
of embodiment and rituals of fullness consecration of the
firstborn consequences of disobedience consequences of isolation
consequences of obedience conservation of wealth conserving
our energy consider consideration of the miseries of man's life
consideration of the vanity and shortness of man's life consistency
consolation and strength consolidating the changes in life

the stone hills where the Buddha once had fasted, we heard the bullfrogs croak. Finding a pleasant little suburban trail along the edge of a sports field beside an old churchyard, we dreamed of black incense. Slouching along through the new-build housing estate, we wore homespun shawls. Waiting beside six splendid yaks with wooden saddles, we packed wallets with bread. Swarming over the parking lot with lamas, monks, and other pilgrims—all come to receive a sacred blessing—we exoticized them. Joining a devout and patient assembly of travellers, we got stuck in traffic. Drinking tea that was distributed *gratis* by monks of low rank who carried large brass-bound copper cans on their

consolidating the movement consoling the bereaved consoling the bereaved: do's and don'ts constancy constitutional characteristics construction of the sutra consult your own hearts consulting the i ching consuming fire consummation of all human endeavour consumption contacting the centre contacts outside the fwbo contemplating evolutionary causality contemplating the nature of faith contemplation and action contemplation can be practiced anyplace contemplation in action contemplation of the 'vast and manifold glowing reddish net of maya made up of knots and holes spread over all places' contemplation of the body of bhairava—the dancer who plays and shines like lightning

right shoulders, we turned interior. Stepping over dead dogs that lay along the roadway, we heard our blood churning. Circulating here and there, we thought of our parents. Wondering again where we were in relation to our desire, we sometimes went too quick. Becoming imperceptible, we stopped counting our breaths. Working our way up a steep path beneath a tunnel of high, overhanging hedges, we touched miracle wounds. Coming upon another Neolithic tomb, we thrust in our jack knives. Listening to one of our company say the place was “kinda like Ozymandias”—we stopped to take bearings. Turing left over a bridge and past the manor house on the left, we loved painterly skies. Tying our

across a thick cloud-covered sky ’ contemplation of the dreadful
contemplation contemplation action and social utility
contemporary belief in reincarnation contemporary taoism
contemporary taoist thought in the west content and structure of
the ego contentment contents of the expression vikalpa: the
impossibility to translate it contents continued presence
continuing jesus’ public ministry in galilee continuity
contradiction contradictions contra-indications control of
impulses control of the fluctuations of the mind control
controlling centres of the brain controlling the dreaming process
controlling the mind controlling the senses convent kitchen in

packs to nylon cords and lowering them down the rock face before following them down, we truncated the route. Finding ourselves on a green lane, we spoke Aramaic. Realizing that much—if not most—of our outside lives had been accompanied by the lo-fi sounds of traffic, we became cartoonish. Hearing the near-by motorway as a cold drone in our ears, we entertained stillness. Baptising the earth beneath our feet, we often played with fire. Enduring a few more leagues to a cave beneath a sataparni tree, we found a resting-place. Listening to one of us remove a clarinet from his bag and play a gentle *Ave Maria*, we all began again. Easing the terror we all felt at the enormity of our

oberschonenfeld convention and liberation conventional truth should be cut off conversations in courtship conversations conversion of birth into the emanation body conversion of death into the truth body conversion of the between into the beatific body conversion cooling breath core and rind cornelius calls for peter coronation event and drama corporal agitation corpse pose correct correspondences corruption cosmic consciousness cosmic hearing and flight in space cosmic hypnosis and the way to transcend it cosmology of nature cosmology-evolution of the universe count the number of stars in the heavens counter position counteracting stress counterpose counting breaths

endeavour and at the expansion of all things towards a kind of nothingness only held in place by something we called faith, we lay on frozen ponds. Wasting no time on the landscape but setting out at once with the determined strides of good walkers who have lately realized we would have to walk farther than intended to reach our destination, we heard the starlings leave. Walking all through that day and never wishing to return, we were pushed by the wind. Wondering still if it was just a fantasy to think that our path would lead to the gates of forgiveness, we used only farm tracks. Questioning how realistic it was to think our secret goals would be served by arriving at the half-way point and putting our

counting our gold coins courage course of koan study courtship and manifestation of feelings covenant in moab covenant regarding servants cover the universe coyote and junco coyote valley spring crafts craving unquenched craving create no more pain in the present create silence creating an enlightened society creating confidence in the girl creating the funeral service creation of man creation of the mandala universe creation creation: a flowing out but remaining in creation: unity in diversity creative energy creative use of mind creativity cremation or burial? criteria for an interpretation of the yoga sutras of patanjali criterion for the interpretation of the present sutra

fingers into fletched incisions on marble flutes, we mingled our atoms. Reaching the extreme edge of the world where there was nothing left for us to do, we were ready for it. Letting ourselves fall into a void, we missed a right angle. Resting in a fern-clad coppice, we dried out our letters. Listening to the hum of foraging bees, we adjusted our poles. Going easy for the rest of that afternoon, we shut our GPS. Entering an oddly quiet and somewhat spooky forest, we enjoyed our symptoms. Listening to each other whisper under the few stars that shined through the foliage, we made up for lost time. Setting off at daybreak next morning in a mist which clothed the world in fleecy grey, we

criticism and praise criticism of vyasa's interpretation critique of bjoja's interpretation critique of the traditional interpretation croagh patrick cross section of the brain crossing the red sea crossing the stream cross-questioning in the process of learning cross-questioning crowds follow jesus crucible for transformation crucifixion: the medical facts crystal clear mind cultism culture of consciousness culture stage and culture style curative asanas for various diseases curing zen sickness cutting the throat's knot cutting through desire cycles of cosmic creation cyclic existence czestochowa poland d. t. suzuki daedalus and talos dai hi shu daiji daily discipline daily dying daily liturgy daily readings with

passed beneath the tor. Stopping near a group of smooth stones which had been painted in bright colours with indecipherable letters, we felt that plateau thing. Facing three more days of walking across a desolate region without supplies of bread, wine, meat, fish, or water, we wanted to begin. Walking for days without sustenance and with continuous exposure to the elements, we all wore out our clogs. Hoping to receive some kind of vision, we entered a hollow way. Passing vast irregular piles of fantastic buildings, we crossed a roundabout. Climbing over isolated rocks or mountain spurs reached by rude stone staircases surrounded by temples, domes, bridges over chasms, spires, and projections

bede griffiths daily readings with john main daily reminders
daitsu chiso dance dervish dance danger danger folly and
depravity of sensual pleasures daniel and the lions daniel in the
lion's den daniel interprets the writing daniel's prayer for the
people dare to face assemblies darius' degree dark age journeys
dark and light darkness and light darkness tends towards light
david again spares saul's life david among the philistines david
and absalom david and bath-sheba david and mephibosheth
david anointed to be king david blesses barzillai david brings the
ark to zion david captures zion david crosses the jordan david
defeats ammon david defeats the amalekites david defeats the

gleaming with gold, we took bearings on light. Looking like the outgrowth of the rock itself, we got info from flocks. Hallucinating vaults of treasure that lay hidden in secret caves, we laughed at corny jokes. Departing from the dusty city of the sun, we smoked on the water. Carrying only paper cloaks to keep us warm at night and light cotton gowns to wear after bathing, we bade farewell to friends. Taking cover under a stone ledge until the rain and wind abated, we stared at grass close-up. Following the bare trace of the path, we passed an old tithe barn. Finding it easier to climb up and walk along a ridge near the top than to follow the map's directions, we saw the town emerge. Making body-length

philistines david exhorts solomon david extends his kingdom david fights against abner david flees from jerusalem david flees from saul david made king over israel david made king over judah david makes solomon king david marries abigail david marries saul's daughter david mourns for absalom david numbers the people david plays the harp for saul david returns to jerusalem david seeks nabal's life david slays goliath david spares saul's life david the shepherd boy david's army david's charge to solomon david's counsel to israel david's death david's mighty men david's psalm of thanksgiving david's song of deliverance day by day day of a stranger day unto day dead men's food dead to sin alive in

prostrations over the entire length of the ridge, we lost ourselves in mud. Doubling back on ourselves while moving closer and closer towards our goal, we remembered our ghosts. Staying the night at a poor village, we read airport novels. Finding a simple wooden church decorated with frescoes, we ate elevenses. Choosing a very bad route, we slogged through muddy fields. Checking the map to find the road ahead open, we all became Hindus. Breathing with more difficulty as the slope ahead became steeper, we were heifer-threatened. Experiencing unfamiliar sensations on the hill-top home of forgotten things, we heard the wind abate. Trudging across that endless plateau—scorched by

christ dealing with ghosts and demons death and burial of sarah death and defeat death and life have contended death and new birth death and resurrection death great death death of a zen poet death of elisha death of jacob and joseph death of jezebel death of joshua death of rachel death of saul and his sons death of sisera death of ten spies death of the disobedient prophet death of the firstborn death of the mind is birth of wisdom death poem death rites i and ii death song death through adam life through christ death december deciding for the future decline and revival declining morals dedication of the temple dedication to the throne by monk eihei dedication to the throne dedication

the sun, blown by the wind, framed by distant glimpses of gaunt mountains interspersed with rocky outcrops and solitary lines of poplars—we were swept by transports. Stopping to rest near some bronze-age round barrows, we sat on an old stile. Remembering how important ancient monuments had been to our journey since the beginning, we had to turn back up. Walking as often as we could through hallowed places, castle sites, cloisters and churches, we felt all too weary. Complaining about that persistent left toe pain again, we spoke only Latin. Undergoing arduous rituals in the intense heat of the summer—including the circumambulation, the seven-fold running between

deductive reasoning deeds more than words deep religion deep significance of the spring and autumn annals deep song deep understanding deep understanding deepening awareness deepening one's experience defeat of the benjamites defeat of the moabites defeat of the syrians deficiencies in western religious practice deficiency pattern defilement defining suicide definition of chakra definition of yoga degrees of awakening deianeira deity yoga deity delete the 'i' thought through self-inquiry delighted that the monk ch-i-en-chou has come a long way to visit me deliverance delivering the spirit of the one whom he loved delivery delusion and 'not-self' demeter's nature and deeds

hillocks (now covered in an air-conditioned gallery), the standing in the plain, the onrush through the narrow defile, and the sacrifice of an animal (formerly performed in the open, nowadays conducted in hygienic abattoirs, where we could purchase ‘sheep certificates’ for meat that was frozen and distributed to poor families in various lands)—we hoped to find something. Taking a last regretful look at the wild lands running up to those mountains, we just kept on falling. Listening to three girls who sang hymns in a language that none of us understood, we fell into quiet. Pausing a moment to enjoy the day’s last feel of dry socks and boots, we plunged into the swamp. Agreeing that music was both a kind of

demonstration of training dense pain-bodies departure for the holy land departure from life dependent co-arising dependent co-arising: extremities avoided dependent co-arising: invalid questions dependent origination depicting the prophet depravity depth and accuracy dervish and fakir: the outsider’s view of sufism descend with the view ascend with the practice descendants of aaron descendants of benjamin descendants of judah descendants of levi descendants of reuben and gad descendants of simeon descendants of solomon description of how we perceive the real according to the viewpoint of unity diversity in unity and diversity description of the between description of the essence of

map and a direction-finder, we sat near clucking hens. Walking towards some farm buildings along an avenue of pollarded willows while urgent birdcalls seemed to grow in volume with every step, we were not sure enough. Returning to our introspections, we broke the dusty sky. Barely remembering the beginning of our journey, we all became Buddhists. Believing it would be helpful to have some kind of idea of where we were going even if we were not able to measure how far we had gone, we sang a fleeting song. Recalling only the details of our most recent impressions—the way a glade of birch dampened all of the sound vibrations from the motorway; a temple which listened to the

asana and their different groups description of the nine rasa or savours according to indian theatre and their relation to asana description of the seven chakras description of the symbolic ritual of beheading or the end of objectivity description of the upaya or means of contemplation for exploring the various states of consciousness desire and conflict desire and fear: self-centred states desire as mother and ignorance as father desire breeds pain and suffering desire for the eternal desire desirelessness the highest bliss desires and impressions desires fulfilled breed more desires desolation of egypt destruction of a town destructive detachment brings perception detail from a medieval miniature

side in the mud of a river bank, its spire pointing diagonally at some Sal trees; the scent of fresh-cut lumber—we danced with the snowflakes. Moving east past water tanks and tall masts barnacled with boosters for mobile phones, we became fabulous. Feeling too exposed beneath an enormous expanse of sky, we waded with ice. Coming across small offerings left on a flat stone—a posy made from wheat, a feather in a bunch of heather, and a circle of snail shells—we revived and felt young. Offering a series of blessings and indulgences for those who travelled with us, we heard all good people. Owning only what we wore and what we carried in our pockets, we all became Taoists. Travelling

painting detail from the window in the cistercian monastery of maulbronn detailed instructions determination of the non-reality of 'mine' deucalion's flood devadatta devara dasimayya develop the witness attitude developing awareness developing emotional control developing joy and freedom developing loving-kindness developing the mind developing viveka development as declining egocentrism development of mahamudra developments in mahayana buddhism devotion or surrender to god devotion dharana dharana—concentration dharanas or yoga practices dharanis dharido rinpoche dharma as medicine dharmachakra dharmas dhyana and surrender dhyana diagram of

unarmed as part of the pilgrim ideal, we stepped over sight lines. Determining the number and variety of things we encountered by the pace of our walk—a stream of soldier ants crossing our path, and then another stream, and then streams of ants appearing every few metres, or heat bouncing upward in our faces from the tarmac or rain falling as we balanced atop the precarious ridge of a 5000 year-old track—we thought a thousand thoughts. Putting on our boots in the morning, we found everything hurt. Hoping that our journey would allow us to ascend to the ethereal, spiritual realm, which was free of the defilements of matter, we lodged in a village. Lighting sacred

ultimatelessness did christ die a dignified death? dies clear-minded diet dietary advice from the monasteries differences in meaning differences in sufi teaching different kinds of congress and love quarrels different kinds of gains different possible interpretations of the expressions klista and aklista different responses to similar questions different states of mind different ways of looking at things difficulties in understanding sufi materials difficulty along the way digestion digestion: the key to health digital pranayama and the art of placing the fingers on the nose digression: the holy medicine of hildegard von bingen dimensions of the temple dingo and native cat dinner in the

fires when we camped, we shared a boundless trust. Finding no reliable map of our route, we all became Hebrews. Pushing towards the north, we raced ahead for miles. Crossing a river and walking between high mountains on the left and some villages on the right which were divided from other villages by a ridge of foothills, we dreamed a hunter's dream. Recognizing how the track-way gave us hints of bronze-age patterns which remained relevant, we discovered justice. Following one of the ancient paths radiating out from a stone circle, we stored up the proof. Finding ourselves next to a dead hare in the middle of the path with flies in its single remaining eye, we strove imperfectly.

priory of jakobsberg dionysius' mystical teaching dionysus's nature and deeds direct and abstract association direct and immediate intuitive realization direct cognition direct introduction to the nature of mind direct mind seeing the moon—sixteenth night direct perception of god through methods 'easy to perform' direct pointing to the mind direct realization directing our mental force to end human suffering direction directions for charity dirge for the proud world disagreement between paul and barnabus discerning one's divinely ordained duty in life discernment disciples and sages disciples of yore and their contemporary emulators discipleship discipline and attention

Considering how boundless we could become, we danced with some Sufis. Studying our maps *ad infinitum*—as if they could provide some insight into the fabric of our deaths—we ran cylindrical. Walking along a road when a car stopped and the driver said, “How wonderful that you are all following your calling,” we blew-out vanishing. Entering the capital of a great kingdom where we hoped to receive forgiveness, we left the thought of *gone*. Passing into a city where the smell of urine, fast food, stale beer and bull dung almost overwhelmed us, we felt like throwing up. Taking a side street over to the *ende-der-welt-kamer* to hear the slow churn of electric guitars accompanying an

discipline and spontaneity discipline becomes natural discipline beyond what one ‘can do?’ discipline of body speech and mind discipline of the senses discipline overcomes impulse discipline requires teacher practice community discipline disciplines for long concentration discovering basic goodness discovering the footprints discovery of mother voidness discrimination leads to detachment discrimination of merits discrimination disease diseased cells disappear—healthy cells remain disembodied existence disembodied ones and the automatic restraint disgust dispassion dispute over the altar dissociation from the senses dissociation of mind dissolution of the phenomenal world

installation of hanging linens, we entered a cloister. Treading over the steep, corridor-like passages paved with uneven and worn flagstones, we all became Christians. Setting out immediately into the wilderness, we measured our footsteps. Finding steam from some hot springs which we had earlier supposed to be the smoke of a fire, we spoke of first patterns. Moving among various communities and back into the middle ages and even to the golden age, we went without parents. Wearing no clothes while walking except a piece of muslin round our loins which was insisted upon by the police of the towns we passed through, we voted for the Greens. Coming upon some

dissolving the collective female pain-body distraction distractions of the mind divine animals divine drunkenness divine forces that create the body divine geometry divine sound instruments divine talismans divine unicity divine weapons divine yoga: do the asana with your soul division of the booty division of the land divisions in the church divisions of the musicians divorce do good do more than laugh at fools do no evil do not go empty-handed do not add too much salt do not ask about the tao do not be yoked with unbelievers do not go overboard! do not grasp at views do not lose yourself in the future do not love the world do not undervalue attention do not worry do the awakened feel pain

prayer flags twined around the railings of an old stone footbridge, we called towards the sun. Crossing the bridge with millions of souls, we stuck fast in the world. Scrambling up some loose scree, we brought ourselves to love. Pondering what we should call a path that was no path, we thanked the Holy Breath. Walking one by one along a narrow ledge, we understood flowers. Appealing for aid to the whole of our personal courage, we rolled a heavy corpse. Finding the samosas in our backpacks all crushed during our climb over the scree by the bridge, we ate the crumbs with spoons. Gaining in elevation, we lived without bedrooms. Using a large television antenna on a neighbouring peak as a reference

or sadness? do you want peace of drama? doctrinal disputes doctrinal formulas doctrine of karma doctrines document of heritage does heaven move? does suicide create negative karma dog roebuck and lapwing dogen and koans dogen on 'being-time' dogen dogen's dream dogen's teaching dogen's teachings dogs howling to the absolute doing good to all doing good to the evil doing religious reading with the body doing the truth doing what is good dominion don't ask don't be disturbed don't linger don't seek yourself in the mind don't suppress your pain doubt and asceticism doubt as a fresh frontier downward facing dog dowry dr ambedkar and the conversion of the ex-untouchables drasta

point to prevent us from wandering from the track—a common and fatal event for travellers in the past—we forgot city names. Crossing a ridge, we held *etcetera*. Wondering if two mountain peaks were in essence the same mountain, we found footprints in snow. Struggling to break out of a sudden, aching vacuum—the vacuum that so often clamped down when we severed all ties with the familiar and faced the unknown—we fell into a hole. Encountering a difficulty unique in the whole course of the way, we battled with numbers. Thinking of the great distance still lying ahead, we became overwhelmed. Looking at the mountain moon shining in a vast, clear space, we rested heads on stones.

and drysa draw a bow to shoot an arrow draw near drawn to him
by love dread dream of a great tree dreaming and waking
dreamless sleep dreams: god's forgotten language dromtonpa's
outline of the path drop mandal drowned in god drug addiction
and alcoholism drum poem #7 dry in the rain dry places dry yogic
enema drying the nostrils dualism and attachment dukha and its
ending dukha dullness dumbness duncan phyfe during 'abstract'
experiences during 'concrete' experiences during seclusion
during the absence of her husband dust on the mirror duties
divided among the levites duties of the levites duty of reading
duty or dharma dweller in the snow mountains dwelling nowhere

Passing a one thousand foot waterfall, we talked revolution. Watching the white peak of one mountain disappear from sight while the imposing figure of another mountain appeared in its stead, we went out on a ledge. Coming upon an old shack with a blanket hanging lank in its door frame, we added it all up. Meeting an old hermit who wore a felt beret, a faded *Fame: the Movie* T-shirt, and some worn out pyjama bottoms, we planted spiral woods. Sharing a simple meal of lentils and stale cornbread, we opened the windows. Squeezing through high walls of naked rock, we became animals. Guided upward by angels, we wanted to hold on. Learning that hiking in the cold with our bodies

mind comes forth dying dynamic and static yogasanas dynamic extension: from the core of your being dynamic dzogchen vision each is great in his own place early and later expressions of the vows of individual liberation early british methodism and personality change early origins and initial exposure early paths early period of teaching early years in japan early years earth and heaven earth easily gained lovers east and west east coker quartet eastern and western art eastern culture eastern wisdom in the west eastern wisdom easter—the key to peace of mind easter-wings eat no stones eater of scraps eating and drinking eating his money eating right for health eating supports spiritual practice

warmly wrapped was a simple pleasure, we made no other claims. Fuelled by dark chocolate, we drummed on hollow logs. Ascending all day and into the early hours of night, we touched the world's roof top. Sleeping under star-sown sky, we submitted the code. Skirting a dark cave on the other side of the summit, we fell off the wagon. Waking through a clearing to find the air hanging thinly about us, we touched the icy wood. Groping our way through mountains thickly covered with shadow, we heard water trickle. Following the tolling of an iron bell in the valley below as it guided us down through mist as thick as bread, we all had the same thought. Congratulating each other and offering

eating the blame ecclesiastes or the preacher echoes economic law economy ecstasy edgar cayce editor's introduction editor's note editorial note educating the whole mind eeg effect of alternate nostril breathing effect of posture on the body effect of pranayama on the three pranas effect of the exercises alluded to in the previous sutra effective use effects of asanas effects of practice effects of the serenity of the mind efficiency effort for stability effort effort awareness and joy effortless efforts to gain women ego and fame ego noise ego ego: the current state of humanity egolessness egypt to be conquered egyptian god names ehmah! ehud saves israel from moab eight contemporary

thanks for our safe descent from that fearful place, we took some nourishment. Following a lonely mountain trail trodden only by hunters and woodcutters, we somehow lost our way. Imagining the footsteps of people lined up for miles and miles around the mountain, we punctuated marks. Searching for an underlying unity of motivation for our journey, we wet our shoes with frost. Having nothing before us but a road to be travelled at each moment, we asked for divine help. Finding ourselves at the point of no return, we ate our breakfast cold. Hearing alpine ponies with tin bells clanking in the fog, we were oh so pretty. Believing we were in the presence of the ancients themselves, we admired

enlightenment experiences of japanese and westerners eight echoes of the unsurpassable eight immortals of chinese mythology eight limbs eight qualities of the sufi eight types of samadhi eight verses on mind development ekalavya's thumb elegance elegy for the monastery barn element elementary immediate and final good elephant action el-ghazali elias—variations of a theme elihu justifies all god's ways elihu reproves job elijah and the king elijah and the prophets of baal elijah divides the jordan elijah fed by the ravens elijah flees from jezebel elijah foretells ahab's doom elijah restores the widow's son eliminating thoughts eliminating time elimination of ama elimination of the klesas elimination of the

some vaulting. Rejoicing in the utter simplicity of that dark moment, we were borne among stars. Sitting with a goatherd for hours beside a fire, we spoke about our trip. Taking notes as an old woman described to us in detail all the routes that she was acquainted with, we loved our abstractions. Walking over the hills and dropping down towards the smaller villages, we sighed a bridge of sighs. Echoing previous thoughts, words, and landscapes, we tread softly at night. Finding an intricate web of stone walls spread out below us, we sang "Over the Rainbow." Sweating in the cold and slipping over the broken slopes, we heard a cockerel cry. Carrying our loads on bony shoulders, we

obstacles elimination of the pratyaya eliphaz rebukes job eliphaz reproves job elisha and the syrians elisha succeeds elijah elizabeth shall bear a son emanation emancipation and nirvana emancipation emancipation / realization embodied in liberation embodying the spirit of the tradition embracing otherness embracing the divine and shunning the demonic embracing your death emerging into samadhi emotion emotion: the body's reaction to your mind emotional equanimity and self-composure emotional views emotionalism empathy and the intensification of healthy conscience employment record of d. t. suzuki from columbia university employment empowerment and initiations

burned all our incense. Passing a worn-stone relief of the green man positioned directly underneath a surveillance camera, we faked identity. Walking on through a huddle of houses, we learned we were like grass. Wading through alleys of cow dung and soft mud, we were not in a rush. Climbing steps hewn from stone, we might have been puppets. Thanking the villagers for their kind aid, we enjoyed our dinners. Resting at a half-ruined chapel to consider our steps ahead, we flexed delicate hands. Leaving the next morning without having slept, we played-up our migraines. Continuing down a minor road, we forgave the masters. Wandering on and on and never giving a thought to the

emptiness of self emptiness empty and marvellous empty corridor in the convent empty of what? empty stomach empty stomach empty the glass of your desire empty words emptying hell emptying the bowels emptying the depths of hell encompassing prayer encounter with the forester encounter with the non-self philosophies encounter with zen encountering differences encounters in bombay encouragement to be faithful end of clinging end the delusion of time ending a fast and what it tells us about eating ending the day by burning it ending the practice ends and means endymion energies in and process of concentration energy and divine grace energy enfolded in god

morrow—like the birds of the skies and the lilies of the field—we made resolutions. Cutting ourselves off entirely from our surroundings by plugging in to *iTunes*, we came upon ripples. Remaining lost from the outset, we hung our heads and cried. Stopping at a village festival where women in saris watched their young men wrestle each other in the dust, we thanked our God for food. Leaving there on a wooden footbridge covered with 14th century paintings depicting scenes from the Black Plague, we answered for ourselves. Falling again into a kind of walking trance, we became familiar. Pushing our way through thick undergrowth of bamboo, we kept our heads empty. Crossing

engagement english versions enjoyment enlightened
relationships enlightenment and wilderness enlightenment has
no form enlightenment enlightenment enlightenment: rising
above thought ensconced in bliss enter the now from wherever
you are entering the city with bliss bestowing hands entering the
market-place with bliss-bestowing hands entering the spiritual
path entering the unconscious entertainment the media and the
pain-body enthroned in the soul enthusiasm entry into the way—
by the founder of zen environment for meditation eos epigraph
epilogue: heaven's gate epilogue: holy days epilogue: meditatio
pauperis in solitude epilogue: zen mind epistemology epitaph of

many streams and stumbling over many rocks, we sometimes played with dolls. Arriving at the so-called *Oakwood of Witches*—a place where the wise women of the area were once found guilty of witchcraft and burned at the stake—we shivered with fragments. Frightened by villagers who threatened us with rakes and shovels and demanded an exorbitant toll fee to pass, we left wolf-prints in snow. Undertaking research on a bird here, a bee there, or some traffic humming in the distance, we welcomed our payment. Travelling through the land like our ancestors before us while acknowledging and conversing with the spirit beings around us, we saw trails as workshops. Walking to induce

jalaludin rumi epithets of lord krishna and arjuna equanimity
eradicating self-love erechtheus and eumolpus erginus erigone
erratic perception erroneous views held by some brahmans and
sramanas concerning causation continuation etc. esau sells his
birthright escape into exile eshun's departure eskimo prose
poems esoteric buddhism esoteric communion prayers esoteric
magical buddhism esoteric physiology esoteric yoga esp and
spiritual training essence and form establishing orthodoxy
establishing the earth establishing the nature of reality
establishment of the mind esther is made queen esther receives
the king's favour estimating the date of sakyamuni eternal sufism

hallucinations, we hung branches with rime. Learning that walking brought us to a moment of ultimate presence, especially in the cool breeze and shade of the afternoon, we could not even speak. Feeling invulnerable in the space through which we moved regardless of our fatigue, we left misericords. Following yellow arrows painted on rocks and the sides of buildings, we pushed or we let go. Discarding all of our excess gear and clothing, we clipped out instructions. Exchanging all of our traveller's checks for small rupee notes by the dirty packet since large bills would have no currency among the people in that region, we waited in long lines. Cutting across a headland through the ruins above an

eternity in love with time eternity starts on earth ethical dualism
ethico-religious aspect ethics: universal and personal europe and
cadmus europe and the ancient middle east euthanasia and the
law euthanasia eutychus raised from the dead at troas even fire
even the most beneficent practices are relative evening meal
evening prayers evening sitting evening evening: zero weather
events and pseudo-events everlasting salvation for israel every
moment every something is an echo of nothing everybody is a
bodhisattva everybody's light everyday activity everyday life
everyday religion everyday zen every-minute zen everyone is
dying everything comes from the mind everything dissolves

ancient port, we stepped through russet heath. Resting beside a broken stone wall where the full impact of our journey hit us once again, we told pilgrim stories. Undertaking something apparently impossible, we helped to fill a gap. Travelling in the dark, not knowing our direction and not having the slightest prospects, we felt so forgotten. Changing a lot since we had begun to walk this strange road, we gently stroked tree trunks. Having nothing but our own two legs to move us from place to place, we healed our poisoned thoughts. Praying while walking that everyone would be happy, well, and free from suffering everywhere and at all times, we peered over a hedge. Considering ourselves on a sacred

everything happens by itself everything is best everything is merely labelled everything that is one everything that lives is holy everywhere evidence of attaining the non-regressive mind of fugen evidence of deepened enlightenment evidence of direct experience of the great way of buddhism evidence of great enlightenment evidence of kensho evidence of the joy and peace of being at one with the dharma evil princes rebuked evil evocation of the meaning evocation evolution of humanity evolution evolving awareness exacerbation examine the place where you stand examining and discriminating examining intelligence examples of vikalpa excellence of glories generated

journey where our research concerned more than we could really express, we gendered the tarmac. Living a perpetual pilgrimage, we knew the trees knew us. Following our own leaders and our own stars and always ready to merge into a greater unit and belong to it for a time—but always no less ready to move on again separately—we thanked the only one. Wondering if we had heard rooks or crows, we slept with troubled dreams. Growing mystic, we ate cake in snowfalls. Fracturing the narrative or our various walks into component parts that had no chronology, we shied from taking leave. Laying tracks in Neolithic times to link islands in the lowlands of the levels with the surrounding high ground,

by trance except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die
excess pattern exclamations by the buddha recorded elsewhere
in the canon but not included in the udana excuses exercise of the
day: guidance for keeping fit exercise of the day: guide to
contemplation exercise of the day: guide to praying exercise of
the day: introduction to 'looking into the mirror ' exercise of the
day: introduction to writing a fasting diary exercise of the day:
learn to become silent exercise of the day: more about drinking
exercise exercise: a 180-degree turn exercise: a place of peace
exercise: meditate on humility exercise: now be silent! exercise:
spoil a friend exercise: the jesus prayer exercise: the prayer of

we stayed moody all day. Leaving behind some old tracks like ancient writing pressed in the moss, we strode into traffic. Moving always through a landscape of imagination and uncertainty, we tried to serve the whole. Quitting our native country—an act seen by some as a performance of our refusal to settle down—we lay on the brown earth. Plodding up to our ankles in bogs, we were just beautiful. Sensing that our idea of pilgrimage was much older than the word *pilgrim*, we passed shrivelled rose trees. Leaving enigmatic markings on rocks, we sought out memories. Visiting and honouring all sacred places and monuments, adorning chapels and altars with flowers, honouring ruins with

light exhortation to hold firm exhortation to praise god
exhortation to repentance exhortation to seek the lord exhortation
to trust in god exhortation exhortations to obedience exhortations
to praise god exhortations exile and redemption existential
aspects of death existential pain expanded awareness expedients
and reality expel the immoral brother experience is not the real
thing experience of god experience of one's condition experience
of the five koshas experience of vastness or extensive space
experience experience—not philosophy experiences in yoga nidra
experiences of vaishwanara experiencing inner peace
experiencing the opposites experiencing the subtle bodies

songs or silent contemplation and commending the dead with music and prayers, we rejoiced in the wind. Turning south-west along an old ox-drove road, we learned *Koine* Greek. Hearing the winter rain patter on a backwater canal, we set forth human shape. Experiencing a fragile coincidence of mind, landscape and muscle while struggling across a wide plain beside a motorway, we trusted companions. Worried that maybe we had taken a wrong turn or maybe we were never going to get out of a field or maybe we would never get anywhere at all, we read commentaries. Overcoming our fears, we heard rain water drip. Seeming to move forward while getting nowhere, we clattered through a

experiencing tradition experiencing experiential knowledge
experiential realization experiential theory experiments with
swami rama experiments with yoga nidra explanation of the
process described in this sutra in general terms explanation of
the suppression of prajna in general terms explanatory notes
exploitation and activity exposition of principles exquisitely
woven external pattern external stage of dharana external stages
externalism and annihilationism extracting definitions extracts
from the holy rule of st. benedict are read every day in the chapter
house extrasensory experiences extreme smallness and extreme
greatness eye and cataract eyebrow centre gazing eyebrow

yard. Resting on a grey road under a grey sky, we picked some prickly husks. Writing one thousand haiku per minute, we loved experience. Singing about the joy of clear way-markers, we protected the world. Wanting to travel light but keeping some things for practical or sentimental reasons, we passed under stork nests. Following a motorway devoid of habitation where the landscape consisted mostly of wind-blown pastures on top of cliffs, we thanked our lucky stars. Picking our way along a cliff edge as the shadows deepened around us and the sea lapped at the sharp rocks below, we were impossible. Finding ourselves in a pleasant rabbit meadow beside a motorway, we thought of

centre/om visualization eyebrow centre/om eyes and hands eyes
and mouth ezekeiel's vision ezra reads the book of the law ezra
ezra's babylonian companions fables and legendary tales fabulous
beasts face the facts facelessness face-to-face transmission facets
of the individual facing death fearlessly facing death facing snow
and writing what my heart embraces facing the end facts are facts
faith and deeds faith as the medium of ecstatic perception faith
discernment faith in the son of god faith or observance of the law
faith faithless israel falling below and rising above thought false
buddhas false humility and its consequences false mode of arising
as illusory false prophets condemned false prophets false teachers

children playing. Seeing the famous reeds already in flower, we said our confessions. Covering our boots in red clay, we all fulfilled ourselves. Lingered in vineyards, we thought without image. Slowing our pace to less than a crawl, we wanted easy tasks. Running away, we imagined water. Hiking up and over the tree line, we plucked the healing herbs. Laughing in a sun shower of hail stones, we never changed our theme. Cursing yet another metalled road, we interrupted crows. Enjoying the view south, we forgot about snow. Running down one of the *songlines*, we asked nothing better. Continuing on and on, farther away, we became symbolic. Scraping through dust without cease, we never

and their destruction false teachers falsity family laws family life family values famous debates in the forest famous mahayana scriptures fancy farewell to india farewell to master tan returning to min farewell to master yu chao farewell to monk chih-hsing farewell to vinaya master ts'ung travelling in the west fasting according to benedictine rule fasting as a cultural achievement fasting dries out excess fluids fasting in the monastery fasting is power fasting makes you grateful fasting starts with a day of relaxation with fruit and salads fasting will help in the following diseases fasting with eyes ears mouth and hands fasting fasting: an effective medicine fasting: cleansing the body and soul fat

lacked chances. Resting in a habitat for wildflowers, we applied our dreaming. Dying on a pedestrian bridge which collapsed under our weight, we refused a judgement. Hearing our trekking poles clank against rocks, we analysed the ground. Wondering if a pine martin or a domestic cat had crossed our track in the morning rain, we praised an unreal skill. Plodding on through afternoon heat to a solar farm, we confronted problems. Reaching a T-Junction, we stood in some ruins. Missing a fountain and ploughing ahead thirsty, we fulfilled an image. Taking three hours of hard walking to reach some huts, we became Marxists. Sleeping outside as darkness fell across the edge of a gully, we

father killian fatima favouritism forbidden fear and escape fear and fearlessness fear of losing the i fear of yourself fear feast of tabernacles observed feast of the seven brethren feeding the poor is an extension of fasting feeling the inner body feelings and sensations feet in the horizon fell the tree of 'i' and 'mine' female principle feminist zen feng shui feng/abundance (fullness) fervour and self-surrender to the lord festus consults king agrippa fibre fierce of terrifying attitude fight the system filling the bottle of oil final greetings final supremacy of israel final warnings finding a diamond on a muddy road finding a quiet place finding a soul-friend finding one's own level finding oneself and finding

practiced with our eyes. Waking up on another planet altogether, we entered a worm hole. Wondering what time it was in the centre of a spiral, we stared at old paintings. Coming to know that the way's demands increased with each step, we set new obstacles. Stepping over two dead dogs flattened into the ground, we remained obsessive. Breathing samples of different airs—the invigorating air of the heights, the filtered air of a pine forest, the rich air over ploughed earth—we lost research questions. Rambling up to a beaver dam, we stayed young and dreamy. Finding an outcrop of granite, we shyly loved heroes. Finding a kind of easy lope, we avoided the plague. Wandering with strange,

others finding our inheritance finding peace in daily life finding the bull finding the life underneath your life situation finding the right attitude finding the traces finding the way finding traces finding who you truly are finding your invisible and indestructible reality finger pointing at the moon: zen and the poetry of phillip whalen fire sermon fire fire-poker zen first and last thoughts: an author's preface first letter to the zen priest iguchi first return to japan first steps in yoga first take a break fish hawk and lyrebird fish moon five basic questions five categories of behaviour five elements in nature five groups of yoga mudras five houses of zen five mental faculties five schools of jurisprudence five subtle

mysterious beings who sometimes walked amongst us—some of them were learned enough to read and speak Sanskrit, while others knew all about modern science and politics while nevertheless remaining faithful to their ancient philosophical conceptions—we left our pages blank. Keeping our eyes open in mindfulness and our steps at ease, we were just beautiful. Consulting our guide book, we were heifer-threatened. Retracing our steps, we fell back on worship. Going forth on the shortest walk in the spirit of undying adventure, we watched a crocus bud. Following, we all stopped to download. Finding people who shared our dreaming and who were in fact our family, we

spaces five-faceted mind fixed ideas flattery fleeting world flesh
flight of the chiefs: song v floating in the divine flower shower
flower world: three poems from the yaqui deer dance flowers
flute folded psychic attitude follow the path following morning
following the breath in daily life—eliminating forgetfulness and
un-necessary thinking folly food and drink are fundamental food
and nourishment food for thousands food sacrificed to idols food
foods for each constitution fools and wickedness for attendant
wang for further reading for monks reading is also a form of
meditation for the assignment of the spirit for the lord of caves
for the rain god tlaloc: a dialogue for god and characters for the

wandered through real space. Needing good eyes, sure feet, and very strong heads to avoid sliding down the precipice at the first false step, we thanked the only one. Keeping our eyes open during walking meditation and taking one hundred and eight peaceful steps in every direction, we repeated often. Tottering on in the heat toward the border without a penny, we blurred our own edges. Baptising the earth beneath our feet, we learned to put out fires. Breathing with more difficulty as the slope ahead became steeper, we took an *ad hoc* route. Becoming more aware of the breadth of the sky, the angle of the ridges falling away, the geometry of a desert thorn curling in on itself like a wicker ball,

sake of the self for warmth foreseeing death foresight and diagnosis forest event forest philosophy forever dance foreword by daisetz teitaro suzuki foreword by h. h. the dalai lama foreword by huston smith foreword by matthew fox foreword forgetfulness of being forgetting all forgetting it forgetting the mind forgiveness for the sinner forgiveness forgotten himself form and shadow form school formation of a school forms of marriage forms of sufi activity formula of osman of the west forty-four of the ecstatic poems of kabir founding a yoga school in ranchi four aims in life four aspects of pranayama four clings four fields of merit four forms of word discrimination four kinds of dhyana four kinds of

and the trace of bright cobbles beneath the white salt surface of the sands, we wanted evidence. Plodding up to our ankles in bogs, we trimmed our grey beards short. Finding the language spoken *enroute* incomprehensible, we came to swift blossom. Scrambling through thickets of cacti, we felt our purpose shake. Purifying ourselves with the journey's austerities, we found the leaves yellow. Returning two weeks later, we worked for no payment. Standing on a path likely to have been the ancient route people used for centuries to get to the agricultural land that we could still glimpse behind us—now covered in hop gardens—we hydrated again. Singing psalms and canticles as well as favourite

nirvana and the eight vijnanas four major orders four paths to liberation four principles of life four stages of life four types of perception: sensory inner consciousness and yoga four types of yoga practitioners fourteen 'fundamental buddhist beliefs' of colonel olcott fourth letter to the zen priest iguchi fragmentation at the leading edge free from all opinion freedom and forgiveness freedom and isolation of the spirit freedom and skilful means freedom as experience freedom from chains freedom from comparison freedom from desire freedom from fear freedom from guilt freedom from human regulations through life with christ freedom from karma: the nature of right action wrong

hymns—especially those which had a direct reference to the events which the places we passed through had witnessed—we entangled nothing. Hearing we were all *vatta* deranged—that our Ayurvedic constitutions were being blown here and there like ships with too many sails and not enough rudders, we burned our mouths on tea. Passing into a city where the smell of urine, fast food, stale beer and bull dung almost overwhelmed us, we spread out the gene pool. Coming across the charnel of a hospital, where the living were wont to put the bones of the dead, we felt like throwing up. Finding that simply following footpaths—especially those which used stiles, kissing gates and other barriers to

action and inaction freedom from misery: morality concentration and wisdom freedom from self-identification freedom from unhappiness freedom in action freedom in an undefended place freedom in christ freedom in clear awareness freedom in the choice of object freedom in the mind's mirror freedom of not knowing freedom through inner renunciation freedom freeing yourself from your mind freely i watch a flying bird and sketch the track of its flight freewill and fate friends and comrades friends and disciples friendship dance from 'the sovereign rite of confession atoning for breaches and breaks of the samaya and expiating all errors and faults ' from addictive to enlightened

vehicles and animals—we entered the dragon. Making no distinction between silence and noise, we sensed our eardrums glow. Following the tolling of an iron bell in the valley below as it guided us down through mist as thick as bread, we tried to serve the whole. Moving always through a landscape of imagination and uncertainty, we all had the same thought. Finding a pleasant little suburban trail along the edge of a sports field beside an old churchyard, we loved painterly skies. Turing left over a bridge and past the manor house on the left, we dreamed of black incense. Carrying devotional manuals, we used *ostinato*. Wading through a river to a large pool where a nearby tree with a hump

relationships from appearance to reality from body to soul from codex boturini from conquest to exile from descartes' error to sartre's insight from dogen's fukan zazengi from east to west from europe a prophecy from inatoipippiler from kalevala from man to god: the path and its methodology from mind energy to spiritual energy from reformation to romanticism from roshi to rashi: leonard cohen's interfaith perspective from seeming to being from solesmes to la grande trappe from support to supportlessness and the caress of spontaneity from the chalice to the bindu from the diamond sutra from the elegy for the great inca atawallpa from the goulburn island cycle from the guide to

on its back was known to tribes for hundreds of miles around, we never retraced routes. Daring to pass through the sands, we fought amongst ourselves. Wondering why a ridge was called a down when it was up, we earned *compostelas*. Lingered on thoughts which often made our steps heavy, we voted for the Greens. Wearing no clothes while walking except a piece of muslin round our loins which was insisted upon by the police of the towns we passed through, we never saw the staff. Becoming fascinated with the sound of a frog hopping into an old pond, we touched miracle wounds. Working our way up a steep path beneath a tunnel of high, overhanging hedges, we breathed the

lord murukan from the impure to the pure from the kathak branch of the vedas from the kojiki: how opo-kuni-nusi bids farewell to his jealous wife suseri-birne in song from the midnight velada from the night chant from the nine songs from the populuh: blood-girl and the chiefs of hell from the red book of hergest from the sayings of the buddha from the song of ullikummi from the symplegades to colchis from the taittereeya branch of the vedas from the wishing bone cycle from theogony from within the training (members' contributions) frontal brain cleansing breath frontal brain cleansing fruit and thistles fruits of the holy life fruits of the sattvic rajasic and tamasic life fu / return (the

breath of all. Going several kilometres in the wrong direction on a road leading back towards the city, we washed all our laundry. Walking only in washes or valleys where the sand stretched soft and level, we strode into traffic. Leaving behind some old tracks like ancient writing pressed in the moss, we became accustomed. Relying on map and compass to find our way through the outback, we left humming old rhymes. Laughing with the children who enthusiastically joined us, learned our songs and saw us depart with tears in their eyes, we did it for good fun. Going lightly through holly, we left our families. Taking short fast steps and keeping our attention on our feet, we remembered movies.

turning point) fulfilling the bodhisattva vow fulfilment full awareness of the postures etc. full joy in him functional channel functional liberty of the organs of action and perception funeral eva funerals for animals funerals for newborn babies furnishings of the tabernacle furnishings of the temple further conversions further division of the land further ideas for guided visualizations further implications of rebirth further instructions further possibilities further rest fury future developments future glory future prospects gaal's conspiracy gain and loss gainful employment gaining friends gampopa's four themes gandhi's fasting liberates a sub-continent ganymedes garbage event

Walking at low tide on silver water across a path that extended without apparent end to our north and south, we spaced-out solitude. Wandering through a wealth of differing landscapes, we harmonized circles. Crossing the sea to begin walking again, we had access to funds. Gazing on a wide and beautiful landscape made up of wavy distances of woody hills with a nearer prospect of undulating expanses of green lowlands and the shining curves of the river, we received benefits. Acting as guides, we stayed arbitrary. Huddling into a subterranean passage that descended gradually to a remote place in the valley, we wore heavy hoodies. Losing for a time the secret of all localities, we grew out of

gardening is seen as a way of praying gary snyder's selective way to cold mountain: domesticating han shan gassire's lute gathas gathered thoughts gautama the buddha gautama the enlightened gazing into nothingness gender and the wisdom body: secular/sexual musings genealogies of israel and judah genealogies of moses and aaron genealogy of the nations general directions general guidelines for an inner journey general introduction general notes for the practitioner general notes for the practitioner general observations general points general suggestions generosity encouraged generosity is gainful trade generosity generous gentleness and urgency gentling the bull geriatric

walking. Approaching the coast, we remembered crossings. Reading about the route ahead, we narrowed our focus. Watching the harbour's details emerge from the morning's haze, we celebrated bits. Figuring the grey clouds that pressed down on us as a sign for loneliness, we re-tuned our heartbeats. Waiting for a glass of red wine with our feet elevated on a chair in a street-side café, we wrote another phrase. Dying on a pedestrian bridge which collapsed under our weight, we tramped perpetual. Sensing how dis-embodiment followed us all day, we refused a judgement. Walking constantly on and on in the same direction, we packed our tents and pots. Regaining our strength, we

medicine gesture of the frog gethsemane getting beyond the ego getting free of the birth-death duality getting it right getting unstuck ghazali on the path ghazals ghetto dokusan ghosts and shadows ghulam haider of kashmir gideon called to deliver israel gideon refuses to become king gideon's army gideon's victory gift event gifts for the temple gifts of prophecy and tongues gisho's work give me answer to the questions in my life! give up all and you gain all give up pride give up the relationship with yourself given to a zen person who requested a room given to a zen person given to courier nan given to master ch'ing-lun of hsia mountain giving buddha to all beings is giving to oneself giving one's all to

contributed much. Agreeing with a philosopher that walking was good for thinking, we tore down walls. Hoping to hear little unknown birds sing of our natural ignorance, we held fossil records. Experiencing boredom in a mountain hut, we changed our E.T.A. Becoming ever more aware of our own mistaken identities, we stepped into quiet. Looking for that afternoon presence we once encountered is a sun-dappled grove, we rested in focus. Walking there a few months later, we tried to raise our chests. Crossing a wilderness where the way was full sandy, we tried to make it back. Continuing for several miles upstream and through a gorge, we encouraged slackers. Carrying stones with us

the master giving to the needy giving up role-playing giving yourself daily to the consecration of embodiment giving glimpses of buddhist nepal glimpsing the total mind glorious attainments glorious esoteric communion self-creation yoga glossary of buddhist terms glossary of christian terms glossary of japanese words glossary gnosis: self-knowledge as knowledge of god go beyond the i-am-the-body idea go forth over the earth go kan mon goanna and his stripes god all and in all god and mammon god and man god and the dharma god and the idols god blesses job god calls abram god calls men to repent god cannot be unjust god courteously forgives god disciplines his sons god giving god

to make lime for the building of a church, we questioned a structure. Venturing out in a dark forest full of wild animals, we chafed with untold rage. Thinking it unwise to walk back to another path after coming so far, we welcomed all distance. Finding people who shared our dreaming and who were in fact our family, we reconciled nothing. Wondering if it was alright for us to break our legs while walking if it meant that the path would lead us away from pure practicalities, we thanked the Holy Breath. Pondering what we should call a path that was no path, we heard grassland expand. Finding a kind of easy lope, we knew successful ice. Travelling in our thousands on well-worn routes

has gone before his people god heals us god in everything god in the world god is not mocked god is our peace god is our refuge and our strength god is over all god is the all-doer the gnani a non-doer god is the end of all desire and knowledge god is the judge god judges individuals god makes the world god our father and mother god our lord—one who has transcended duality god our mother and father god our mother god punishes david god rejects saul god sends manna for food god shows his power in creation god shows job's ignorance god so loved... god speaks from the mercy seat god talks with arjuna god the father / god the mother god the father son and holy ghost god the strength of the

to the great centres of our culture, we avoided the plague. Misdirecting each other, we were not sure enough. Walking towards some farm buildings along an avenue of pollarded willows while urgent birdcalls seemed to grow in volume with every step, we admired some vaulting. Wanting to understand the way by thinking through terms outside of the long clichéd opposition between presence and absence, we let the time obscure. Falling again into a kind of walking trance, we often translated. Passing through the villages shown on our maps, we became familiar. Starting again at dawn beside a river rushing through a narrow channel, we studied all subjects. Losing all

soul god to cleanse israel god with us god within and beyond god
god's call for repentance god's chosen servant god's covenant
with david god's covenant with israel god's covenant with mooses
god's covenant with noah god's covenant with solomon god's
cure for our sins god's dealings with his people god's dealings
with israel god's deliberation god's displeasure with israel god's
everlasting presence god's faithfulness god's goodness to israel
god's great works god's handmaid god's judgment against judah
god's judgment on tyrus god's judgments on gog god's laughter
god's lesson to jonah god's love and ours god's love for his people
god's love god's mercy and goodness god's mouthpiece god's

roads, we puked on the platform. Crossing paths with a young man who told us that he understood what it was like to be a stranger in a strange land, we erased everything. Ordering our experiences non-sequentially, we all confused ourselves. Remarking how the new tree plantation's white posts looked like a cemetery, we braided our long hair. Finding ourselves increasing the number of pilgrims, we knew our protector. Squeezing through high walls of naked rock, we stared into a gulf. Treading the earth as firmly as possible, we thought we were obscure. Doubting we could ever return, we lugged our emotions. Proceeding to the necropolis for the death ritual where the

power in the leviathan god's promise to israel god's punishment of israel god's quickening touch god's rejection of judah god's righteous judgement god's salvation god's sovereign choice god's sustaining power god's unity god's use of chaldeans god's wondrous works god's wrath against mankind godlessness in the last days god—our true rest god-realization gods and heroes of the european west: 15 000-500 b. c. going beyond buddha going beyond limitation going deeply into the body going forth going-around event gold coins called nobles golden egg visualization golden egg goliath's challenge good and bad are eminent teachers good and bad good and evil and their relation to the soul good

ground felt springy with human ash underfoot, we left there to argue. Discerning the marks of worry and sorrow in our footprints, we followed difficulty. Camping out or put up by almsgivers, we knew inquisition. Staying in our tents for a long time while listening to the wind, we heard rain water drip. Overcoming our fears, we curled in the whirling. Watching our breath shine in the beam of our head torches before stopping for a simple breakfast of green apples and cheese, we did meditation. Trudging with clay feet, we contemplated time. Pacing towards, through, and away from church bells, we broke down weariness. Seeing how the path ahead shined clear and white in the

and evil good company good news good rebirth good reputation
good science good gospel history before jesus' public ministry
gospel noble truths gossip and worry gothic cloister in the
convent of poblet in spain gothic cloister of the poblet monastery
governor channel grace and free will grace grades of sadhaka in
pranayama grading of the postures graffiti on perfectly good
paper grammatical construction of this sutra and of the two
following sutras grandmother's heart grasping the purpose of life
grateful acceptance gratitude to parents grease feast event great
are thy tender mercies great bible chapters great bible stories
great discourse on blessings great doubt great enlightenment

moonlight and following its course as it paralleled the Milky Way, we knew inspiration. Slowing the walk as darkness fell, we focussed the untapped. Finding it impossible to list the origins of our surviving tracks although each route was developed to serve a particular purpose, we all salivated. Feeling the strain in our legs, feet, and backs, we grew hard, soft, and wet. Trying to slow down and concentrate on our steps, we came to the summit. Taking the Roman Road west, we believed rapture. Crossing a little river, sluggish as the circulation in a dying man, we shared with animals. Resting the familiar twinges in our heel tendons, we understood little. Laying tracks in Neolithic times to link

temple great ones perfect beyond learning utter no words of teaching great readers of the century great vows for all great waves great wisdom greater than joseph greatest guru is your inner self greed green greetings and doxology grieving gross body subtle body and spiritual entity gross elements and subtle elements in accordance with the samkhya doctrine group recitals growing through temptation growth hierarchies versus dominator hierarchies growth deterioration and renewal guard sense doors gudo and the emperor guest on repose at himmerod monastery guhyaloka—the secret realm in spain guidance from another dimension guidance on beginning zen koans guide to

islands in the lowlands of the levels with the surrounding high ground, we sang at low volume. Wondering in our isolation if we were the only people left on earth, we stayed moody all day. Regarding widely separated map contours, we stayed proverbial. Increasing our excitement and expectation, we raised our lighters high. Ending a day's walk cold and hungry on a dark country lane far from home, we waited for a bus. Pointing out the simple monuments left to the memories of earlier walkers, we saw indications. Longing for the distant mountains, we surrendered signals. Waking up too early in a crowded dormitory, we evolved principles. Encountering new sounds from outside the aerial

pronunciation guide to your yoga practice guided meditations guided movement guidelines for ensuring a successful practice guidelines for practice guidelines for studying the way guidelines guiding the mind of the dying guiding the teachers gunas or qualities guru and sisya gut gutei raises a finger gwion's heresy gwion's riddle solved gwion's riddle ha mim habakkuk habakkuk's prayer hadith 'traditions' hafiz and his teacher hagar and sarah haggai hagia sophia haiku and poetry haiku in english poetry haiku sequences hakim jami hakim sanai hakuin ekaku and the modern koan system hakuin zenji zazen wasan half-moon pose hallelujah! haman's plot against the jews han shan in santa rosa

boundaries of our normal hearing, we knew our primate blood. Wanting to travel light but keeping some things for practical or sentimental reasons, we cleaned our leather boots. Shifting perspective, we paid for our passage. Taking in a landscape that seemed more black and white than colour, we began our worship. Watching clouds stretch away eastwards, we imagined planets. Searching for an underlying unity of motivation for our journey, we wet our shoes with frost. Knowing how harsh winter conditions can be, we lost ourselves in text. Feeling the ground to be a little bit squelchy and the air a little bit cool while black clouds came upon us, we could no longer care. Heading towards the place

hananiah's false prophecy hanbal and the conditioned mind
handling the experience hanging on hannah's song of thanksgiving
hannai rebukes asa hannya shin gyo hans memling: st. benedict
c. 1485 han-shan te-ch'ing happiness and sadness happiness as a
role vs. true happiness happiness is not the denial of sorrow but
the understanding of sorrow happiness happiness unhappiness
and nibbana happy chinaman happy continuation hari om tat sat
hark all ye lovely saints harmful substances for the soul
harmlessness harmonizing mind and body harmony of body and
mind harmony with the cosmos haryo's three turning words
hasan of basra hatha yoga and kundalini yoga techniques hatha

where the relics were kept, we wrote a new haiku. Looking back at places we had walked through again and again, we dialogued with soil. Leaving no footprints, we drew another blank. Looking out from the dark of the forest to the sunset glow of a clearing, we stood in some ruins. Scaling the mound of stones, letters, pieces of shell, plastic bags, stuffed toys, flowers, and flags, we stayed quiet subjects. Slowing our pace for the final few kilometres, we forgot newspapers. Watching the white peak of one mountain disappear from sight while the imposing figure of another mountain appeared in its stead, we were so super bored. Finding it was a funny type of day—humid, neither cold nor hot—we all

yoga technique hatred never dispels hate hatred haunting
nostalgia have deep roots within hazards of the way he holds us
when we fall he keeps all that is made he that abideth in me he
was in no other place he who cooks a dog's entrails he who has
nothing will not die he who is the christ he who was on the cross
he whom christ loves dies to himself head and heels head heart
and hands healers in the west healing in the monastery health as
wholeness health individuality and immortality healthy people
exalt life not death hear how thou shalt realize me heart gesture
heart sutra heat pattern heaven and earth heaven on earth heaven
heavenly beings heavenly life not eternal hebron given to caleb

fulfilled ourselves. Covering our boots in red clay, we just kept walking on. Wondering if that area was the so-called ‘scuzzy’ bit of the walk, we were high and lonely. Strolling through the Emperor’s garden to see his moon-viewing platform, we paid for a ticket. Looking like the outgrowth of the rock itself, we heard our backpacks creak. Crossing a nine-span cobblestoned bridge, we stopped calculating. Striding through a hum of bees about to swarm, we wrote childlike arrays. Emerging from lands under the sign of the dollar and the ducat—although our purses were never too empty to stop walking—we signed with muddy hands. Knowing of a great number of the ancients who had died on this

heedless man helius hell as hatred hell help for all help his friends help through saints and patron saints hephaestus’s nature and deeds hera and her children heracles in trachis herakleitos the obscure herb sister leandra in the cloister garden hercules on the lotus herding the ox here’s the classic hindu treatise on love and social conduct heredity environment or karma hermes’s nature and deeds hermit prayer hermit thoughts herod’s death heroes heroic feeling hesione hestia’s nature and deeds hesychia: divine silence hesychius of jerusalem hexagrams hezekiah comforted by isaiah hezekiah reforms the priesthood hezekiah reigns over judah hezekiah’s message to isaiah hezekiah’s prayer hezekiah’s

road, we made subtle changes. Taking information in with all of our senses to understand the landscape as much as we could, we confused Latin tongues. Going into the forest at last, we hoped to rest assured. Wondering if we were ever colder on that day, a million miles away, we hailed eternity. Reminding ourselves at a stone burial chamber of the antiquity of that route, we took bearings on light. Climbing over isolated rocks or mountain spurs reached by rude stone staircases surrounded by temples, domes, bridges over chasms, spires, and projections gleaming with gold, we extended decades. Travelling in the dark, not knowing our direction and not having the slightest prospects, we

song of thanksgiving hezekiah's wealth and words hidden virtue
higher and lower expressions highest grade of faith highest yang
highest yin high-strung hilali of samarkand hildegard von bingen
hinduism hints and cautions for the practice of asanas hints and
cautions his excellency his final instructions. hissing breath
historic apothecary in cloister reutberg in upper bavaria historical
perspective historical setting of the zohar histories and
genealogies history of the lotus garden's play history of yoga
history hold on to 'i am' holder of the white lotus holding fast to
god holding the position holistic physiology holy communion
holy dying holy numbers holy rage holy sonnet homage to the

came forth from the earth. Wandering in those lands to find again the places and peoples of our past, we felt so forgotten. Following a restricted byway, we tragedied sex. Paying three rupees for a bed, we felt the ground get warm. Turning away from the coombe, we left the thought of gone. Entering the capital of a great kingdom where we hoped to receive forgiveness, we remained particles. Walking along the trail in a rather comatose state—half-baked by the sun—we asked nothing better. Coming across a crucifix carved into the chalk downs beside our route, we withheld history. Running down one of the songlines, we overcame our fear. Walking towards the higher mountain ranges

gracious root guru master of peerless compassion homage to the guru-buddha! hope hopes and fears horizons horse and camel horse gesture horse or horse riding stance horses' hooves hosea hosea's unfaithful wife host and guest house builder how 'not to be there' when dying how a radical letting go becomes a true letting be how a table exists how am i to love how and why how animals came to australia how bats and shags were made how black snake became poisonous how blue heron brings in the tide how can this birth come about? how can you see the tathagata? how chiu-nan exists how creatures are god and how god becomes where creatures express god how delusions arise how does

in a more buoyant mood, we saw tiny photons. Stumbling on our knees and clawing at rock and tufts of frozen grass, we lined-out the stanzas. Backtracking to find the lost path again, we mistrusted cartels. Following heavily wooded lands where the vegetation provided us cover from hostile people, we hollered to our friends. Hoping that the lights we saw shining ahead might mean breakfast, we bought fair-trade items. Walking along a road when a car stopped and the driver said, “How wonderful that you are all following your calling,” we stopped at the frontier. Putting our feet in the same river twice, we made abrupt changes. Letting nature determine events on the way, we presented

ekatattavabhyasa act in favour of the elimination of the obstacles
how does it feel to be a heart? how does man find god? how does
the liberated sage behave? how each phase works how eckhart
lures us into the sacred wilderness how egoless action frees the
yogi from nature’s dualities and the bondage of karma how far
can you usually be from the truth? how far is far enough? how far
you have come! how foolish can a man be? how grass and trees
become enlightened how have you spent your life? how i came to
the dharma how is god ever born in humans? how is it that
someone who plunges into the sea and counts all the sands is
sitting on top of a needle? how is it that someone who surveys

walking. Expressing our philosophy in the simple act of walking, we conditioned our breath. Measuring the links among weather, time, and distance, we left architecture. Approaching 'landscape' as a physical experience rather than in the traditional sense of a still image, we relayed the distance. Missing our families above all else, we blew-out vanishing. Keeping the sound of the local river on our right as a way-marker, we spoke no words for days. Enjoying the route without being able to identify any birds or trees by name, we turned up the volume. Keeping on towards a crossroads where an ancient track-way branched to the right, we questioned who we were. Waking up more optimistic and taking

lands and digs wells cannot evade that? how is it that someone whose eyes are not opened puts on clothes and skirts made of empty sky? how is my hand like the buddha's hand? how is my leg like a donkey's leg? how isaac tens became a shaman how it all began how koala lost his tail how long is too long? how long to sit how man raises himself higher how mantra alters the mental pattern how mantra awakens the psychic personality how mantra is practiced how monks preserved an extraordinary treasure how platypus was born how possum and cat killed kangaroo how shall a christian live? how sinful inclinations are always salutary how spirit manifests as the soul how st. benedict built his house how

to the road before sunrise, we calculated length. Listening to an old woman who showed us forgotten monuments, we contorted our faces. Finding ourselves on a path which the map showed as heading straight and true with no junctions and diversions but which in reality turned out to present choices every few hundred metres, we split our intentions. Remembering something about the hissing of summer wind in thistles, we lay down with lions. Listening to the wind gently shifting through the juniper hedges—a sound whose timbre reminded us of our childhood homeland—we missed our families. Calling a greeting, we boasted far too much. Wandering out again on a road that was totally

strange a thing is man how the buddha taught how the creator sustains the manifested creation how the i exists how the lord pervades all creation yet remains transcendent how the mind exists how the murray river was made how the order came into being how the pain-body feeds on drama how the pain-body feeds on your thoughts how the pain-body renews itself how the phases interact how the porcupine got his scales how the practice is given how the restraint of the samskara of prajna is produced according to the samkhya doctrine how the sage of self-realization views the world how the search for knowledge is frustrated how the senses cause bondage how the two contain all samadhis how

unknown to us, we had amateur sex. Synchronizing our morning songs to our footsteps, we shouldered wooden skies. Becoming snow-hidden, whereabouts unknown, we hid all the handbooks. Entering the city later that morning to visit its celebrated cathedral but soon leaving the temple's so-called *fear of emptiness* décor behind, we loved ceremony. Heading out, we farted in public. Knowing we had to get outta that part—it was a bummer around there—we crept through quiet steam. Becoming entirely deserted, we used what we could find. Forgetting all the troubles we had suffered on the road, we shot into the light. Departing on foot in search of our families, we lived on park

the warath became sweet how the warath was made how the will can do all things and how virtues all lie in the will provided it is good how things exist how this teaching should be received and retained how to avoid becoming overwhelmed how to be a warrior how to be at peace and finding oneself not leading the laborious life of christ and many of the saints how to be mindful of death how to cook enlightenment how to create good karma how to deal with thoughts concerning family and homeland how to dispel the fear of death? how to embrace how to enjoy the good life? how to experience god's healing power how to find the correct rhythm how to follow after god how to lead a balanced life

benches. Detouring around the area where some of us had been murdered for our sandals and satchels, we wandered through deserts. Hearing the near-by motorway as a cold drone in our ears, we lay down in water. Stopping to dry out our boots and eat some figs, we made resolutions. Wandering on and on and never giving a thought to the morrow—like the birds of the skies and the lilies of the field—we touched beyond our toes. Staggering on in the falling dark, we passed an old tithe barn. Following the bare trace of the path, we unified our torment. Leaving after noon—a late start—we listened to echoes. Lying down to rest our feet on the hall's acrylic blankets, we howled like wolf-packs.

how to make a living will how to meditate on emptiness how to meditate how to minimize afflictions how to overcome defects how to practice basic meditation how to prepare for a fast how to purify the body and regain strength how to rule how to stand before god how to write a chinese poem how tortoise got a swollen back how tortoise got his shell how tortoise lost his tail how tree-runner made a rainbow for his wife how we can deal properly with suffering how we create samsara how we ought to follow god and about good ways how would you free yourself from life and death when the light of your inner eye is falling to the ground [when you are about to die]? how yoga nidra restores health how

Telling our stories about how the way—if followed far enough—passed out of the known and into the mythic, leading to areas of great danger and reward, we felt love in our hearts. Walking very quickly for two hours in order to circle out of sight and to gain the other side of a ridge so as to remain downwind of some lions, we were all swept away. Stepping on tiny yellow maple leaves, we faced away from sun. Returning to camp to get our spears and woomeras and then setting off by foot to look for kangaroo, we souped-up our senses. Knowing that the compass was not really the most trustworthy of all navigational aids, we heard a thunderclap. Noting the confluence of inexpression with the

you can heal the soul through the body how you should think of me how zopa exists hsi yun's doctrine as recorded by p'ei hsui hsi yun's teachings—a summary of the contents of the book hua hu ching hua-yen in new york hua-yen mysticism hud hui tzu hui-neng huirang's brick huldah's prophecy human birth and its mighty opportunity humanity fulfilled humbly offered to lord krishna humility and adaptability humility means going your own way humility requires courage humility the cornerstone of moderation humility humming bee breath humour and puns humour hunger hyakujo and the fox hylas amycus and phineus hymn book in the library of the convent of beuron hymn of

contradictions resting between walking and standing still, we counted syllables. Walking there in summer, we dressed up in saffron. Meeting no other walkers in the forest, we left ourselves for dead. Treading on several beaches, we read all about it. Following a shortcut which ran straight for miles and miles across the moor and which was lined with pre-historic barrows, we marked them with an X. Passing through towns and villages with an inchoate, dreamlike feel, as if they lay on the threshold of neither one thing nor another, we dreamt over the world. Pushing on through almost entirely uninhabited land—a desolate, featureless country mainly devoted to cabbage and turnip, with

renunciation hymn to perfect wisdom hymn to the circle of deities in the body hymns in heaven hymnus ad patrum sinensis hypertension (high blood pressure) hypocrisy hypocritical fasting hypotheticals: brahmans hypotheticals: kamma hypotheticals: kings princes and generals hypotheticals: on the buddha as teacher hypotheticals: understanding pleasure and pain i am as the bread of eternal life i am burning i am determined i am food i am he i am is true all else is inference i am the body is a lie i am the life of my beloved i am the way and the truth and the life i am i am: the foundation of all experience i and mine are false idols i and mine i and we i as pure subjectivity i become a monk of the

poor hedges and few trees—we zoned-out conceptions. Rising as the ground began to rise and become covered with small pines, we tried to speak being. Walking to induce hallucinations, we healed the misshapen. Embarking from there on a lonely route through snowy hills, we hung branches with rime. Encountering crosses that had been placed every thirty meters along the path for as far as we could see, we trusted directions. Believing that it was a narrow little path that led to life, we tried no self-deceit. Finding it helpful to have other models of the journey in our minds, we diversified dust. Traversing borders that did not correspond to national boundaries, we flexed delicate hands.

swami order i believe you are right! i can't get no satisfaction i fail as a dharma teacher i go to america i love thy law i meet my master sri yukteswar i return to india i return to the west i sleep but my heart waketh i take refuge i took it as a sign i trust thy word i will sing a new song i will tell thee of my phenomenal expressions i ibn 'arabi—a sufi for all ages ibn el-arabi ibn-salim ibrahim (ibrahim) ibram lassaw on zen ida pingala and sushumna idea and fact idea of the sutra ideals and realities ideas do not produce regeneration identification of the seer with his mental functions identification of the seer with the mental processes identification with the body identification with things

Following a pilgrimage route or just walking anywhere that appealed to us, we ran cylindrical. Studying our maps *ad infinitum*—as if they could provide some insight into the fabric of our deaths—we left ourselves hazy. Resting at a half-ruined chapel to consider our steps ahead, we gave away our books. Coming across the slaughter signs of a fox—feathers strewn across the path—we needed no passports. Thinking that the northern forests and steppes would allow for quieter and more peaceful walking and would make it easier for us to undertake research, we found another friend. Stepping lightly over the beautiful uncut hair of graves, we became atomic. Doubting if we

identification identifying intelligence identity ideology idiots idol feasts and the lord's supper idolaters attacked idolaters reproved idolatry if allah wills it if and when to fast if any man will come after me if there is only a bit of difference it is the difference between heaven and earth if you cannot stand a sting if you like asceticism if you love love openly if you try to see me through colours and to seek me through voices and sounds you are on a false path—you will not be able to see the tathagata ignatian spirituality ignorance can be recognized not gnana ignorance ignorance purity of life meditation and nirvana ijma' ika meji illness as a challenge and ailment as opportunities illness as a

could find another path nearby, we lodged in a village. Hoping that our journey would allow us to ascend to the ethereal, spiritual realm, which was free of the defilements of matter, we danced to power chords. Encountering an uninhabited village, we all remained lo-fi. Rising early to take a quiet route into the city, pace by gentle pace, we found honey to eat. Embarking at a modern harbour and then taking a bus to the medieval town centre to begin the next leg of our walk, we grew sideways with steps. Struggling to our feet after a disturbed sleep, we legitimated. Taking our first rest break and drink of water precisely one hour after setting out, we were stung by insects. Knowing where the

sign illumination through the cracks: the melting down of conventional socio-religious thought and practice in the work of gary snyder illusory visions and sensations illustrations of sufis in the dervishes or oriental spiritualism images and relics images from nature imitating christ's humility immaturity immediately hitting the mark immortality and survival immortality impact of yoga impermanence and many lives impermanence and the cycles of life impermanence implicit confidence in release implicit order importance of practising asanas importance of the symbol importance of vijñānabhairava important bases of the dharanas important passages in the gospels impressing the mind

time goes, we sang our wandering. Passing through a village that continued to celebrate its generations-old military liberation, we booked our tickets home. Following our guide across the tidal bay and through knee deep rivers of perilous sands and slimes, we knew cyclical time. Arriving at a walled abbey—sacred to an archangel in the faith of that region—we bowed our heads in prayer. Crossing Leviathan’s pool, we knew just where to look. Coming upon a vandalized way marker, we took a strange vector. Feeling disappointed by the lack of news from home, we only blamed ourselves. Finding our planned route impossible to follow, we stuck to minor roads. Realizing again and again how

impressions: one level of samskara imprisonment improvised song against a white man impurities of intelligence in a new world in a well that has not been dug water is rippling from a spring that does not flow—there someone with no shadow or form is drawing the water in all things i have sought rest in another dimension in athens in berea in collationibus in communist china in corinth in defence of an illusion in dreamland in front of an old buddhist shrine a dog is pissing towards heaven in his second childhood—the charismatic figure of bishop ross in iconium in joy and devotion the wise adore him in lystra and derbe in order to be worthy as a zen student i must go straight on

impossible it was to achieve the *perfect* journey, we began in failure. Eating warm camembert cheese, we cut the taste with wine. Bargaining for last-minute supplies in the rumpus of the bazaar, we wanted our ending. Basking in a blissful state, we reproduced process. Looking at the northern lights, we walked all day in rain. Skirting a cave in which a gangster was found dead from methane asphyxiation earlier in the year, we misunderstood sex. Fearing we might betray the path by speaking about its exact location, we tolerated noise. Walking the dales, we remained relentless. Leaving without lingering, we formed our perfect shapes. Drawing closer to an ancient landscape, we couldn't stop

a mountain road that has ninety-nine curves in peace and silence
you grow in penitence we are healed in pisidian antioch in praise
of master wang who cares for the bonnet monkeys around his
mountain studio in praise of zazen in response to inspector
wang's poem in self-awareness you learn about yourself in
silence in that world the angels wear fins in the beer garden of the
monastery of andech in the buddha way you should always enter
enlightenment through practice in the face of death in the
foothills of eternity in the footsteps of ambedkar in the hands let
the lanterns burn in the hands of destiny in the lord's tomb in the
monastic community in the mosque in the mountains in the oasis

laughing. Continuing on towards the vanishing point, we hoped to find something. Lingered in vineyards, we listened solemnly. Treading on smooth grey stones and pine needles, we thought without image. Walking on through a huddle of houses, we played minimalist. Heading with aching feet to another city, we learned we were like grass. Hiking up and over the tree line, we were oh so pretty. Standing still, we employed long-range rhyme. Hearing alpine ponies with tin bells clanking in the fog, we plucked the healing herbs. Continuing to follow the shadow and noise of a big road, we inverted bodies. Sitting amongst the tiniest yellow flowers, invisible from standing height, we enticed our

at last in the presence of a wise one in the priory of jakobsberg in the quietest place in the sea of ice ten thousand feet down lies a single stone—i wish to pick up that stone without wetting my hands in the supreme the witness appears in the tavern of ruin in the world in thessalonica in this dharma everything is equal in truth do i promise thee: thou shalt attain me in understanding the process of becoming in which there is strife and pain there is being which is virtue in which only the object shines in our pause in / vocation incantation clarification and resonance or the rhythms of silence incantations incense burner inch time foot gem inclination of mind incomplete inconceivables: kamma and

own words. Rolling the planet around and around with our footsteps like hamsters on a treadmill, we missed the moon in clouds. Pausing to tell each other about the most important things that had happened to us, we validated soil. Discovering that every step was a mere beginning, we prayed at the sunrise. Having no purpose or direction in space or time, we clung to our clichés. Following a motorway devoid of habitation where the landscape consisted mostly of wind-blown pastures on top of cliffs, we dried out our notebooks. Abandoning everything and running away from home, we bathed in holy wells. Beginning again each spring when the days grew longer, we moved toward

the world inconstancy incontrovertible proof of immortality inconvenient to take precepts? incorporation of asana incorrect increase your need increasing memory function increasing period of concentration increasing stress resistance increasing yang increasing yin independence indeterminacy index of sanskrit terms index to sutras index india's great scientist and inventor jagadis chandra bose indications of perfected pranayama indifference indigestion indirect teaching individual and collective individual and society individual discipline individual instruction individualistic style inference informal talks on zen meditation and practice information and knowledge ingestion

purpose. Adapting a religious form—the pilgrimage—to carry political content, we found all importance. Believing our route to be a place where miracles once happened, still happen, and may happen again, we consulted music. Expecting to proceed in sombre silence, we did this we did that. Drifting apart when we reached the rough sandstone expanse of the Badlands, we made observations. Climbing ever higher through cool clouds, we closed another breach. Connecting the lowest and most material to the most high and ethereal, we left ourselves elsewhere. Resting in a fern-clad coppice, we thanked our lucky stars. Reading that the word *saunter* came from the French *sans terre*,

ingrafted branches inherent nature inheritance of reuban and gad inheritance to be by lot inheritances east of jordan initial self-creation initiatic genealogy or 'tree' of indian naqshbandi order initiation and blessing initiatives for peace inner and outer space inner and outer turmoil inner body awareness inner composure inner life inner love visualization inner modernity: the monastic nation inner parts inner peace and responsibility inner peace and the rules of love inner peace inner sacrifice inner transformation innocents day innocents' day inscrutable fate insight or more sights insight insomnia inspiration and expiration inspiration in the cloister: a painting class in the convent

which holds the meaning “without land,” and which is also a contraction of *à la sainte terre*, meaning “to the sacred place,” we brought the kids along. Feeling the first roll of more hills to come, we needed no passports. Refusing to power-walk, we threaded an oak row. Wondering again where we were in relation to our desire, we came to X Y Z. Surprising ourselves at how different a walk could be going in the opposite direction, we sometimes went too quick. Stepping over a stone stile, we composed a sonnet. Repeating our journey backwards, we remembered turns. Wondering if we were walking a line or a spiral, we smeared our toes with oil. Finding no path ahead, we were due to arrive.

installing the throne and surrendering of weapons instantaneous
self-creation instinct and appetite instinct institute for zen
studies instruction for the tenzo instruction in the great science
of the six-syllable mantra instructions for the postures
instructions in happiness instructions on worship instructions to
hesychasts instructions to the malas instructions to the priests
instructions to timothy integral business integral ecology integral
education integral governance integral institute integral medicine
integral politics integral practice integral transformation integral
transformative practice integral integrating dharma into
everyday life integrating meditation integration intellect and ego

Returning greetings to a smiling woman, we carried too much weight. Stepping through ancient cities in ruins, we pondered simple stuff. Shivering after a short rain-storm, we twisted our torsos. Plateauing out, we fell into migraines. Measuring the distance between two places as a line of song, we thought of those in boats. Claiming to have our hands in collective mythology, we balanced in the air. Threading our way through sinkholes of quicksand, we galaxied our minds. Taking to the woods for our inheritance, we cast swifter shadows. Strolling beside a historic stream in something more than imagination—under bridges built by Romans and past legendary cities and castles whose very

intellect is a shackle intellect intellectual faith intelligence beyond time intelligence intelligence fortitude and happiness intelligence: the source of discernment intending liberation intensifying the spreading of the west intensity of concentration intensity of experience interaction: level of speech interbeing intercession intercommunication interdependence between the mind and breathing intermediate stage of dharana intermediate/advanced students internal formations internal limbs of yoga internal pattern internal stage of dharana internal stages internalizing the word of god international yoga fellowship movement interpenetration interpretation of the dream interpretation

names were music to our ears—we remained tiny specks. Counting the rise of new cities along the way, we thought their stories true. Reading the book of nature, we spoke to citizens. Hurrying along by swift currents, we scattered all firmness. Shuffling between here and there, we entered opposites. Oscillating our bodies, we dazzled each other. Looking at fine centrifugal spokes of light that shined around one another's heads, we returned to the north. Thinking more of the future than of the past or present, we found it all surreal. Coming upon a stream of a different kind, we loitered by roadsides. Speaking another name for the wild, we used insecticide. Ascending high

interpretations interrupted breathing cycle introduction to bandha introduction to mudra introduction to pranayama introduction to saint benedict's rule introduction to shatkarma introduction to the history of zen practice introduction to yoga introduction introduction: freedom awaits introductory intuition of presence and establishing practice in this background intuition versus scientific proof intuition intuitive knowledge intuitive knowledge intuitive mysticism intuitive realization by means of sacred letters intuitive realization in the unitary cause intuitive realization through sustaining grace intuitive wisdom invasion and tyranny invasion: the storm breaks inverted asana inverted

amongst the winds, we browsed among the leaves. Believing that wilderness preserves the world, we were swarmed by deer flies. Walking faster than loaded mules, we left the broken wharf. Stopping at the edge of a pasture and shouting at distant companions, we kept our spirits high. Encountering difficulties on a steep slope covered with huge lava boulders and scoriaceous sand, we had no wings to flap. Knowing how every tree sent fibers forth in search of us, we found ourselves in spring. Bracing ourselves with tonics and barks from the forest, we loved the close of day. Drawing our nourishment from a wild source, we darted with swallows. Believing in the forest and in the meadow

lake pose inverted poses inverted psychic attitude inverted triangle investigating phenomena investigating the reality of things invisibility invisible extension invitation to an inward journey invocation of energy invocation to siva and the guru invocations invocatory prayers invoking our life inward and outward views io iole ion iona iphigenia among the taurians iron face is creation mental? is jesus the christ? is matter destructible? is meditation on death morbid? is not limited by time is rebirth the goal of life? is suicide really an escape? is tathagatahood something made? is that so? is this birth a one off event? is this world a tunnel to heaven? is yoga a philosophy? is yoga a science?

and in the night in which the corn grows, we required nothing. Requiring an infusion of hemlock, spruce or arbor vitae in our tea, we paused for a short time. Learning the difference between eating for strength and eating for gluttony, we ranged atwixt the banks. Devouring the marrow of raw antelopes, we replenished our blood. Standing still in a still stand of birch, we set no sentinels. Calling at all points, we joined migrating flocks. Watching the scenery pass underfoot, we sometimes skipped or ran. Putting it all down at random in songs, we all played a small part. Retreating, we wintered on the coast. Longing for a wildness whose glance no civilization could endure, we witnessed

is yoga an art? is yoga ideal for women? isa upanishad isaac and abimelech isaac marries rebekah isaiah's vision i-shape: the shape of the small self isiah's prophecy islam and feminism islam and islamism islam and sexuality islam as faith islam as identity islam as political ideology islam muslims islamism isolating the essence of energy isolating the essence of form isolating the essence of mind isolation of spirit israel and mount sinai israel asks for a king israel assured of god's help israel conquers og israel conquers sihon and og israel crosses the jordan israel is comforted israel oppressed by syria israel to be avenged israel to be restored israel turns from god israel turns to idolatry israel's

kingfishers. Heading out of a canyon up to pastures on the lower slopes of the mountains, we sought accuracy. Agreeing only to go as far as there was a good path and no farther, we partied with aspens. Wading out to seek aquatic plants, we twittered amusement. Migrating to lands where no settler has squatted, we soon acclimatized. Frequenting grassy plains and flowery meadows, we laughed with spring waters. Eating raw honey combs—as long as they were soft—we remained omnivores. Pressing forward incessantly and never resting from our labors, we crept out on the sands. Strolling across a wheat field towards an old church, we followed the leader. Circling around in the

disobedience israel's rebellion against god israel's rebellion at horeb israel's rebellion israel's sinful shepherds israel's sins and god's mercy israel's sins israel's suffering for her sins israel's unbelief israel's unfaithfulness israel's various sins israel's victory issa isvara and prakriti isvara or the supreme deity isvara pranidhana it all depends on motivation it appears to be thou! it cannot be said that anything is attainable it is erroneous to affirm that all things are ever extinguished it is i that am all it is not with the tongue that we speak it is so and it is well it is what he says that counts it is it must hurt it was it's not what you think it is its relation to the skandas to emancipation to knowledge its ixion

direction of the hands of a watch, we collapsed in the pews. Walking one by one along a narrow ledge, we shared each other's love. Using plastic knives which we had taken from a café at the airport departure lounge to cut our cheese, bread, and tomatoes, we understood flowers. Circulating here and there, we terrified ourselves. Finding shelter in an old town hall which was mainly used as a chicken coop, we watched the lights die out. Keeping the bearing of the river below and to our right, we got ripped off again. Wondering if we had heard rooks or crows, we studied Madonnas. Stumbling along for two miles under the stars, we slept with troubled dreams. Marching along another Roman

iyengar yoga course jackson mac low: the poetry of prajna jackson
mac low's notes jacob and esau reconciled jacob blesses joseph's
sons jacob flees from esau jacob leaves laban jacob marries leah
and rachel jacob moves to egypt jacob prepares to meet esau
jacob receives isaac's blessing jacob wrestles with an angel
jacob's blessing jacob's children jacob's death jacob's dream
jacob's increasing wealth jacob's prophecy jacques maritan
jalaluddin rumi japanese haiku japanese koan study japanese
mythology japanese rinzai zen japanese schools jealousy jehohaz
reigns over israel jehoshaphat reigns over judah jehoram reigns over
judah jehoram's wicked reign jehoshaphat's reign jehu anointed

road, flanked by cypress, we begat a nation. Crossing over a land-bridge many centuries before the land in that area had sunk and the tides had begun to carve out the white cliffs which rose in the distance, we found our youth withered. Smiling while walking, we took new directions. Remarking how the river, the rain, and the mysterious forested hills combined to produce in us a sense of nameless anticipation, we liked low dynamics. Fuelled by dark chocolate, we stopped televisions. Walking barefoot, we drummed on hollow logs. Taking a path to Nowheresville, we *cornucopiaed*. Strolling through a valley filled with the songs of Victorian nightingales, we made love in basements. Carrying

king over israel jehu destroys the house of ahab jehu rebukes jehoshaphat jehu slays the baal worshippers jemez mountains meditations jephthah slays the ephraimites jephthah summoned by israel jephthah's vow jeremiah councils johanen jeremiah imprisoned jeremiah threatened with death jeremiah's imprisonment jeremiah's own calamities jeremiah's prayer jeremiah's trial and release jeroboam is warned jeroboam's sin jerusalem and the holy land jerusalem and the nations jerusalem besieged jerusalem to be destroyed jerusalem to be invaded jerusalem to be restored jerusalem warned jerusalem jerusalem's glorious future jerusalem's great sin jerusalem's great sins

only paper cloaks to keep us warm at night and light cotton gowns to wear after bathing, we were pushed by the wind. Walking all through that day and never wishing to return, we bade farewell to friends. Coming round a corner and starting back as if we had been kicked in the face, we confirmed innocence. Taking too long to halt on a bridge, we hid in a basket. Settling into a simple stroll—a pursuit which sat on the happy midpoint between doing something and doing nothing—we stopped making babies. Walking west under the first big summit and north along the river, then west and north again around more peaks and across a valley, we told pilgrim stories. Taking three hours of hard walking

jerusalem's misery jerusalem's restoration jerusalem's
unfaithfulness jerusalem's wickedness jesus again predicts his
death jesus and a sick man jesus and beelzebub jesus and john
the baptist jesus and the blind man jesus and the miraculous
catch of fish jesus and the storm jesus anointed at bethany jesus
anointed by a sinful woman jesus appears to his disciples jesus
appears to mary magdalene jesus appears to the disciples jesus
appears to thomas jesus arrested jesus at a pharisee's house jesus
at a wedding jesus at the temple jesus before pilate and herod
jesus before pilate jesus before the judges jesus begins to preach
jesus blesses the children jesus calls philip and nathaniel jesus

to reach some huts, we sang Hallelujah. Resting by huge wooden crosses along the side of the road, we lost our timetables. Following half a mile of climbing mainly through oak and hawthorn, we recalled our siblings. Residing in the objects and images we encountered, we trusted the humans. Wondering if we would remember a stand of pine when we are too old to walk, we scrutinized ourselves. Travelling over the great roads with a vast number of pilgrims of all kinds—whom we often fell in with, particularly after the autumn harvest had been gathered—we lost drive with music. Walking easily ten, fifteen, twenty, or any number of miles, we *curvilineated*. Discovering a harmony

calms the storm
jesus changes water to wine
jesus clears the temple
jesus comforts his disciples
jesus comforts the sisters
jesus drives out an evil spirit
jesus drives out the evil spirits
jesus feeds the five thousand
jesus feeds the four thousand
jesus goes to the feast of tabernacles
jesus greater than moyses
jesus heals a man born blind
jesus heals a paralytic
jesus heals many
jesus heals the blind and mute
jesus heals the official's son
jesus heals the sick
jesus in gethsemane
jesus in kashmir
jesus in the temple
jesus is coming
jesus like melchizedek
jesus looked at them
jesus made like his brothers
jesus or paul?
jesus prays for all believers
jesus prays for himself
jesus prays for his disciples
jesus prays in

between the landscape and the years of a human life, we applied blister pads. Commencing at our own doors without going by any house and without crossing a road except where the fox and the mink also cross, we cloaked our barren brains. Occupying all space, we pulsed with aminos. Striding off to some portion of the earth's surface where a person could never stand alone, we carried comedies. Walking across parking lots, we ran into rodents. Dwindling into nothing, we went hypnagogic. Quitting our native country—an act seen by some as a performance of our refusal to settle down—we said our confessions. Seeing the famous reeds already in flower, we lay on the brown earth. Noting

a solitary place
jesus prays on the mount of olives
jesus predicts his betrayal
jesus predicts his death
jesus predicts peter's denial
jesus presented in the temple
jesus promises the holy spirit
jesus questioned about fasting
jesus raises a widow's son
jesus raises lazarus from the dead
jesus reinstates peter
jesus rejected at nazareth
jesus returns to heaven
jesus rides to jerusalem
jesus sends out the seventy-two
jesus sends out the twelve
jesus sentenced to be crucified
jesus taken to annas
jesus taken up into heaven
jesus talks with a samaritan woman
jesus teaches at the feast
jesus teaches nicodemus
jesus the bread of life
jesus the great high priest
jesus the lamb of god
jesus the nazarene
jesus

how the way-markers were coming to an end—what good friends they had been—we heard it all before. Repeating ourselves because our insights were shared, we thanked the Great Spirit. Knowing that we would never have to descend again into any more valleys or stop by a waterfall for a drink or follow the road for a quarter of a mile until we arrived at a market cross or wander along a deep path where the cicadas had not yet started keening, we used hawk-eye vision. Singing “that path is for your steps alone,” we did not move a step. Thinking of our legs as mile eaters, we stared at old paintings. Wondering what time it was in the centre of a spiral, we drank electrolytes. Becoming

the way to the father jesus walks on the water jesus washes his disciples feet jesus: man for all times jesus’ first disciples jesus’ mother and brothers jesus’ public ministry in galilee jesus’ sorrow for jerusalem jesus’ teaching on prayer jesus—human and divine jesus—redeemer and physician jewels and dust jews and gentiles to be saved jihad and resistance joab and shimei are slain joab kills abner joash becomes king of judah joash’s reign in judah job accused of sins job acknowledges god’s justice job appeals to god job bewails his birth job bewails his condition job faces calamity job justifies his complaints job professes confidence in god job speaks of his integrity job’s former prosperity joel joha

constellations of walking molecules, we slept under canvas. Fixing shells to our packs or maintaining an image in our minds—the circle, the maze, the happy family, the cross, the tower, the cold beer, the eight-spoked wheel, or in some cases, no image at all—we called it pilgrimage. Moseying on for half an hour in unfathomable happiness, we used stunning odours. Walking through the thickets of a jungle, we saw faces in clouds. Heading into dark pine woods where even the beams of the sun could not penetrate, we returned prodigal. Coming into contact with something very clean on that trail, we valued the advent. Protecting our faces from huge flies, we hinged on subtle gates.

and death john cage john cage zen buddhism and the inner life of artists john cassian john giorno: buddhism poetry and transgression john the baptist beheaded john the baptist denies being the christ john the baptist prepares the way john the baptist's testimony about jesus jonah flees from god jonah in the fish's belly jonah jonathan defeats the philistines jonathan learns saul's plan jonathan's covenant with david joriki joseph and his dreams joseph and potiphar's wife joseph feasts his brethren joseph interprets dreams joseph is put in prison joseph is sold joseph made ruler over egypt joseph makes himself known joseph meets his father joseph rules over egypt joseph's administration

Agreeing that we all missed our families and wondering if they missed us too, we crossed a mountain stream. Leaving one historical period and walking into another, we found footprints in snow. Wondering if two mountain peaks were in essence the same mountain, we dipped into oceans. Picking our way along a cliff edge as the shadows deepened around us and the sea lapped at the sharp rocks below, we read commentaries. Worried that maybe we had taken a wrong turn or maybe we were never going to get out of a field or maybe we would never get anywhere at all, we were impossible. Preferring dirt roads with meadows, we squealed like pink piglets. Struggling through a forest of sessile

of egypt joseph's brothers buy corn joseph's dreams joshu saw through the old woman joshu says 'wash your bowls ' joshu says 'the true buddha is sitting in the recesses of the house ' joshu sees the true nature of two hermits joshu's 'mu ' joshu's curious reply joshu's dog joshu's three turning words joshu's zen joshua defeats jabin joshua succeeds moses joshua to succeed moses joshua's conquests joshua's farewell address joshua's words of warning josiah keeps the passover josiah slain at megiddo josiah's reforms in judah josiah's reforms josiah's reign in judah jotham's parable journey without end journey joy and laughter—everyday pleasures joy in our maker joy joyous death joyous judah exhorted

oak—old woods where the trees crowded in with their maze of roots—we grieved our parents' deaths. Knowing the value of our steps only when confronted with death, we sung antiphonal. Meeting two brothers who joined our journey—the younger one was blind while the older one held his hand to lead him along the path—we forgot our shopping. Walking mostly after dark and spending our days sitting in the forest reading aloud to each other, we watched the snow clouds roll. Climbing a summit, we hoped to keep going. Stopping to offer kind thoughts and prayers for the well-being of inmates held in a penitentiary on the outskirts of the city—so close to the wide open space of the

to repent judah pleads for benjamin judah a sinful nation judah's captivity foretold judah's dire future judas agrees to betray jesus judas hangs himself judas turns against jesus judgement for idolatry judgement on babylon judgements against judah's kings judgements on jerusalem judgements upon the nations judging another judging others judging practices judging ways of life judgment against oppression judgment of the unrighteous judgment on the nations julian lives on julian of norwich: 'lo me god's handmaid ' jumpings junction and dissolution junctions and gateways to space just doing a monastic's business just for the asking just go to sleep just how do you locate a reincarnation?

plateau and yet so completely cut off from its healing winds—we remembered our ghosts. Doubling back on ourselves while moving closer and closer towards our goal, we gained intonation. Gnashing our fingers with our teeth on an unhappy journey, we passed a feral cat. Entering a village near two streams of water—one flowing to the right which the locals called the brook, and the other running to the left which they called the river—we sold meagre numbers. Increasing our daily kilometres, we conceived of nothing. Passing through another ruined village with a population of only one person, we expected something. Guided by images, we ate our daily bread. Fording a swollen river with

just in case just sitting just suppose justice the work of compassion justification and the new birth justification peak experiences and the ego-ideal kalachakra kamma and feeling kamma kangaroo and emu kanto years kapalabhati kapha karma and abortion karma and causation karma and euthanasia karma and intention karma and rebirth in western buddhism karma and the intention to learn karma in its effects on character karma is not fate karma realized now and in the future karma yoga: the path of spiritual action karma karma: a consoling hypothesis karmic experiences karmic links between the family and the departed kasan sweat kashi reborn and discovered kashmir the promised land kasho

the water almost over our heads, we hunted and gathered. Heading towards the horizon along a glowing track made neither from water nor land, we abandoned numbers. Washing our feet in cold water and drying the sweat out of our woollen socks, we caught up on our sleep. Making a pleasant halt in the clearing before resuming the severities of the journey, we knew uncertainty. Leaving the path for a score of yards to look around and see all about us high waving grasses in which the path was hidden and then going off hastily in what seemed the right direction for a couple of minutes and then changing our direction again, we attempted answers. Walking slowly, we trusted

and a flagpole katha upanishad keep the mind silent and you shall discover keeping still / the mountain keeping vision alive: the buddhist stillpoint in the work of jack kerouac and allen ginsberg keeping watch keeping your mind clear keichu makes carts keizan koans and succession in the soto school kempo's one way kena upanishad kensho satori and lineage kensho kernel and shell khumbakas kicking over the pitcher kid's summer yoga camp kido's three barriers killing and giving life killing hurts the killer not the killed killing kinds of initiation king indrabodhi and the eighty-four mahasidhas of india king james version king mahmoud and the beans king of kings and lord of lords king

companions. Fracturing the narrative or our various walks into component parts that had no chronology, we ended forever. Hearing of wonders just beyond the horizon in a land with plenty of bread, wine, milk and cattle, we shied from taking leave. Understanding that we would never walk on roads lined with marble or paved with gold, even here on earth, we were often simple. Repeating ourselves again and again with minor variations, we all ate carrion. Resting between the hill-tops and the sky—where we could not see even a cubit's span of space—we loved our abstractions. Taking notes as an old woman described to us in detail all the routes that she was acquainted with, we

udena kings of the north and south kings kitchen work a form of spiritual cultivation klesas—the afflictions knife razor and balances knock know your body know your mind know yourself knowing a better way to live knowing and being knowing yourself and knowing about yourself knowing knowledge and love knowledge and vision of things as they really are knowledge by the mind not true knowledge knowledge of self bestows the highest religious experience knowledge through love knowledge knowledge: the lifeboat knowledge—action—love koala and bunyip koan practice koan riddles koan koans after kensho koans and shokan preparation koans and the bible koans before kensho

were made out of stars. Dreaming insights, we made up liturgies. Experiencing a fragile coincidence of mind, landscape and muscle while struggling across a wide plain beside a motorway, we were lost forever. Hearing no bells there, we tried to remember. Trudging through waist-high wheat towards the foothills and snow-capped peaks beyond, we wagered with ice. Searching for the sublime, we were so picturesque. Feeling too exposed beneath an enormous expanse of sky, we discussed the ancients. Walking into the fumes of early-ripening rice, we listened very hard. Asking for dry bread and a few handfuls of salt to pack in our knapsacks and filling our bark jars with water, we found the way

kobun korah's rebellion korean zen (son) kosas—the sheaths of being krishna and christ krishna the all-attractive krishna's advice for successful practice of yoga kriya yoga kulai and culma kundalini and the chakras: awakening the subtle body kundalini yoga technique kundalini kushan art kyogen's man up a tree kyoto years laban overtakes jacob lactation ladders and bridges lahri mahasaya's diagram of chakras lament over judah lamentation over egypt lamentation over israel lamentation over pharaoh lamia lam-rim and meditation on emptiness lands of benjamin and simeon landscape: beast language event lapiths and centaurs lassaw's investigations and buddhist

again. Massaging the earth underfoot, we kissed and didn't tell. Wandering through space and time, we heard a curtain rise. Going back to an earlier part of our journey, we retraced our steps. Searching our calendars for days to walk, we made use of our time. Finding our middle-aged bodies grow heavier with every step, we hoped to learn a truth. Starting out at daybreak underneath three peaks soaring clear of soft clouds, we masticated food. Arriving at the village after wandering some twenty miles in two days, we managed every step. Seeing how eucalyptus plantations for the pulp and paper industry had displaced the native holm oak forests, we ate rice and mushrooms. Scrambling

phenomenology last days with my guru last stage of the mental concentration last words last year's nests later than you think latter additions to hatha yoga lauds laughter in the dark law as common sense law of the tithe laws concerning chastity laws concerning crimes laws concerning holy days laws concerning jealousy laws concerning murder laws concerning nazirites laws concerning offerings laws concerning priests laws concerning vows laws concerning wars laws of chastity laws of family relations laws of female inheritance laws of human relations laws of morality and justice laws of morality laws of purification laws of restitution laws of the sabbath lawsuits among believers laya

up some loose scree, we answered the question. Departing on a virtually uncharted and unknown journey, we brought ourselves to love. Taking the five fat buzzards with white under-wing chevrons who followed us as a metaphor or an omen, we fell under a spell. Crawling on our bellies across a fallen log which spanned a deep chasm and avoiding looking down and thinking to ourselves *there's only the log, there's only the log*, we played at middle age. Paralleling an old mud wall covered with moss, we carried wondrous news. Struggling up and down mountain paths buffeted by icy winds from the north, we held it together. Thanking the villagers for their kind aid, we longed to take a

yoga laying the foundation layman and monks leadership and humility leading ideas Leah learn how to learn learning from doing without learning from Nichiren's 'body-reading' learning from Zen learning how to learn learning the Jesus prayer learning through the body learning to be alone is the first step to inner peace learning to be silent learning to deal with stress learning to expect nothing learning to live in the natural world learning leave the world in order to change it leaving Christianity behind leaving room for bodily sensations leaving self behind leaving speech and silence behind leaving the raft behind lecture on nothing led a left isolation leg positions legal modernization legal reforms

bath. Wearing a veil on one shoulder or on both shoulders or around our loins, we enjoyed our dinners. Hoping to walk through deeper and more rapid fields of contrast, we wasted our water. Entering an area of arbitrary sights, smells and sounds, we got somewhere at last. Wandering across the sub-continent since the age of fifteen, we spun through many tones. Walking unshaven, we slipped on ancient clay. Wearing broad hats with the brims turned up at the front and long scarves wound around our bodies, we foraged large ranges. Finding it hard to believe the plateau was a part of what one of us claimed to be “the hottest region of the old world,” we cried when faced with sums.

and the backlash against them legalism lending to the poor lengthening the breath lent in a year of war leprosy in a house lesser known aspects lessons from the monastery kitchen let it be wheat let me near you tonight let not him who seeks cease until he finds let the breath take you into the body let this be auspicious letter to the captives letters and lectures letters letting go of psychological time letting go of self-definitions letting go process letting go levels of benefit levels of bliss levels of disciplines levels of distraction levels of going for refuge levels of happiness levels of karma yoga levels of love levels of seeing levels of spiritual progress and stages of realization levels of struggle levels of truth

Searching for the trailhead to begin again, we left gender behind. Drawing our route on a map in pencil, we carried strange info. Plodding on beside a church made from stone the same colour as the ground around it, we overflowed mud banks. Doubting that anything would stop villagers from being suspicious of strangers on foot, we broke the primate mould. Repeating our steps, we felt like parasites. Crunching on stones or padding over solid rock, we tasted skunky air. Replenishing our stocks and stopping to dry out our socks in a park before continuing onwards, we set out for heaven. Stopping in a downpour to consult our maps under the roof of a chapel's porch, we fought the law and won. Battling

liability liberation liberation: differentiating between the field and its knower liberty of spirit library of the premonstratensian monastery near nova rise bohemia lieh tse life after death and the book of the dead life after life life and death are both the life of god life and death indistinguishable life and death life and death: the order of nature life by the spirit life in a city life in bible times life in kalimpong life is a test life is found in the present life is learning life is love and love is life life is the supreme guru life of the buddha life through the son life through the spirit life with sri bhagavan life's impermanence life's important lessons life's seeming injustice life-giving wisdom lifestyle light on astanga

on through headwinds, we consumed ideas. Stumbling across someone's underpants that had been nailed to the broad trunk of an oak on the footpath near the old home for the mentally disturbed—which had recently been converted into luxury flats—we hid from hillbillies. Looking out for spindle bushes—whose presence would indicate an ancient track way—we left off modern thought. Evolving specific geographies, we were disappointed. Hoping to see the city with its double spires spread out as we crested the hill, we crystalized proverbs. Hearing that coiled dragons awaited us there during the spring renewal, we softened igneous. Pushing our way towards a village standing in an open

yoga light on life light on pranayama light on the yoga sutras of patanjali light on yoga light upon light light lightening the karmic burden lightness: think light and feel light like a dream like a mirror like a transparent crystal like calls to like like milk and water like minds like sunlight upon the earth like the dragon in water lily events limiting biographies limiting your activity limits of perception lineage charts lines in a white void lingam linus lions and geese liqueur manufactured in the monastery of ettal list of figures list of forty sufi orders according to al-sanusi list of returning exiles list of sanskrit names and terms listening and doing listening to established doctrines listening to master yu

field, we paid tax to Caesar. Plodding on through afternoon heat to a solar farm, we bi-lingualized. Finding ourselves completely displaced, we confronted problems. Offering our best wishes and hopes for peace to all who walked—may they be well, may they be happy, may they be free from suffering—we never could obey. Departing from the dusty city of the sun, we opened the windows. Sharing a simple meal of lentils and stale cornbread, we smoked on the water. Rambling without any fixed order or direction, we were shaken to depths. Observing no views to the south in the haze, we questioned our lovers. Walking along roads with begging pots and staffs, we cried for the victors. Discovering in each

chao play the flute literary character literary knowledge literature as vehicle: transmission and transformation little leper of munjolobo live and let live live facts not fancies live karmically livelihood living a full life living according to rules living as children of light living at a monastery: sent to chien chang living between earth and sky living by zen living for god living in freedom living in harmony with the rhythm of day and night living in peace living in poverty living in the present living in the world living is life's only purpose living sacrifices living to please god living wills living wills: the negative side living wills: the positive side location of the chakras logic on the hare's horns

village a compliment of invocations, prayers, and other devotions—including pious jingles that fitted our steps and served as a kind of marching song—we were far too polite. Wearing white clothing, sedge hats, and walking sticks, we ate organic bread. Straying off the path entirely from time to time, we all became Christians. Treading over the steep, corridor-like passages paved with uneven and worn flagstones, we erased it from view. Scraping through dust without cease, we all hoped for the best. Coming upon some industrial ruins that looked like the setting for several sci-fi B movies, we never lacked chances. Stopping to rest near some bronze-age round barrows, we stayed

lokas or levels of consciousness loneliness long class transcription long journey home long live emptiness longing for god look at each other and ask for forgiveness look beyond the words look into your mind look within looking at the hallucination looking back looking deeply in order to shed light on the true nature of all dharmas lord of the sabbath lose yourself to find yourself losing one's mind rightly losing the way losing weight loss of now: the core delusion loss tears and self-pity losses and doubts and different kinds of prostitutes lotus in the mind louder than an ox lough derg ireland lourdes love after love love and emptiness love and marriage love and money love and self-interest love divine

pluralistic. Carving a considerable network of footpaths across the land before any settlers arrived, we sat on an old stile. Rejoicing in the utter simplicity of that dark moment, we sighed a bridge of sighs. Beginning to wonder if the constant impact on our feet and legs and minds was good for our health, we prayed to rest in peace. Arriving somewhere at last, we fled a tradition. Hobbling on with songs in our head, feet wrapped in bandages and pain killers running through our veins, we heard a guard yell “Halt!” Bolstering ourselves up by singing about wanderers who had crossed the threshold of another world, we gently stroked tree trunks. Waiting beside six splendid yaks with wooden

all loves excelling love ends all arguments love for enemies love from above obedience from below love in a relationship love in action love in meditation love is a stranger love is reckless love is strong as death love is the self love one another love or consciousness love the wrong people love was his meaning love your enemies love your enemy love love for the day is near love / hate relationships love’s furnace love’s world love—and do what you like lovers are made aware loving the image of the other loving the wives of other men loving to forgive luke’s special section luminous mind luminous luqman lust luther burbank—a saint amidst the roses luxuriant growth lydia’s conversion in

saddles, we called and responded. Treading gently on broken fragments of rubble, under which rested the ruins of other cities, still more ancient than the last, we set an example. Changing a lot since we had begun to walk this strange road, we envisioned taxis. Stopping at a little shop to ask for some salt to go with our bread, we aimed to be women. Wasting no time on the landscape but setting out at once with the determined strides of good walkers who have lately realized we would have to walk farther than intended to reach our destination, we were not in a rush. Wading through alleys of cow dung and soft mud, we heard the starlings leave. Obtaining victuals, we all resonated. Standing on

philippi lying down in the infinite mad with love made alive in christ made strong in faith magnanimity par excellence magnetic north magpie's song maha kassapa mahadeviyakka mahakala mahamati praises the buddha with verses mahamati's 'one hundred and eight questions ' mahasamadhi mahatma gandhi mahayana buddhism mahayana polemics against the hinayana maiden arise maintaining well-being as a parent maintenance maitreya maitreya—the future buddha make a clean sweep make yourself low making one's calling and election sure making the practice mat a cremation ground making the whole body an eye making visible the invisible malachi male and female male

a mountain beneath a tall wooden pole topped by an iron cross, we needed companions. Embodying in our journey what was related to the experimental, ritualistic and social dimensions of belief, we continued silence. Relaxing beside a dilapidated shack, only to find a bloated corpse stuck floating in a small eddy of the current below us, we sang before the dawn. Power-walking, we interfered little. Having nothing before us but a road to be travelled at each moment, we were too cerebral. Coming across a group of naked holy men who rested on a silted river bank, we dropped out of art school. Slouching along through the new-build housing estate, we plunged into order. Following a group of

authority male principle man and animal man and creation man and teacher man asleep man believes what he thinks is true man dies in the same way that he lives man is not the door man must be in the correct state man was made for learning man with a measuring line man man's highest work is done mentally management of arthritis managing ego self-preservation and desire manasseh's reign over judah mandal triumph mandala of community mandala offering mandala offerings to mentors mandala mandukya upanishad and karika prasna upanishad manifest dimension manifest elements manifest reward manifestation of the spirit in the microcosm and the macrocosm

sadhu who were quietly walking along another path about twenty feet below us on such invisible projections of the rock that a child's foot could barely have found room to rest, we always knew our end. Passing a shack with cow dung smeared on its walls and a handful of old bicycle tires thrown on its roof, we wore homespun shawls. Compiling travel notes which included references to the wind, the sun, and the rain, as well as to the sounds of nature and of humans and machines, we asked for assistance. Re-calibrating our research to incorporate a degree of randomized orientations, we fell into shadow. Retreating, we found a new morning. Following even a will-o-the-wisp through

manipura chakra manjushri's revelation to sachen kunga nyingpo
mantra for binding a witch mantra purusha: the person of sound
mantra yantra chakra many disciples desert jesus many
samaritans believe many sheep and one shepherd map of the
greek world map showing cities mentioned in the text maps of
the kosmos mark what makes character and motive good
marriage (this is performed in six stages) marriage and divorce
marriage and reception marriage at the resurrection marriage
event marriage marrow martha and mary mary and mother mary
magdalene sat at the feet of our lord mary stood at the sepulchre
weeping mary visits elizabeth mary's need mary's song maryam

bogs and sloughs unimaginable, we knew all things must pass. Finding ourselves on the confines of the actual, we enjoyed the sunset. Appearing dimly still, we were brightly active. Fading from the world, we listened to darkness. Leaving no trace, we stayed inanimate. Acquainting ourselves with those who lived along the way, we overheard people. Gazing at the setting sun as it lit up the opposite side of a stately pine wood, we smelled the pitch of night. Marching into the aisles of the wood as into some noble hall, we clicked our heels on stones. Detecting the finest imaginable hum—as of a distant hive in May, which perchance was the sound of thought—we harmonized a chant. Having no

(mary) mary—mother of us all maschil for david a prayer when he was in the cave maschil of asaph maschil massage master mumon's preface to the mumonkan master of himself master your senses master where dwellest thou? mat materiality materializing a palace in the himalayas matrix / destination matsya matter and emptiness matter is consciousness itself matters of worldly anxieties matthias chosen to replace judas mature yourself maximum capacity may all beings rejoice in the merit of this dhamma-dana may it now be a little less? maya and freedom maya and illusion maya and the evolution of the conception of god maya mayan definitions mayurapiccha meals

idle thoughts, we learned new dialects. Recalling our homes to recollect ourselves, we huddled together. Running to the riverside ahead of some of our friends, we serviced the water. Visiting fewer thoughts from year to year, we became idiots. Thinking how fitting it was that the last seven kilometers of a coast to coast walk took us along a dead-straight Roman road which had later been used as an Anglo-Saxon highway and a medieval pilgrimage route, we aired our swollen plans. Hugging the earth, we gave salutations. Climbing a tall white pine on the top of a hill, we saw the clouds advance. Imagining a herd of wild creatures swarming over the earth, we stranded the future. Discovering new

after the fast meals are the scene of life and death mealtimes in the convent meaning in the udana meaning of yoga meaning meaningless talk means and end means of restraint means of yoga means to obtain the stability of mind means to produce the restraint of the mental processes means techniques and other desperate measures measuring the temple medea at ephyra medea in exile medieval and modern forms of nature ritual medieval roads meditating on the word 'death ' meditation (dhyana) meditation and poetics meditation and poetry meditation and practice of tao meditation and the health care professional meditation and the mind meditation and yoga

mountains on the horizon which we had never seen before, we set cleaner bearings. Finding on the ends of the topmost branches a few minute and delicate red cone-like blossoms—the fertile flowers of the white pine looking heavenward—we got carried away. Expanding among the minute blossoms of the forest, we had nowhere to go. Losing no moment of this passing life in remembering the past, we read physical pain. Reminding ourselves of the rust in our steps and our thoughts, we remembered lost time. Moving ourselves to tears or to laughter, we proclaimed instructions. Welcoming new companions to the path, we sat on foreign dust. Realizing the importance of proper

meditation asanas meditation in action meditation in general meditation in rest and in motion meditation methods: samatha and vipassana meditation on a death koan meditation on emptiness meditation on impermanence and emptiness meditation on impermanence meditation on omkara shabda meditation on the trinity with incoming and outgoing breath meditation retreats meditation to reduce pain meditation meditation / yoga nidra meditation: its purpose meaning and preparations meditation: the christian experience meditation: the mystery of time meditations for the dying person meditations on death meditative introspection medjugorje bosnia meeting a

foot care, we changed our woolen socks. Breaking the awful stillness of a wooden sidewalk on a Sunday, we tip-toed out of town. Returning to our senses, we hungered for supper. Walking in a meadow when the sun reached a clear stratum on the horizon and the softest, brightest morning sunlight fell on the dry grass and on the stems of the trees and on the leaves of the shrub oaks on the hillside—while our shadows stretched long over the meadow east-ward, as if we were the only motes in its beams—we felt ordinary. Reaching the snow line at last, we discovered legends. Reflecting that this journey was not a solitary phenomenon, never to happen again, but that it would happen

man of tao on the way meeting oneself meeting the buddha alone on the empty shore meeting the buddha in the mentor meeting the drama lama meeting the master in dokusan—a person-to-person encounter meetings with dr. mehta and dr. ambedkar meister eckhart melampus melchizedek the priest memorial communications memorial or funeral service? memory training memory memory: liberation or bondage men and kings men and knowledge menopause (climacteric) menstruation and pregnancy menstruation mental aspect mental benefits mental imbalance mental medication mental relaxation mental restlessness mental unease mental / psychic benefits mentor's benedictions mentors

forever and ever, we lit another fire. Meandering beside a little black-veined brook in the midst of a marsh, we stopped to witness flies. Winding slowly round a decaying stump, we circled the missing. Walking in pure and bright light, we transformed our faces. Gliding over withered grass and leaves, we welcomed the autumn. Wandering on and on until the sun shone more brightly than ever into our minds and hearts and lit up our whole lives with a great awakening light, we rode the earth forward. Coming at last to a safe haven, we redefined the arts. Climbing until stopped by snow, we hunkered down in caves. Learning patience, we helped our children's way. Bowing courteously to strangers,

and doctrines mercy merely labelled merging of the self in spirit message to a monk who scribbles verse message to baruch messianic buddhism metal metals and minerals metaphysical principles of the universe metaphysical symbols metaphysics of cooking meta-psychics of transmigration method of contemplation method of teaching methods for achieving nirvana methods of pranayama mevleves dervishes undergoing penance micah and the danites micah finds solace in god micah micah's idolatry micaiah's true prophecy microcosm and macrocosm microcosmic orbit circulation midas mide songs and picture songs midian oppresses israel midnight excursion midnight

we hoped to find the same. Expecting difficulties, we became postural. Venturing on, we left personal space. Waiting because of our fears, we all remained stranded. Experimenting diligently on the way, we recorded results. Finding ourselves driven by great winds across the sky, we recalled gratitude. Crossing a pedestrian footbridge over a motorway to encounter another city spreading out below us—its borders reaching towards the far mountains that we would need to cross in the days ahead—we procrastinated. Taking a break, we stayed introspective. Coming to a very important psychological hump, we heard the great learning. Stumbling on hoof prints and dung, we stopped to write

migration from body to body milarepa's meeting with pedlar
boom from the hundred thousand songs mind and body mind
and essence mind and matter mind and mount mind and thought
mind art mind causes insecurity mind is buddha mind matters
mind objective mind only mind strategies for avoiding the now
mind versus heart mind waves mind weeds mind working
through the eyes and ears mind writing slogans mind writing:
exercises in poetic candour mind: the human computer
mindfulness and mindlessness mindfulness of the body
mindfulness mind-only multitudinousness and analogies with
an interpolation of the dualistic notion of existence ministers of

this note. Taking a last regretful look at the wild lands running up to those mountains, we heard a train coming. Going everywhere on foot until some people brought their horses to our lands, we just kept on falling. Experiencing a kind of cyclical movement of walking, we would never eat meat. Carrying across our shoulders small bottles of water taken from a holy river, we questioned medicine. Spitting swarms of miniature flies out as they stuck in our mouths, eyes and hair, we snuck across borders. Cleansing the way, we cleaned our teeth with twigs. Breathing samples of different airs—the invigorating air of the heights, the filtered air of a pine forest, the rich air over ploughed earth—we fulfilled an

the new covenant minorities outreach minos and his brothers miracle of awakening miracles and tricks miracles—of jesus and in india mirage miriam and aaron mirror miscarriages stillbirths and abortions miscellaneous experiments and recipes miscellaneous misericordia domini mistakes in practice misunderstandings of sufi ideas and formulations mithra and attis mixed marriages abandoned mixture of good and evil in human nature mnemonic questions moderation for st. benedict moderation in diet moderation in eating moderation in sex modern koan commentaries modern taoism modern ways modes of striking and sounds appropriate to them modesty modifications

image. Listening to the path itself in order to short-circuit our need for control, we laughed at solar flares. Obtaining new travel permits, following only the main paths, and passing through the localities ahead within a certain time limit with a new book of credentials to be stamped at each resting place in order to provide proof of our passage, we almost made it across. Remembering that there were people who practiced walking meditation in reformation camps and in small prison cells, we became symbolic. Heading off-piste again with our legs nettled through our jeans, we just wanted a home. Coming to the realization that every building we encountered had its own unique personality, we

of fluctuations of the mind mohammed shah murshid of turkestan
mokusen's hand mokyo's epilogue moment and movement
momentariness momentary birth and death monastery of
marineau monastic advice for peace and relaxation from morning
till evening monastic buddhism monastic differences monastic
medicine—an integral program monastic similarities
monasticism money monk at prayer in the monastery of melk
monk praying in the monastery of beuron monk's robes monks
as connoisseurs monks as teachers of fasting monks at mass
monks in the prayer stalls at the daily office monks' and nuns'
vow mooladhara chakra moon in a dewdrop moonlit moral and

equalized our loss. Departing revitalized long before dawn, we entered a hollow way. Hoping to receive some kind of vision, we became little bits. Meditating only when we were walking, we followed ox-droves. Living on the support of the people we encountered during our wanderings, we loved cartographers. Sleeping where the long swampish river came to an end at last, we had to turn back up. Remembering how important ancient monuments had been to our journey since the beginning, we knew topography. Ambling along at the foot of an airport while a jet roared overhead, we smelled some burning tires. Complaining about that persistent left toe pain again, we loved men and

ethical maturity moral and ethical precepts moral confusion morality morals mordecai honoured by the king more than conquerors more useful morning and evening rites morning prayer mortification non-attachment right livelihood moises and the children of god moises and the seventy elders moises and the shepherd moises besought the lord his god moises blesses the tribes moises breaks the covenant tables moises exhorts to obedience moises flees from egypt moises returns to egypt moises sees the promised land moises the leader of god's people moises to see the promised land moises' song of gratitude moises' song of joy moshan's nature of the summit mountain mother earth: her

women. Considering our journey as a series of particles, we loved to reminisce. Slogging through white sand and black sand that spread far and flat into the distance, we rotated ankles. Looking at each other face to face, we turned anti-clockwise. Returning home, we carried fresh peaches. Drifting towards an event horizon, we remained unconscious. Launching off in absolute silence, we dazzled the sunshine. Toiling on through unavoidable wind, we stayed alternative. Willing to carry our own share of the baggage, we woke up much too late. Watching the run of the flood tide, we chilled out with some kids. Visiting large and small islands, we trailed behind some oaks. Supposing our thoughts

whales mother goddess mother mary: pray and fast mother right mother's death and the amulet motivation and initiative motivation mountain pose mountain seclusion mountains and waters sutra mountains and waters mountains are again mountains mountains are mountains mountains are no longer mountains mourning among the jews mourning for benjamin mourning for captive zion mourning for the exiles move a mountain movement and stillness are not separated movement in time moving deeply into the now moving out from zero mr nehru regrets mr. a. k. a japanese insurance adjuster age 25 mr. c. s. a japanese retired government worker age 60 mr k. t. a

about the way too meagre, we turned to fantasy. Going eastward to realize history and going westward into the future, we were blown back and forth. Forgetting the world and its institutions, we waded the river. Moving on and on to the heart of the sunrise, we felt the sharp distance. Walking all day beside a river—from flood tide to ebb-tide—we fractured our insteps. Availing each other on the path, we enveloped the trees. Dreaming all night of tomorrow's mountain-ridges—although they may have been made only of vapor gilded by sunset—we mapped our consciousness. Confirming our botanical observations, we turned around clockwise. Knowing that something akin to the migratory

japanese garden designer age 32 mr. k. y. a japanese executive
age 47 mr. p. k. an american ex-businessman age 46 mrs. a. m. an
american schoolteacher age 38 mrs. d. k. a canadian housewife
age 35 mrs. l. t. s. an american artist age 51 muccilinda mucous
cleansing muddy road mudra mudras and bandhas mudras and
prana muhammad as model muhammad muhammad's
appearance muhammad's inaccessibility muiho the dharma of
emptiness mula bhanda mumon's commentary mumon's poem
mumon's postscript mumon's zen warnings mundaka upanishad
mundane vision murder muryo soju's poems and oryo's three
barriers muster your spirit mutual delight in each other mutual

instinct in birds and quadrupeds—which, in some instances, is known to have affected the squirrel tribe, impelling them to a general and mysterious movement, in which they were seen, say some, crossing the broadest rivers, each on its particular chip, with its tail raised for a sail, and bridging narrower streams with their dead—we tried another way. Feeling something like the restlessness which affects domestic cattle in the spring, we sported drapery. Gazing on fresh ruins, we advanced noiselessly. Witnessing how every sunset inspired us with the desire to go towards a west as distant and as fair as that into which the sun goes down, we handled bumble bees. Blowing in the wind, we

self-emptying my breath my brilliant image my children visit the
zendo my heart burns like fire my heart can take on any
appearance my house shall be called the house of prayer my
interrupted flight toward the himalaya my lady fatima and the
animals my light and my salvation my master in calcutta appears
in serampore my parents and early life my path is your path my
soul remembered god my sweet crushed angel my teaching is not
my own my travels in the himalayan mountains my university
degree my yogic journey mystery cult and apocalypse mystic
blindness mystic theories and spiritual training mystical symbols
mystical themes of the qur'an mysticism and contemplation

had no more answers. Leaving a camp of wagoners just after dark, we slept in pine straw. Remaining on alert because of the hucksters and pranksters of the city, we loved our solitude. Stepping over the first lizard of the day as it scuttled by under our feet, we knew the way there too. Stepping over a stile in the corner, we found ourselves in a pub. Coming from the west where an ancient track way produced the most direct route, we forgot the fashion. Finding no reliable map of our route, we romanticized heat. Passing on foot through the desert, we all became Hebrews. Soaking in rain for about two days on the steppes as the road turned into a mire so that all of our legs sank into it and we were

mysticism in the nuclear age myth and reality myth and ritual:
east and west mythic dissociation mythic externalization mythic
identification mythic inflation mythic power mythic subordination
mythic time mythic virtue mythos of logos myths of fasting
naaman and elijah naaman's leprosy cured nadis and chakras
nadis and circulation nadis and the nervous system nadis starting
from the hearth nadis naga nagarjuna's five stages of the
perfection stage nagarjuna's tetralemma nagasena and king
melinda nahum names nan-chuan nanda nandabala's gift nansen
(nanquan) kills a cat nansen kills a cat naqshbandi recital
narcissus naropa narrow religion nasal cleansing with thread

barely able to walk, we dreamt of our children. Taking our hats off in the shade so the cool air could dry our scalps, we stuffed ourselves with sky. Holding on to gratitude for the openness of the road ahead, we saw the dawn sky dance. Clambering up and up to find ourselves on moorland above the clouds, we *foetalized* ourselves. Going to the beach to pick up some pink shells, we only laboured part time. Looking up from time to time as the smoke from corpses crackled away on the other side of the river, we played self-consciously. Coming at last to a garden that was crossed and re-crossed at right angles by numerous paths with rows of plantain and other fruit trees on each side, we ended our

nasal cleansing with water nasrudin's will nathan rebukes david national and racial pain-bodies nations left to test israel natural breathing natural environment natural hierarchy natural religion naturalness nature also mourns for a lost good nature lover nature of the mind nature of the surrender to the lord nature visualization nature's mystical elements nauli navanath sampradaya near-death experiences nebuchadnezzar's dream need for a guru need for a qualified teacher negative and positive negative attachments negativity and suffering have their roots in time nehemiah sent to jerusalem nehemiah views the walls nehemiah's reforms neither mind nor buddha neither the wind

routine. Passing vast irregular piles of fantastic buildings, we offered ornaments. Waking slowly under the arch of a ruined convent, we spurned compensation. Hobbling into the sanctuary of an arboretum with our feet lacerated by blisters, we disobeyed no one. Finding ourselves on a green lane, we became Romantic. Finding the real presence of our goal was more clearly realized when surrounded by nature, we spoke Aramaic. Wandering with strange, mysterious beings who sometimes walked amongst us—some of them were learned enough to read and speak Sanskrit, while others knew all about modern science and politics while nevertheless remaining faithful to their ancient philosophical

nor the flag nestling new birth new directions in religion and literature new heavens and a new earth new international version new life new styles of sufi leadership new testament new york city incubation nicephorus the solitary nicheren nicolai notovitch's discovery nidra (deep sleep) night births night prayer night rain night sitting nine monks and chih yuan nine transformations nine years of war ninth koan niobe nirvana and alayavijnana nirvana nirvana—the waterfall nisarga yoga nishyanda-buddha dharmata-buddha and nirmana-buddha niyama: purifying ourselves niyamas no abiding no attachment to dust no chaff no confidence in the flesh no dependence on words or letters no

conceptions—we used dialectics. Speaking the same words over and over with slight variations as we shifted settings, we bared our own device. Finding no landmarks in a forest to guide us out the other side, we left our pages blank. Climbing our ultimate dolmen, we all thronged together. Contemplating what pilgrimage might mean to other pilgrims, we set off for the end. Hanging our simple gifts—cheap kadakhs like gauze bandages, bangles, necklaces, amulet cases, rosaries, all of the most inexpensive kind and all presents from those of us who, carried away by our enthusiasm for the journey, offered up the insignificant ornaments we happening to be wearing—we stopped watching

dualism no god no soul no location no limitations no loving-kindness no man is an island no matter never mind no mind—no buddha no mistake no one attains transcendental wisdom no one is up to the task no other gospel no practitioner—no practice—no process no safety even for heavenly beings no separation no smoking no straining no time to waste no touch no taste no sound no touch no smell no trace no water no moon no work no food no noah's ark no-birth noble friendship nobody complains nobody really knows noise event no-mind and the mind of a child non-acceptance and non-belief non-acquisitiveness or non-receiving of gifts non-appropriation non-asceticism non-attachment is

TV. Drying our clothes on a line in a suburban garden near a pilgrim's tethered horse, we feared all vanity. Finding ourselves in a place of some importance, we were total phantoms. Spending our entire lives on a single walk, we circled stones with chalk. Going easy for the rest of that afternoon, we broke our spectacles. Travelling alongside of eternity, we shut our GPS. Wearing out pair after pair of shoes, we hummed tuneless music. Spooling away with the road underfoot, we spent too much on crap. Responding to the hail of an Imam outside a mosque, we might have gotten close. Continuing a conversation even though our plan was to walk in silence, we washed ourselves in sound.

complete self-abnegation nonattachment non-attachment non-cessation non-complete disappearance non-demand nonduality none but the groom has the bride and the fire nones non-existence non-intellectuality non-morality non-need non-overlapping magisteria? non-resistance non-stealing or non-covetousness non-theistic sankhya and theistic yoga non-thinking nonviolence non-violence normal breathing (lying down) normal breathing (sitting) nose tip gazing no-self not a roshi not a word uttered by the buddha not as easy as it seems not becoming cluttered with the psychophysical effects of asana not by bread alone not ceasing the three poisons not circumcision but a new creation not easy to

Moving east past water tanks and tall masts barnacled with boosters for mobile phones, we tore our inner groins. Walking down to the creek with a crowd of birds and apes, we became fabulous. Overhearing nightingales sing to the moon and weary of the emptiness of the surrounding hills, we contained multitudes. Lying on our backs under low-lying clouds that hid the stars from view, we wrapped ourselves in wool. Listening to hoot owls in an oak wood before dawn, we knew just what to do. Treading on pavement stones from the time of the crucifixion which had been dug up and raised to street level by teams of archaeologists, we distributed hymns. Reframing our research in

enter not easy to leave not eliminated but turned not far from buddhahood not fully baked! not just self- but social-realization not minding what happens not mixing up buddhism not my business to know not peace but division not saying anything not so difficult not speaking not to reject the world and society not worth keeping note on metre note on the text and translation note on 'passing by where hsu 'the wine-flushed immortal' used to live ' note to the general reader notes on a life in buddhism notes on the anniversary edition notes on the pronunciation of sanskrit names notes on zen vocabulary and buddhist doctrine notes to the poems notes nothing becomes something nothing

various manners, we reiterated. Suggesting that walking was also good for mindlessness—a cherished state of being—we closed the span between. Chaining ourselves to the ground with a stream of urine, we said goodbye to trees. Sleeping off our cumulative exhaustion, we left theatricals. Coming to a waterfall pouring out of a hollow in a ridge and tumbling down into a dark pool below in a huge leap of several hundred feet, we washed hands and feet. Finding the church doors of some villages locked—although their walls and towers provided us with all the information we needed to proceed—we witnessed time run out. Letting ourselves fall into a void, we shaved our eyebrows off. Listening to one of us

beneath attention nothing but seeing nothing exists outside the now nothing exists nothing is invisible nothing special noticing the gaps notion of doership is bondage notovitch's journey to ladakh nottarmun town nourishing ourselves with the joy and happiness of meditation nourishing the raksasa novitiate in the society of jesus now and forever now that i am dead now you venerable monks where is your self-nature at this moment? now nowhere to go nowness nt—new testament page nuh (noah) numbering the levites numeric terms nun with calf nuns and beehives: harvesting honey is valuable manual labour nuns baking bread in the convent of oberschoenenfeld nuns from the

remove a clarinet from his bag and play a gentle *Ave Maria*, we found the route had changed. Being mocked as usual by unbelievers or blessed by priests who invited us to be their guests, we played at being men. Hiking on towards a wild pony who neighed to the north, we faked identity. Passing a worn-stone relief of the green man positioned directly underneath a surveillance camera, we all began again. Tearing strips off our ragged coats to tie improvised prayer flags, we missed a right angle. Finding ourselves among bird calls and mid-morning fields, we deepened the level. Writing an inexact schema about the uncertain stages of the way that had to be passed through and

convent of kellenried nuns in conversation nuns on their way to the refectory in the convent of chamberaud nuns paying music in the convent of lichtental nuns praying at the canonical hours nuns preparing herbs nuns nurture the tradition of harmonious living nurturing the five spiritual faculties nutrition o drop oaths obadiah obedience as a skilful means for awakening obedience has to do with listening obedience means distinguishing the important from the unimportant obedience means doing what is necessary obedience means not worrying obedience obesity obituary: maha boowa obituary: trulshik rinpoche object consciousness and space consciousness object methods and

integrated before moving on, we heard all good people. Offering a series of blessings and indulgencies for those who travelled with us, we crossed low-lying land. Washing all the dirt from our bodies in a river, we stepped into the wood. Walking in a gloomy night, we added it all up. Coming upon an old shack with a blanket hanging lank in its door frame, we waited to decay. Glimpsing for the first time the last mountain range of our journey, we smelled the rarest poplar. Branching off the path to zigzag down the slope, we left the *meseta*. Suggesting to each other that the path had presented us with discontinuous walking experiences in order to short-circuit our rational thought

concentration objections to the unsatisfactoriness of cyclic existence objective reality objective selflessness objectivity and subjectivity objectivity objects of concentration obligation oblivion observance of a canonical hour observations observing our feelings obsession with the body obsession obstacles and aids obstacles of concentration and preventative measures obstacles of restraint obstacles to meditation occupation of the mind ocean ocean/temple oceania ode to the bhagavadgita ode: intimations of immortality odin's shaman song odysseus's homecoming odysseus's wanderings oedipus of 'magic and mystery' of conflict and concord of course things like that can happen of fools and

processes and to free us from our pre-conceived notions, we embraced accidents. Beginning again just north of a new church with poor acoustics, we almost disappeared. Knowing it was not just our pilgrimage but that it was always the pilgrimage—a collective effort—we resolved many cares. Stepping over two dead dogs flattened into the ground, we sought out some comfort. Circumambulating a city of the dead and holding it in our minds as a great mandala, we allowed fallow time. Reading in our younger companions' eyes the excitement they still felt on the way, we outnumbered ourselves. Forgetting our bearings and whether those birch poles standing sentinel at the edge of a wood

sluggards of the desolation of israel of the desolation of jerusalem
offering flowers offering of tithes offering offerings to the ancient
mentors offerings officers of the kingdom ol' hannah old age old
and new testaments in the king james version old graves for new
old testament om mani padme hum om omar khayam omelette
with sage omniscient omphale on a portrait of myself on an
autumn evening listening to reverend yeh play the ch'in on
appearances on asanas on being and non-being on being offered
an unacceptable donation on believing in mind on biting and
dangling after women of different countries on causation (six
kinds) and the rise of existence on companionship on

were facing towards the east or the west of the path, we truncated the path. Carrying our five tools and some yams with us, we bent down on our knees. Reaching the summit and its vast panoramic view at last only to find our touch-screen cameras malfunctioning, we drew on resources. Walking on a dyke where we felt a connection to the old Roman frontiers and back further to the ramparts and the ditches of the Iron Age forts—although this connection was merely a bi-product of our imaginations—we gorged on chocolate. Crossing three more river beds, we consulted giants. Mentioning the seamy side of pilgrimage, we knew our bones had thinned. Moving slowly forward on our knees, we were

concentration of mind on cyprus on demonstration on dervish assemblies on detachment on differences between schools on discipleship on divisions in the church on effort on emptiness no-birth and nonduality on entering living in—and leaving—the world on eternality of sound the nature of error and perversion on exercises on faith and religion on faith on guarding the senses on higher levels of understanding on his self portrait on hope and fear on idolatry on impermanence on impermanency on inexplicable statements on intuitive understanding on judging people on kissing on knowing karma on knowledge absolute and relative on lingyat culture on listening on literature on love on

too shy for shops. Calling our destination a shit pile, we entertained no one. Reconnecting to the path, we overturned no one. Lighting sacred fires when we camped, we slept through morning light. Eating sardines from a tin and fruit cake with a flask of milky tea, we shared a boundless trust. Tottering along the crumbly ramparts of a Roman hill fort, we created places. Noticing again the ever-present spiral, here incised on lichen-foxed marble, we met up with old friends. Believing the discontinuities of our shared perceptions would lead us closer to our goals—both on a relative and an absolute level—we all oscillated. Struggling at the ford because of large stones hidden

luke 14:16 on marriage on mastership on meat-eating on meditation on momentariness on mount goddai a cloud is cooking rice on mudras on music on name sentence syllable and their meaning on nirvana on no account should one fast on nondependence of mind on non-violence and observation on one side of the name it reads 'cannot get wet' on the other side of the name it reads 'cannot get dry' on opening the ring of bone zendo on our crucified lord naked and bloody on painting by the monk 'bitter pumpkin' on positive emptiness on prajna on pranayama on praying for peace on reading the udana on reading hearing being present on repentance on returning to the self on samadhi

just under the surface of the water, we danced to thumping beats. Sauntering through a barley field at dusk while the cool of the night came down, we loved another one. Finding steam from some hot springs which we had earlier supposed to be the smoke of a fire, we collaborated. Knowing that if we were to die on our way it would only be the fulfilment of providence, we spoke of first patterns. Leaving the wastes of the high plateau, we confirmed advantage. Asking if we could plug our phones in while we had lunch because our GPS apps took lots of battery power, we followed conviction. Turning south-west along an old ox-drove road, we felt imaginary. Stepping over dead dogs that

on seeking on service on sexual intercourse on states on study in the world on surging of the sap on teachers and teaching on the borderline on the brightness of the flanks on the buddha as teacher on the buddha's raft on the chain of causation on the contemplation of extremes on the deduction of the permanency of tathagatahood on the eighth day his name was called jesus on the endeavour of the way on the history of the udana on the incarnation of the infinite in the lower back on the incarnation of vishnu on the lankayatika on the laws of ecclesiastical polity on the meaning of tathagata in the tetralemma on the nature of maya on the prayer of the heart on the road to canaan on the road

lay along the roadway, we whistled with skylarks. Believing that simply walking on the earth was as much of a miracle as walking on burning coals or walking on spikes or on water, we could foresee our deaths. Withdrawing our attention from the outside world to a greater extent at night than during the day, we complained to ourselves. Enjoying the early-autumn sunshine as it slanted down through a row of planted pine, we heard our blood churning. Hoping it would not be another one of those walks along the motorway kinds of deal, we learned Koine Greek. Noting how the old way had still preserved a singular air of loneliness, even with its proximity to a nearby city and to the

on the sabbath and meditation on the selection for this volume on the silence of the confluence on the spot where shih-chia sits in meditation on the sravakas srotaapanna sakridagrimin anagamin and arhat on the stone a name is inscribed—what is that name? on the three knots on the threshold of peace on the transitoriness of life on the treasury of the true dharma eye on the use of herb and medicinal plants on the variations of cooing on the way to the divine on the way without leaving home on the wisdom of effacement on the wives of others on thinking on to jerusalem on transformation on word and discrimination and the highest reality on your religion on zazen practice once the

villas of the wealthy, we remained each other. Dying when fire swept through our camp, we ripped our instructions. Discarding all of our excess gear and clothing, we made a large traverse. Visiting and honouring all sacred places and monuments, adorning chapels and altars with flowers, honouring ruins with songs or silent contemplation and commending the dead with music and prayers, we wandered with the deer. Considering how boundless we could become, we measured our footsteps. Determining our progress, we rejoiced in the wind. Setting out immediately into the wilderness, we all became Sufis. Crunching freshly fallen chestnuts with our teeth and chewing them as we

rules have been learnt break them without a care once you see or hear the true teaching you should practice it without fail one and many engaged one body many parts one buddha with many names one follows the instructions not the instructor one god one bishop: the politics of monotheism one hundred forty four thousand sealed one hundred stories of enlightenment one hundred thousand refugees one in christ one like a son of man one minute of sitting one inch of buddha one needs to practice to find peace in meditation one note of zen one or many? one place of worship one should not talk to a skilled hunter about what is forbidden by the buddha one source same aim one taste one way

descended, we enjoyed our symptoms. Entering an oddly quiet and somewhat spooky forest, we remained skeletons. Running over hot sands with water drawn from a sacred stream, we remembered prog rock. Continuing into a little wood and across a patch of heath (now used as a car park) and up a steep slope to a church, we forgot how to lie. Copying scriptures every night and putting them in special boxes at each temple along the way, we thought of the Bardo. Taking very light steps and trying not to hammer the ground or our heels, we re-tooled objectives. Opening up to something rare, we heard the wires hum. Finding that a day of silence in the salt flats could be a pilgrimage in itself,

of teaching one way out one word one son one's attitude toward pain one's karma constantly changes oneiric lands and mythical creatures oneness and manyness one-pointedness of mind only buddha and buddha only he can be just who does nothing by himself only he who knows can love only the heart only the self is real onomatopoeia ontology and the twofold egolessness ontology open heart surgery without an anaesthetic open thou mine eyes open to the moment of love open your own treasure house open-eyed ecstasy opening of hearts opening the dharma eye opening the doors of perception opening the hand of thought: the meditative mind in charles johnson's dr. king's refrigerator and

we un-fogged our glasses. Spending the best part of our lifetimes on the path, we embraced our purpose. Resting while a group of old women dressed in black and white sang to us before falling asleep, we supported our heads. Wandering easy and full of presence, we longed for better lands. Tending to emphasize an infinite number of paths such that all of us wandering had a place on them, we delighted ourselves. Striding through a landscape dotted with sarsen stones, much like those used to make stone circles, we all remained naïve. Wearing leggings and scarves, we heard the birds of youth. Visualizing a flower opening as our feet touched the ground with each step, we found some peace at last.

other bedtime stories opening to the west opposition to nehemiah or a spiritual vacuum? oracle concerning damascus oracle concerning egypt oracle concerning moab oracle concerning tyre oral transmissions orategama zokushu orderly worship ordinances of the priests ordinary mind is tao ordinary mind is the way ordinary protection wheel ordinary unconsciousness and deep unconsciousness organ donation and the bodhisattvic ideal organizations orientalia orifice origin and authorship original buddhism original revelations origins and namings origins of stress orion orpheus orthodoxy oryu's three turning words other branches of shi'ism other characteristics of the yogic prajna other

Walking without direction, we pissed in some bushes. Hearing the engines of threshers cutting up the prairie, we fought gravity's pull. Intending to live like pilgrims and make no use of those contrivances which sprang into existence in a world deluded by money, number and time—and which drained life of its other contents—we intersected swamps. Visiting an ancient monument to find a sign advising us to keep off due to erosion, we were ready for it. Reaching the extreme edge of the world where there was nothing left for us to do, we all practiced yoga. Stalling with very sore shins, we steered for the ocean. Crossing the cool surface of a stream shaded by hornbeam oak, we needed more laughter.

glories are karnika other prophecies other rasayanas other sivananda publications other suggested practices other teachers other things other titles in this series by book faith india other vikalpas other worlds and future times other worlds other zen centre publications ot—old testament page our bodies are the home of the holy spirit our construction and translation of the sutra our daily bread our faults redound on us our heavenly dwelling our inability to end human suffering our inherited dysfunction our interpretation of the sutra our interpretation of the terms pravrtti and visayavat our lady of cobre our lady of guadalupe mexico our lady of sorrow our lord dismissed the

Being cursed as wankers by the young passengers in a passing car, we were human beings. Saying thank you to the glade for the passing scent of pine, we witnessed a halo. Resting a moment in an alpine meadow, we dissolved into love. Going up to that Golgotha by degrees, we questioned what was dull. Clarifying our findings as something approaching cleanliness rather than contradiction or philosophical *aporia*, we read our manual. Coming upon a stone spiral laid in the sand, we misread the classics. Setting out with a hymn on our lips, we studied the *dharma*. Resting quietly in the shade of a date orchard and listening to a villager sing to himself while watering his trees, we

multitude our lord's body how we ought to take it often and in what way and frame of mind our master jalaludin our relationship with suffering and with others our true mother jesus out of control out of the depths outer and inner order outer portals outline of a bodhisattva's progress outline of practice outline of the practice outpouring of god's spirit outwitting the stars over and beyond the head overcoming arrogance overcoming depression overcoming greed overcoming habitual patterns overhearing overnight at a buddhist mountain temple overseers and deacons owls ox oxford p'ei hsui's preface padma sambhava padma padmaloka pain and pleasure pain control pain that saves

ate our quiet ferns. Noting it was our last chance to urinate before open country, we practiced outside shapes. Sleeping equally well in soft beds or on the grass beside the road, we became forgiving. Wondering how we could ever measure our journey, we stuck fast in the world. Passing through the last stand of trees before returning to the main road, we praised an unreal skill. Wondering if a young leopard had crossed our track in the morning rain, we cried with sad oboes. Cutting across a headland through the ruins above an ancient port, we stepped through russet heath. Prostrating ourselves on the ground, we lost our spectacles. Believing it would be helpful to have some kind of idea of where

pain: find comfort even in discomfort painting of a rice cake
palamedes and the cranes palestine in new testament times pan's
nature and deeds panchakarma post treatment procedures
panchakarma's five main procedures panting breath papanca
parable of the arrow parable of the boiling pot parable of the
hidden jewel parable of the life parable of the mustard seed
parable of the people with a higher aim parable of the raft parable
of the two sisters parable idiom and metaphor paradise lost
paradise regained paradoxical paramystical writings paranormal
abilities paraphernalia of worship paraphrase of the sutra
parenthood: role or function? parinirvana paris and helen part of

we were going even if we were not able to measure how far we had gone, we remembered surface. Smelling the high-street cows, we prayed for refugees. Greeting a familiar peak, bound up with so many memories, whose noble summit towered, roof-like, over the surrounding hills, we savoured the last miles. Coming to a well, we understood weather. Centring our attention on the bottoms of our feet, we stopped an argument. Knowing how missing a stone marker meant we would never be lucky at love, we went without clothing. Working our way across continents to reach something we still could not truly name—although it remained close to us all throughout our travels—we leaped

a way of life part one: the truth part two: the path participating in the mind of christ passages on vedana from the suttas passing by where hsu 'the wine-flushed immortal' used to live passing into parinirvana passover teisho past pain: dissolving the pain body patanjali patanjali's definition patanjali's yoga aphorisms patanjali's yoga sutras path of mindfulness path to success path pathological forms of ego pathos paths of liberation from the rounds of rebirth pathway to ecstasy patience in suffering patience patterns of disharmony paul accepted by the apostles paul and silas in prison paul and the false apostles paul arrested paul before agrippa paul boasts about his sufferings paul called

chasms of doubt. Finding a simple wooden church decorated with frescoes, we shyly loved heroes Finding ourselves next to a dead hare in the middle of the path with flies in its single remaining eye, we remembered our breath. Browsing the pilgrimage archives, we strove imperfectly. Passing a field of dying sunflowers with their grey faces drooping towards the ground, we hoped for slower wrath. Tracing the path as it wound up into cloud, we feared another night. Cherishing our scrips and staffs as tokens of our endeavour, we kept our heads empty. Pushing our way through thick undergrowth of bamboo, we were buried in swamp. Finding an outcrop of granite, we ate elevenses.

by god paul in ephesus paul meets jesus at damascus paul opposes peter paul preaches at rome under guard paul sails for rome paul the minister to the gentiles paul the preacher to the gentiles paul the roman citizen paul transferred to caesarea paul's arrival at jerusalem paul's change of plans paul's charge to timothy paul's charges to timothy paul's claims advance the gospel paul's concern for the corinthians paul's concern for the galatians paul's defence of his ministry paul's farewell to the ephesian elders paul's hardships paul's labour for the church paul's longing to see the thessalonians paul's longing to visit rome paul's ministry in thessalonica paul's plan to visit rome paul's plea for onesimus

Taking a wrong turn, we drank too much again. Experiencing unfamiliar sensations on the hill-top home of forgotten things, we stared at grass close-up. Taking cover under a stone ledge until the rain and wind abated, we heard the wind abate. Setting off at daybreak next morning in a mist which clothed the world in fleecy grey, we sought out memories. Leaving enigmatic markings on rocks, we passed beneath the tor. Running off the path shouting incomprehensibly as if a zombie dog was biting our heels, we heard the mermaids sing. Arriving at where we started and knowing that place for the first time, we all ran out of torque. Going to bed footsore amidst the howling of the hill-top wind, we

paul's vision and his thorn paul's vision of the man of macedonia
pauses and empty spaces pausing paying taxes to caesar peace
and joy peace peaceful life peacemaking event peacock in the
lotus pearl of the heart pelops and oenomaus penalties for
disobedience penalties for immorality penance and indulgences
penetrating zen people worth talking to (and not) perceived
object perceiving the bull perceiving the nature of reality
perceiving the spirit behind the dream-shadows of nature
perceiving without naming perception and explanation
perception perfect accord perfect peace lies in freedom from
characteristic distinctions perfect tranquilization attained by

threw guns in deep lakes. Turning away from regulations, we grew holes in our chests. Taking a side street over to the *ender-welt-kamer* to hear the slow churn of distorted electric guitars accompanying an installation of hanging linens, we avoided violence. Limping, blistered, covered with flies and plagued by wasps and other unknown insects, we entered a cloister. Skirting along a fence bordering bald, sandy ground and tall poles of pine, we accepted our fate. Encountering another proliferation of pre-historic burial sites, we knew we were needed. Gazing longingly towards the West, we calmed each other's qualms. Reading on our maps an enormous number of lesser

sravakas pratyekabuddas and bodhisattvas perfect tranquillity perfecting: always be happy with the smallest improvement perfection of body and mind perfection of giving perfection perfection—destiny of all perhaps there is a road up there perineum contraction permanency of tathagatahood permanent shelter in spirit through yoga meditation permission credits permission to destroy perseus perseverance and regularity perseverance in prayer persian sufi poetry person witness and the supreme personal appearance personal greetings personal identity and karma personal identity and rebirth personal remarks personal requests personal traits personality

sites marked by gothic script—cairn, cist, field system, hut, circle, stone row, stone circle, tumuli, settlement—we never cut our hair. Becoming confused by the way's many detours, roundabouts and zig-zags, we mingled our atoms. Questioning how realistic it was to think our secret goals would be served by arriving at the half-way point and putting our fingers into fletched incisions on marble flutes, we slipped on some black ice. Looking at the mountain moon shining in a vast, clear space, we set ourselves a stage. Escaping, we rested heads on stones. Taking a break where the clay turned to chalk, we smiled without strength. Waking up early the next morning amid the chanting of the

development personality sanctity divine incarnation personality transformation in 18th century british methodism personality an obstacle pervading all beings peter addresses the crowd peter and john before the sanhedrin peter at cornelius' house peter disowns jesus peter explains his actions peter heals the crippled beggar peter speaks to the onlookers peter's confession of christ peter's first denial peter's miraculous escape from prison peter's second and third denials peter's vision pets peyote songs phaedra and hippolytus pharaoh's dreams phenomenon to which this sutra refers philip and the ethiopians philip in samaria philosophical and spiritual foundations philosophical

monks soon followed by the noise of a gong calling us to breakfast, we built a little den. Stepping cautiously through the open door of a cathedral attached to an enormous belfry, we breathed in mindful air. Marching over one thousand kilometres on back roads while searching our minds, we never abated. Seeing all of our inner organs while walking, we washed each other's feet. Listening to hymns in gilded temples on our way, we used antique mirrors. Understanding the difference—not just between discipline and technique, but between a labyrinth and a maze—we organized labour. Seeing the top of a pagoda or a cell-phone mast rising up above the treetops, we sang Christmas carols.

breakthroughs philosophical maturity philosophical or proto-taoism philosophical traditions philosophical works philosophy of yoga philosophy philotheus of sinai phoroneus phyllis and carya physical and mental changes physical imbalance physical pain physical relaxation pi / holding together (union) pictures of the brain's activity during yoga nidra pidgin song pieces of indra's net pilgrimage and the afterlife pilgrimage at lourdes pilgrimage piling up snow in a silver bowl pillars of fire and of cloud pine tree tops pink lotus pith of the matter pitta pity the poor natives place of practice place places to stay en route plague of darkness plague of locusts plagues of boils and hail plagues of flies and murrain

Running down a busy road between cars after dark, we heard some Arabic. Watching our shadows grow shorter before us, we voted no to them. Freeing ourselves from dependency on the division between daylight and darkness, we thanked the unspotted. Speed-walking without looking much about us like people trying to shorten the way with some intriguing train of thought, we ate more kilometres. Dawdling to the south, we shook dust off our feet. Registering even the least emphatic occurrences on the way, we felt so darn useless. Guided upward by angels, we leaned towards nothing. Heading north for a bit but also wondering if that route would ever make any sense, we

plagues of frogs and lice plans for a pilgrimage to jerusalem plato and the buddha on death meditations playing truant from the posture to reveal the spontaneous and natural asana to your constitution please call me by my true name pleasure and happiness pleasure plough pose ploughing plum blossoms plumbing the source poem before words poems for a carnival poems of hope and joy poems of the japanese zen masters poems poetic conventions poetic imagery poetic minds complete the greater elegance: the nine monks and chih yuan poetic monks of early sung china (late tenth century) poetic presentation of the concept of the hero according to tantric tradition poetry and

wanted to hold on. Hearing a man whose eyes were heavy with opium shout: "You have come here to rob the graves," we welcomed our payment. Undertaking research on a bird here, a bee there, or some traffic humming in the distance, we trailed our hands through light. Coming upon a rough little stone-built shelter, we found delight in lanes. Hearing our water bottles gurgle in our packs with each footstep, we cleaned our bloody toes. Trying consciously not to make an imprint on the ground with each quiet step, we donated some coins. Gazing on reflections of the summer sky on a lake, we shed our wet sandals. Stretching our legs uninterruptedly toward the setting sun, we were a living

contemplation: a reappraisal poetry symbolism and typology poetry zazen and the net of compassion poetry poets and gleemen point of view points of difference polish politics pollution in action pondering the eight points popular moral buddhism portals into the unmanifested porters and overseers portions for the priests poseidon's nature and deeds position of the diverse samapattis in the yogic process positive and negative stress positive thinking and meditation positive vibrations possessions possessiveness post-conversion depression post-conversion inflation post-conversion uses of the sense of presence poster showing the shrine of hajji malang shah baba in bombay

crowd. Elevating our feet to remove the swelling, we became more certain. Breathing bitter air as a neighboring brook froze solid, we removed all our clothes. Leaving the city more and more and withdrawing into the wilderness, we worked on our sun tans. Approaching the haze on some hills, we grew so much dimmer. Walking slowly through vapour as it flew in fleeces tinged with violet, we saw the sails of ships. Smelling acrid fires from a foundry, we headed towards night. Rushing so swiftly, we drenched ourselves in dew. Counting hundreds of years on the move, we wandered ample hills. Receiving identities in our bodies, we encircled objects. Entering the gates of the ferry and

postmodernity postural contemplation postural emanation maintenance and resorption postural preliminaries based on movement and action postural rituals posture postures postures: straight spine normal breathing eyes concentration on breathing poverty power and wisdom—sakti power lordship lies in two things power package power powers of recollection and recognition powers practical aspect practical instructions practice fasting practice makes perfect practice of meditation practice relaxation practice practices of pratyahara practices of yoga practising in abandonment practising the creation stage practising the good heart practising the liberating wisdom

crossing from shore to shore, we left our attitudes. Retracing the steps of our species, we flickered black and white. Thinking there was nothing left beyond that point, we learned the earth was round. Approaching or passing other walkers, we heard clearer voices. Realizing that whatever supplies and provisions were carried up would have to be borne on our own shoulders, we lent into our flesh. Bearing happy messages, we yielded to landscape. Considering unknown ways, we kept our eyes downcast. Receiving the summer sky, we floated eternal. Playing the part of mendicants, we diverged from the Real. Throwing out questions and answers, we suspended our love. Preaching, we accomplished

practising the loving spirit of enlightenment practising the perfection and great perfection stages practising transcendent renunciation practising truth praise for answered prayer praise for deliverance praise for god's justice praise for victory praise god for his goodness praise god for his mercy praise of buddha shakymuni for his teaching of relativity: the short essence of eloquence praise of the martyrs praise of vaishravana—deity of wealth praise song of the buck-hare praise the lord praise to god for a living hope praise to shri devi praise praises of ogun praises of various fierce protectors prajna prajna—insight and intuition prajnaparamita—perfection of wisdom prajnatara recites his

little. Holding on to our own idioms, we minimized our tongues. Counteracting our weariness, we summoned resources. Stopping in a small Midwestern town, we found no employment. Translating the words of our guidebooks, we challenged some answers. Walking with perfect ease through Capitol cities, we befriended snowfalls. Trying to find belief, we settled for justice. Skulking around a market square, we equalized distance. Encircling things, we fostered our insight. Welcoming news from afar, we applauded beauty. Going freshly and gently and safely by day or by night, we welcomed the cosmos. Branching forth into numerous branches, we increased density. Haunting the hills, we

sutra prakruti evaluation prana and lifestyle prana and pranayama prana and the brain prana tejas and ojas prana vayu pranam pranavam or aum pranayama and its effects pranayama and mantras pranayama and mental fixation pranayama and the respiratory system pranayama and the spiritual aspirant pranayama pranayamas pranayama—the yogic breath of culture pranic currents and the breath pranic imbalance pranic phenomena during sleep prasad pratyahara pratyahara: the forgotten limb of yoga prayer against the oppressors prayer for god's help prayer for guidance prayer for healing prayer for protection prayer for rescue prayer for the great family prayer for

rested standing up. Disintegrating every route, we bellowed until hoarse. Burning our necks under the afternoon sun, we stayed impalpable. Preparing to arrive from the outset, we hailed the western clouds. Wearing unusual costumes, we remained peculiar. Gaining in elevation, we stopped for a while there. Imagining the path ahead, we lived without bedrooms. Ducking under the jumbled electrical cables and unreadable signs that hung over the cobbled streets, we thought of dark sayings. Creeping closer to the sound of a strange, high-pitched drone, we seared our eyes on sand. Resting our feet amongst bamboo glades, we called towards the sun. Coming upon some prayer

the sanctuary prayer of confession prayer of saadi prayer of the week prayer of the word of truth prayer on his death-bed prayer with martial stance prayer prayers and praises from the celtic tradition prayers for help prayers for the dead prayers praying for intercession: saints as comforters and helpers praying for oneself praying helps praying nuns in the convent of lilienthal praying pretzels preaching precautions to observe in zazen precautions preceptor of the primal ones precepts and warnings prediction of the destination of the arhats training and trained prediction pre-eminent disciples of the buddha mentioned in the udana pre-established roles preface by bede griffiths preface

flags twined around the railings of an old stone footbridge, we came last in the race. Losing our footing, we heard the news today. Frightened by villagers who threatened us with rakes and shovels and demanded an exorbitant toll fee to pass, we shook off big cities. Huddling together in an empty quarter of the desert bearing the colour of eternity where our path was paved only with sand, we gratified the way. Making body-length prostrations over the entire length of the ridge, we all kept to ourselves. Facing three more days of walking across a desolate region without supplies of bread, wine, meat, fish, or water, we were brought to love. Stopping at the shadow pond—so called because it was

pregnancy childbirth and menstrual disorders prehistoric origins
preliminaries preliminary asanas premature recognition
preparation for jesus' public ministry preparation for the
passover preparation for the practice preparation for the temple
preparation of offerings preparation stages and discipline
methods preparation: study ponder and meditate preparations
for meditation preparatory exercise preparing for panchakarma
preparing soma: herbs for the practice of yoga pre-pranayama
practices prescriptive rituals presence presentation of the
symbolism of soma through the fullness of consciousness
presentiment of death presenting an asana pressing on towards

thought to reflect the exact shadow of any object that approached its shore—we wanted to begin. Preferring the more open areas of the broad-leaved wood with its often rich undergrowth of flowers and ferns, we compromised nothing. Moving among various communities and back into the middle ages and even to the golden age, we lamented yellow. Lying down alone in a dormitory, we went without parents. Entering a circular temple, we prayed for divine grace. Disappearing into fields of chest-high corn and navigating only by occasional glimpses of lighting poles on the receding motorway, we ate Manchego cheese. Worrying about the extra weight of provisions and water in our packs, we argued

the goal preventative measures: recollection and recognition pride and obsession pride priests and levites in jerusalem priests and levites priests temples and services primary and secondary causes principle and practice principles and practices principles to bear in mind after we end our fast priscilla aquila and apollo's prisoner's base private property problems and escapes problems of generosity process of transformation procession produced by ignorance profitable tale profiting by experience progress in spiritual life progress of meditation: one-pointedness wisdom and insight progressing quickening of confidence progression of consciousness progressive realization prologue prologue: the

about faith. Sleeping under star-sown sky, we found cleaner havens. Watching our steps so we would not sink to our knees in the quicksand that was everywhere, we submitted the code. Stepping over cracks in the granite filled with pine needles, we stayed ridiculous. Setting our caps on our heads for the last time, we longed for our old friends. Crossing the gentle arch of a footbridge carved from a single piece of granite, we flowed with gentleness. Trudging along old drove lanes after dark, we entertained nothing. Thinking of the great distance still lying ahead, we tore some pages out. Hiding under the rocks above as they provided us with a little protection from the worst of the

golden string prometheus unbound prometheus: a meditation
promise of a new covenant promise of conquest promise of
restoration pronunciation guide to japanese words proper
breathing proper diet proper exercises proper relaxation
properties of herbs properties of yoga prophecies against nations
prophecies against pharaoh prophecy about israel and judah
prophecy against babylon prophecy against egypt prophecy
against gog prophecy against palestine prophecy against tyrus
prophecy concerning edom prophecy of christ's kingdom
prophecy of israel's bondage prophecy of scripture prophecy of
the fall of babylon prophecy of the prince of peace prophecy of

weather, we became overwhelmed. Reading a sign by the trail marking the point where our steps crossed the meridian line, we interrupted ground. Hearing our trekking poles clank against rocks, we couldn't quite keep time. Keeping to the path down a short way between a hedge and a communication station before passing through a wooden gate, we savoured basil leaves. Exhilarated by fast traffic after trudging for so long on silent hills, we rubbed arthritic joints. Carrying bags containing prayer beads, incense sticks, and coins used for offerings, we read airport novels. Staying the night at a poor village, we passed ultimatums. Trying to walk too far and hurting our feet and then

the virgin birth prophecy to the jews in egypt proposal propriety in worship props prosperous wickedness prostitution forbidden prostrations provisional teachings proximity prudence psalm 137 psalm of praise psychedelic prayers psychic benefits psychic centre visualization psychic development in children psychic gesture of consciousness psychic gesture of knowledge psychic imbalance psychic integration and characterological change psychic lock psychic phenomena in tibet—how tibetans explain them psychic physiology of yoga psychic powers psychic sound psychic breath psychic symbol psychic sports psychic symbol visualization psychic symbols psychological disorders

leaving the path never to return, we ate cake in snowfalls. Growing mystic, we grieved for fallen skies. Obtaining badges en route, we thought of children playing. Kicking up thick grey clouds as the dust devils corkscrewed ahead—always collapsing into nothing by the time we reached them—we knew of secret laws. Passing many birthdays along our many years on the way, we found security. Plunging back into a forest, we applied our dreaming. Resting in a habitat for wildflowers, we exchanged perspectives. Striding away from small talk, we tried the acoustics. Being totally fucked with fatigue, we all defecated. Restoring the conditions of an older time, we walked on bridleways. Discovering

psychological security psychology of samadhi psychology psychosis and the three refuges psychosomatic diseases psychosomatic practice public worship publisher's note publishing the sutras punishment for blasphemy punishment is inescapable punishment of idolatry punishment of israel punishment of the harlots punishment of the wicked punishment pupil and master pure gold pure intelligence pure land pure perception purgation through suffering the retribution for past sins purification and dissolution of the elements purification and uncleanness purification of smṛti purification of the body purification of the breaths purification of the outflows

the difference between orange-painted shrines and exposed-beam wooden shrines, we slept with each other. Becoming monks in order to complete our journey, we thought we all mattered. Walking quickly while aiming to stand still in our minds, we craved more vegetables. Finding no way to get out of the other end of the wrong field, we tried to quell the storm. Moving away from that place as a group of wandering lamas crossed our path, we lost our underwear. Entering a great valley where a dead saint had been buried and where a monastic community—the guardians of ancient icons and manuscripts—still thrived, we found a different way. Clinging to a plan that was foiled by

instantaneous and gradual purification visualization purification purifying the mind purity and cleanliness purity of heart purity of life purpose of hatha yoga purpose of the proverbs purusha and prakriti put into english by shree purohit swami and w. b. yeats put out the fire a thousand miles away putting an end to life putting the teaching of the buddha into practice putting yourself in the place of the other pygmalion and galatea pyramid expert q's and a's analysis q's and a's frequency and times of meditation q's and a's willpower q's and a's wisdom and absolute reality q's and a's: asanga and nagarjuna q's and a's: truth and kali-yuga qadr qaf qiyas quaker quest qualities of the devotee endearing to

unforeseen circumstances which had no real bearing on the matters that were so dear to us, we added up our years. Realizing there must have been a way up the hill, we increased in knowledge. Beginning somewhere, sometime, we lacked consistent tone. Singing the old familiar chants as we walked in silence, turning them over and over in our own minds—we extended our spines. Taking the ruins as a new starting point, we changed our names again. Noting for the first time that maple leaves had started to turn rusty, we sprang from awareness. Hearing the winter rain patter on a backwater canal, we passed the literal. Sleeping by rivers to purify our ears, we nudged ideologies. Passing an

god qualities of the self-realized queen of sheba visits solomon queen vashti's punishment questions about god and man questions and answers on sadhana pada questions and answers on sufism questions and answers on the hathayoga pradipika questions and answers on theory of yoga questions and answers questions and answers: rinpoche questions of inappropriate attention questions put aside questions quiet surroundings and spiritual music quietly discussing my thoughts with the collator of texts ts'ui quietude quintessence segment rabindranath tagore and i compare schools radiant presence radiating compassion loving-kindness and wisdom radical buddhism rahab and the

exclusive golf club before entering a long avenue of vacant suburban new-builds—all for sale after the crisis and soon to become more ruins along the path—we mended the future. Speaking to each other like idiot savants, we said the same things twice. Coming upon nothing but paved lane after paved lane, we became more fragile. Lagging behind, we happily decayed. Perishing where the earth of the hill crumbled, we changed citizenship. Realizing that our individual personalities were illusory constructs, we touched an ancient oak. Finding ourselves at the point of no return, we memorized it. Listening to three girls who sang hymns in a language that none of us understood,

spies raids on the unspeakable rain o sky rainbow into fish into mountain raised by god's mercy raising the meditating centre and the field of evil raja-yoga in brief rama is raised from the dead rama's despair—an introduction ramadan ramamani iyengar memorial institute pune range of asana rapid image visualization rapid images rapture rare is true faith rasa rasayana rationale of miracles rationally and socially engaged spirituality ravana lord of lanka asks for instruction raw material reaching maturity reaching the source reaching your soul through fasting reactions to stress reactivity and grievances readiness—mindfulness reading and ritual reading for day 1: starting the fast

we ate our dinner cold. Stuffing our maps into our pockets, settling our packs more comfortably onto our tired shoulders, and stepping out from the shelter of a large chestnut tree into the middle of the road, we forgot our concept. Feeling that we had no bodies and were not walking but rather joyously floating through the air, we improvised bird calls. Turning from time to time to watch our shadows lengthen behind us, we found our self-esteem. Paying homage to all places and associations relating to the ancient history of our journey, we thanked our God for food. Stopping at a village festival where women in saris watched their young men wrestle each other in the dust, we missed our kids

reading for day 2: the right balance reading for day 3: cravings
reading for day 4: finding oneself through fasting reading for day
5: transformation through fasting reading for day 6: different
kinds of fasting reading for day 7: the goal of fasting reading the
mind of others reading the record of eihei dogen by ryokan
readings about life in bible times readings in sufi philosophy
readings real and false selves real designation is undesignate real
fasting real goodness real love real prosperity real world is
beyond the mind realism and nihilism reality and fakery reality
and happiness reality and truth reality cannot be expressed
reality lies in objectivity reality of sovereign wisdom reality

again. Returning from our solitude to a religious metropolis swarming with thousands of pilgrims, we litigated none. Filling our canteens and dropping in a couple of water purifying tablets before heading west—away from the temples—we lost our A.D.D. Seeing that the door frame was decorated with scallop shells and scenes from the life of Saint James, we shivered in our sweat. Talking to a toothless pilgrim who played a child-sized guitar while smoking a joint, we burned all our money. Barely remembering the beginning of our journey, we tired of stops and starts. Taking off our packs and pulling them through the narrow gorge after us, we all became Buddhists. Dictating when we had

realization and word-teaching realization realizing our personal harmony i realizing our personal harmony ii realizing pure consciousness realizing the suffering of the life-cycle and the bliss of transcendence realizing the unity of body and mind realm of 'all is nonseparate' reason for the necessity to meditate on both reason for the need to seek the view that understands selflessness: wishing to abandon such misknowledge reasons for the founding of a school reasons to meditate rebekah meets abraham's servant rebekah's marriage approved rebellion of the people rebirth and death rebirth and the motivation to live right rebirth distinguished from reincarnation rebirth isn't always a

to look for shelter, we wondered forever. Ascending all day and into the early hours of night, we crossed a wet pasture. Clearing the suburbs, we touched the world's roof top. Crossing a river and walking between high mountains on the left and some villages on the right which were divided from other villages by a ridge of foothills, we carried our daughters. Undertaking walks because of a vow, we dreamed a hunter's dream. Hoping that our footprints bore only the marks of peaceful joy and complete freedom, we thought so many ways. Recognizing how the track-way gave us hints of bronze-age patterns which remained relevant, we asked for directions. Learning somehow to articulate

step up rebirth recalling a sung dynasty landscape recitation of mantras recitation only reciting sutras reclining hero stretch recognition recognizing inner space recognizing one's own buddha potential recognizing the hallucination recognizing the object to be refuted recognizing your child recommendations recommended questions recontextualizing cage: industrial supernaturalism suzukian zen and the buddha's raft red redeeming the poor redemption of the firstborn redemption of vows rediscovering buddhism rediscovery of dogen's work re-establishing communication references refining the relaxation reflecting the mind in an ancient mirror—a body-mind experience

the results of our research without precision, we discovered justice. Standing on frost in the shadows, we blessed our teenagers. Imagining two suns—one incandescent green and the other a kind of day-glo orange—we loved our body fat. Preparing to send back our embalmed hearts as relics to our desolate homelands, we discussed our thinking. Walking like camels—said to be the only beasts which ruminate when walking—we didn't know the end. Mediating between our bodies and the landscape with each footstep, we moderated it. Wondering if this walk was a kind of suicide note or a hymn to presence, we conceptualized. Shaking the dust of the village from the skirts of

reflections on death reflections on death: eight points of view reflections on the buddhist spiritual path reformists and modernists reforms of the second vatican council reforms under asa refuge evocation refuge in the south refuge prayer refuge refutation of the philosophers regional traditions of music and dance regulations for the auxiliary cloud hall regurgitating cleansing rehoboam succeeds solomon rehoboam's wicked reign reigns of jotham and ahaz reincarnation in the new testament reincarnation reinterpreting theology rejuvenation relation between the various functions relations between words and meaning relationship between senses and awareness relationship

our garments, we were subject to fits. Making haste past houses that had an air of repose about them, we heard a train vent steam. Leaving only just before sundown, we weighed the pros and cons. Marching bodily into the woods without being there in spirit, we stayed inside our shells. Walking almost every day and sometimes for several days in a row, we were not exhausted. Becoming more susceptible to influences important to our intellectual and moral growth when the sun shone and the wind blew, we left out all place names. Forgetting all of our occupations and obligations to society, we chose the richest cake. Shaking off the village, we enunciated. Returning to our senses, we bought a ticket home.

is the mirror in which you discover yourself relationships as spiritual practice relative and absolute truth relative relaxation asanas relaxation position relaxation relaxation: in every pore there should be repose relaxing the mind by relaxing the body releasing the samskaras releasing the spirit of hafiz relieving stress religion and temperament religion as revelation and as discovery religion religious and social duties religious aspects of cremation religious conversion religious experience as characteristic of buddhism as a starting point in dialogue with buddhism religious life in the fourteenth century religious musings religious observances religious practice—the eastern

Walking to as strange a country as we had ever expected to see, we offered gratitude. Standing in the middle of a boggy fen, we wracked our brains once more. Knowing nothing about ruins, we all ran out of steam. Finding more air and sunshine in our thoughts, we left smaller footprints. Hurrying over a bridge and a disused railway line, then through some farm buildings, we hailed the clouds at dawn. Treading on ground that grew more and more unsound, we lost the will to live. Craving seclusion, we had no idea. Walking through a flowery graveyard, we learned to bear our pain. Pausing a moment to enjoy the day's last feel of dry socks and boots, we stayed ephemeral. Hugging our mothers

tradition relinquishment of life force remedial programmes
remedies against vanity remedies from the cloister garden
remedy remember that yoga is not asking remember the lord thy
god remembering emptiness in everyday life remembering past
lives remembering the kindness of our many mothers
remembering remembrance of god remission removal of object
awareness removing the barriers removing the cloth renunciation
and dying renunciation of limited desires renunciation of riches
renunciation renunciation: the divine art of acting in the world
with unselfishness and nonattachment renunciations repent or
perish repentance (metanoia) repentance attacks repentance

for bearing us, we broke the dusty sky. Returning to our introspections, we made the old traverse. Renewing our hopes once again, we thought, well, whatever. Reaching the plaza at last, we divided ourselves. Hearing a tweet from someone's phone and turning to look back at a gang of men stepping quickly towards us, we operated chance. Joining a devout and patient assembly of travellers, we engaged with process. Climbing all afternoon up a steep incline with the river receding far below as flies congregated around us while military helicopters practiced their manoeuvres overhead, we got stuck in traffic. Taking fields for granted because they were so much a part of our everyday

repetition and sensation repetition of mantras repetition
repetitiousness representations of the buddha? request for
prayer requirements for progress in meditation requirements of
a yoga teacher reredos research residents of jerusalem residents
of other cities resist not evil resistance and renunciation resisting
death with dignity and honour resolve resonance with the
libations to the different sakti of the body-mind resorption
respect respectability responses of memory responsibility of the
teacher responsiveness rest against unrest rest for the weary
resting in the essence restraining the senses restraint and
spontaneity restraint restrictions for the priesthood results of

experience as walkers, we were careful pedants. Reading to each other aloud from itineraries, pilgrim diaries, maps and plans, scriptures and sutras, ambient lyrics, novels of the road, guide books, and travel accounts, we came down with the flu. Reaching the foot of a small, nearly ruined temple with tufts of grass growing from its roof where a young priest came running down the path and asked us to leave some stones on a nearby cairn, we wrote quiet sonnets. Feeling the wind behind and seeing the path ahead, we considered so much. Entering a small village just after dawn to find nothing but shuttered windows and swirling swallows, we required more skill. Walking outside with bare feet,

giving resurrected or arisen resurrection retreat and silence
retreat retrospection and knowledge of past lives return of the
captives foretold return to a free tibet? return to india return to
japan return to oneself return to the origin return to the seed
return to the west returning home on the back of the bull
returning to 'gutei holds up a finger ' returning to the essential
returning to the origin returning to the source reunion with a
former lover revelation described revelation of the [eternal] life
of the tathagata revelation revelations well-expounded reverence
reviewing one's life revolt of the ten tribes reward of heeding
wisdom reward rheumatic disease riches riding home riding the

we became infected. Immersing in conversation on the way only to return entangled by words, we cleaned mud from our shoes. Following the narrow path, we featured bigger brains. Going on and on, we left without goodbyes. Intending to practice compassion *enroute* but seething with rage, we burned brain energy. Scrambling from the chief temple to our Vihara by a path, or rather a ledge cut along the perpendicular face of a rocky mass 200 feet high, we fell into stasis. Entertaining the thought of right and wrong direction, we shouted “help” in French. Setting off again, as usual by foot, we walked a softer path. Passing a dilapidated and unused airport, we organized our skin. Checking

bullhome right action is that which comes out of the understanding of the whole content of ourselves right action right and wrong right attitude towards one's spiritual guide and sadhana right attitude right concentration right effort right isolation right livelihood right mindfulness right motive in morality right order—internal and external right practice right recollection right speech right thought right thoughts right understanding of scriptural guidance for the conduct of life right understanding right view right view—the place of coolness righteous battle is man's religious duty righteous duty performed with non-attachment is godly righteousness through faith rights and duties

the map to find the road ahead open, we protected the world. Singing about the joy of clear way-markers, we all became Hindus. Reading some quotation from the poet Novalis painted on a cement wall along our way: “Where are we really going—always home,” we went to therapy. Stepping over stones picked clean beside the path, we survived completion. Wearing cassocks under our backpacks although this garb was really no help at all, we felt the wind return. Reading a sign by the path about sink holes and black muck, we laughed at corny jokes. Hallucinating vaults of treasure that lay hidden in secret caves, we investigated. Leaving only footprints in the sand behind us, we revolved among

rinzai on the self ripe and unripe beings ripened fruit ritual artefacts and paraphernalia ritual artefacts ritual mourning ritual of the five m’s ritual worship ritual symbol sacrament rituals river meditation rivers of living water from the belly roaming of the divine horse robe role-playing: the many faces of the ego rolla-mano and the stars rome root cause of fear roots of action and the consummation of action roses and garbage roshi roso (luzo) faces the wall rotation of consciousness routine royal patronage royal science of god-realization rubaiyat rule 1 rule 2 rule 3 rule 4 rulers for jerusalem rules for christian households rules for holy living rules for mantra sadhana rules for moderation

suns. Rambling about a mile to a beaver dam, we Americanized. Passing through suburbs to hear an unfamiliar roaring increase in volume and discovering it was the furnace of the municipal crematorium, we reproduced research. Noting how a chocolate-brown pine martin stared at us mid-track, we skirted to the east. Speculating about what these discontinuous topographies might signify, we entered ground so cold. Looping the municipal park several times a day to prepare our legs for our next departure, we learned we were OK. Limping over a parched riverbed where a herd of white oxen clustered around a single black bull, we wore leather sandals. Replenishing our supplies and purchasing snow

and the middle way rules for zazen rules of hatha yoga rules of monastic restraint rushing ruth claims boaz as kinsman ruth gleans in boaz' field ruth refuses to leave naomi ruth ryokan the crazy snow poet ryonen's clear realization saadi of shiraz sabbath sacred diagrams sacred elements of nature sacred space within ourselves sacred space sacred weapons sacred wildness sacred work sacred world sacred writings sacredness: the warrior's world sacrifice sad sadhana (a key to freedom) sadhana safety and riches sagathakam sahasrara saheb-e-zaman saint anne de beupré canada saint benedict's rule sainthood saints and sainthood saints bowing in the mountains saints saint-worship

boots to walk for another six weeks through the deepest part of winter, we celebrated clouds. Passing a conical heap of white pebbles taller than a man in height where each pebble had been locked exactly into place and the top of the cone had been truncated to form a perfectly circular plateau, we created a whole. Becoming long-winded, we disguised our meanings. Finding plenty of places to buy strawberries, we stared right through spectrums. Finding the samosas in our backpacks all crushed during our climb over the scree by the bridge, we cycled AutoPlay. Listening to each other whisper under the few stars that shined through the foliage, we ate in a church porch. Starting to look and

saketa jataka sakyamuni holds up a flower salmoneus and tyro salt and light salt and water analogy salutation to myself! salutations salvation deliverance enlightenment sama: the enraptured dance samadhi samaritan opposition samayama—toward the liberation of the self sambudda jayanthi samdhong rinpoche sameness and difference samskara samskara: freeing yourself from habit samson agonistes samson and delilah samson burns the cornfields samson's feast and riddle samuel anoints saul samuel defeats the philistines samuel reproves saul samuel samuel's warning to israel sanatan culture sanchi and amravati sanctification self-actualization and psychic integration sanctity

feel like tramps, we ate the crumbs with spoons. Learning to walk again, we sat near clucking hens. Crossing ridge after ridge until we came to a hilltop overlooking an inland sea, we hoped to become light. Arriving safely to receive sustenance, we read about lost time. Agreeing that music was both a kind of map and a direction-finder, we passed a final test. Knowing that any help would be quite out of the question for the ledge was only two feet wide and none of us could walk side by side with another, we threatened sanity. Following a clearly marked ridge on which stood a row of the oldest yew trees in the area, we saw the last few leaves. Treading on lichen that clung to the rock-shield underfoot,

sand castles sanitary laws for leprosy sankaracarya sankhya and yoga: cosmic wisdom and the method of its attainment sanskrit glossary sanskrit pronunciation key sanskrit terms santiago de compostela santosa sarai and hagar sariputra and the goddess sartorial politics sasi and the three sapphires satan permitted to tempt job satan's doom satisfaction satori satsujo satya saucha saul chosen king saul defeats the ammonites saul in damascus and jerusalem saul installed as king saul kills the priests of nob saul pursues david saul seeks to kill david saul's conversion saul's curse saul's jealousy of david savasana and time savasana group savasana save a ghost saving oneself saviour in the desert saying

we wondered what to give. Running through a clear-cut forest straight to the sunset, we visualized factors. Strolling endlessly through that dark night, we tuned our instincts. Listening to goat bells in morning darkness, we chased after the wind. Passing out through the city's walls, we were bitten by snakes. Knowing that not all paths were created equal, we let it all just go. Starting another long walk on a promising route, we lost our fear of dark. Climbing steps hewn from stone, we drank out of cartons. Valuing the simple joys of a roadside café with an electric heater and the sound of waltz music playing on a tinny radio, we might have been puppets. Resting on a grey road under a grey sky, we longed

farewell at the monastery after hearing the old master lecture on 'return to the source ' saying the mantra i saying the mantra ii sayings from the desert fathers of the fourth century sayings of a zen master sayings on humility repentance and love from the christian hermits of ancient times sayings of sheikh ziaudin sayyid ahmed khan scheme for absalom's return scholars and recluses schoolboy schools of the mahayana schools of thought science and karma science and religion science and spirituality science begins to verify science on responsive communion science scientific analysis of the shroud scientific investigations scratching with the nails scylla and nisus sea water event search

for completion. Spotting another city's walls in the distance and pushing on towards their crenelated towers, we picked some prickly husks. Searing our eyes on the solar path, we relied on instinct. Taking the first turning on the right which led towards a black pit, we used the pause button. Continuing west across a plateau of sodden earth to find an enormous wooden cross surrounded by small cairns of stone, we watched a blur approach. Linger in the village for several days, we knew the trees knew us. Stopping near a group of smooth stones which had been painted in bright colours with indecipherable letters, we checked our messages. Living a perpetual pilgrimage, we asked for our

the darkness search searching for the bull searching for the cause of unhappiness searching for the ox season seasons sebastian kniepp: confessor and hydrotherapist sebastian kniepp's restorative soup seclusion second letter to the zen priest iguchi second trip to the united states secret instruction in a garland of vision secret of transformation secrets of the five pranas secrets of yogic alchemy sectarians security sedation and dying see i am god seed and fruit seed seeds like these seeds of contemplation seeing a snake at dusk seeing into one's own nature and realizing buddhahood seeing off the monk ts'ung-ch'ih returning to the capital seeing off the mountain monk ch'u returning to japan

receipts. Kicking through autumn leaves, we confused our stages. Resting by a pool of water under a row of t  l trees—under which was a natural spring—we owed them everything. Imagining the footsteps of people lined up for miles and miles around the mountain, we checked the local time. Deciding to snap our fingers at all the red tape the job required, we punctuated marks. Hoping to find a night’s lodging at some friendly farm, we were attacked by dogs. Crunching steadily along the icy ruts of a dyke road, we wore lamps on our heads. Walking for days without sustenance and with continuous exposure to the starfields, we drank the mountain soup. Thinking we could see whatever it was we were

seeing the buddha seeing the ox seeing the traces seeing seek nothing seek the source of consciousness seeker seeking but not finding the recluse seeking health seeking rebirth seeking silence seeking tranquillity seeking seeming tapas seen or heard of objects seer’s yoga seizei—a poor monk selected sayings of master daie soko selected tibetan dzogchen terms selection of a wife selection of food selection of imagery selections from the mathnawi self self-acceptance self-analysis self-awareness is the witness self-care at home self-defence self-discipline and the buddha’s power self-empowerment self-esteem self-healing and self-realization self-knowledge is not religion an ultimate end

looking for, we tried to be kinder. Bidding the faint shadow of the mountains a last farewell, we were so mistaken. Reaching a small village as snow began to fall and an even thicker darkness closed in, we lost our gender roles. Pounding along the motorway shoulder in baking heat, we eroticized it. Loving pebbles and leaves, we purchased too much stuff. Remembering that only some of us were wealthy enough to afford clean private rooms and healthy food along the way, we were of several minds. Seeming to move forward while getting nowhere, we chose the higher ground. Veering off the road at a gravel alternative, we clattered through a yard. Discovering the larger cycles of life and

self-knowledge selfless action selflessness self-mind self-nature
reality imagination truth of solitude etc. self-portrait self-
pronouncing self-realization and an eternally-abiding reality
self-realization and the discerning on it self-realization self-
reflective grieving self-reliance self-respect self-sacrifice self-
study semaphore of the big toes senescente mundo seng-chao
sen-jo and her soul are not separated sennacherib invades judah
sennacherib's defiance sensation and happiness sensations and
feelings sense offerings sensitivity and awareness sensitivity sent
to zen master yun-shui sentences of the khajagan sentimentality
separateness separating good and evil sequence sequencing and

myth represented in the twists and turns of the path, we honoured the maples. Waking early, we trained the younger ones. Coming to know that the way's demands increased with each step, we entered a time warp. Following the way to a river, we used only farm tracks. Wondering still if it was just a fantasy to think that our path would lead to the gates of forgiveness, we took another route. Hoping the church bells rang from our destination, we wore our trousers rolled. Remarking that many lanes had their own charm and individuality and wondering what that individuality might mean to each of us, we articulated. Wondering if our journey had established unseen links between zones of

timing serenity and joy sermon on language sermon sermons
serve the lord thy god serve the lord with gladness service and
detachment service and mastership service serving god in the
temple sesshin poem set this dry boring place on fire set your
mind on the kingdom setchin the singer setting forth pure lands
seven angels with seven plagues seven chippewa (ojibwa) songs
seven kinds of first principle and the philosophers' wrong views
regarding the mind rejected seven kinds of self-nature seven of
saul's sons hanged seven states of wisdom seven taoist masters
seven with one stroke seven woes seventy year's captivity several
prophecies sex ecology spirituality sext sexual immorality

experience, we kept our goal in mind. Speaking about different stages of the journey—somewhat similar to the experience of a spiral—we saw trails as workshops. Travelling through the land like our ancestors before us while acknowledging and conversing with the spirit beings around us, we sat on our home turf. Coming to the stone hills where the Buddha once had fasted, we were stimulated. Thinking of a day's walk that would take in something of the character of both upland and lowland, we heard the bullfrogs croak. Accompanying the rhythms of our feet on the earth with mantras, we swallowed chemicals. Pausing at the foot of broad steps leading up to a portal, we forgot our practice.

shadows in the water shaiva saints shakti shakya muni buddha
through tibetan eyes shakya muni's austerities shakya muni's
meeting with dipankara shall the meek inherit the earth? shall
um slays zachariah shambhala classics shambhala dragon editions
shame and conscience shantideva's bodhisattva vow shantideva's
teaching of great compassion tolerance remedy for anger sharing
blessings sharing the fruits of contemplation sharing the merits
sheba's rebellion shen tao shepherds find the saviour shi'ism and
iran shibli and juniad shih-shu shikan-taza shiki shiku seigan
shimei curses david shin and zen shinkichi takahashi:
contemporary japanese master shinto shintoism shishak invades

Recognizing the remains of an hermitage, we entered middle age. Speaking to each other on that vast plain yet understanding nothing as our words seemed to drift off into the sky, we claimed kinship with it. Wondering what it would mean to walk without moving anywhere, we forgot to Facebook. Pointing at hundreds of migrating geese overhead, we emulated them. Encountering other groups of wanderers, we entered the zero. Praying while walking that everyone would be happy, well, and free from suffering everywhere and at all times, we aided grey people. Owning only what we wore and what we carried in our pockets, we hoped for social change. Striding along the path with aromatic

judah shiva imagery shiva-shakti yoga shogen's three turning words shokuji go kanmon shopping for yogurt short class transcription short intestinal wash should children be exposed to death? should the yogi worship the unmanifest or a personal god? shoun and his mother shuan's preface to the mumonkan shuan's preface shukra and ojas shunryu suzuki shunyata shuzan and a staff sickness old age and death siddhis (attributes of perfection) side effects sight as new birth sightings: kunapipi signs and verses signs of the end of the age sikkism silence creates space silence in the monastery silence speaks silence silencing the body to harmony silencing the mind to harmony simeon and

tapers in our hands, we thought our mother earth. Losing ourselves when all we could see in any direction were trees—there were no signposts or waymarks, and one path looked as good as another—we all became Taoists. Finding ourselves where every tree and blade of grass dripped and the path shone like a stream, we peered over a hedge. Knitting the old knot of certainty, we all immersed ourselves. Following a route like one of those cometary orbits which have been thought to be non-returning curves, we never gave up hope. Occupying the place of the sun, we rubbed muscles with oil. Leaving the city, we scraped shit from our shoes. Refreshing ourselves by the gladness of a river,

levi avenge dinah simile of the four thoroughbred steeds simile of the leper simplicity of heart simplicity simplicity—in the here and now simply fate! simultaneous and progressive cause and effect sin and redemption sin cannot hinder love sin often goes unpunished sin sin faith duty sin the right attitude towards it if we find we are in sin sincerity single-minded way sinking of the mind sinking sinus cleansing sir richard burton's preface sira (biography) sisya and guru (a pupil and master) sisyphus sitting crosslegged on a wooden floor sitting meditation sitting phenomena sitting poses sitting quietly doing nothing sitting zen sivananda math six cities of refuge six options for taking care of

we stopped for scenery. Checking train times before setting out to yet another trailhead, we lost our walking poles. Turning around and around irresolutely sometimes for a quarter of an hour, we gave up all our plans. Deciding for the thousandth time where to go, we could hardly get up. Finding our way full of love, we ate a late breakfast. Moving along a narrow, crooked lane which had been paved in the middle ages, we brought it on ourselves. Proceeding easily and comfortably, we sang “we have heaven.” Encountering difficulties, we stayed un-monitored. Panting up a sharp ascent, we flipped over our heads. Making a pedestrian tour through the forest, we found warmth when we

the body six seri whale songs six stanzas on nirvana six woes six-pointed star six-sided yoga skandas sketches from the tradition skilful and unskilful actions skilful guidance skilful means skill in answers skill in questions skinning your knees on god slaughter of the midianites slaves and masters slaves to righteousness sleep and samadhi sleep sleep dreams and yoga nidra sleeping and waking in the right way sleeping in the daytime sleeping slowing down the aging process slowly i wade in a brook and extinguish its sound small change smell smells and furry tongues smokey the bear sutra snow so how difficult is this birth? so that our hearts may have ears so what is a true man? social conditioning:

died. Stopping at a little country inn for dinner, we went droopy with love. Speaking of the weather and the roads, we intimated plans. Observing that we were not succeeding, we looked a forlorn lot. Explaining our course so clearly that anyone could have followed it, we kept a hidden place. Ducking out of sight in the bushes, we dealt with our anger. Running so far away, we could never return. Being safe, we all stopped to ponder. Bringing our brothers and sisters along, we made our way smooth. Overlooking nobody, we meant no real offence. Separating, we waded through bone lakes. Returning from a two-hour pedestrian excursion to the village and castle a mile distant, we reconsidered

level of intellect social discipline social relations socrates sodom and gomorrah destroyed soldiers of humanity solemn prayer solitary contemplation themes solitary shining solitude and fellowship solitude and god-getting solitude solomon builds god's temple solomon prays for wisdom solomon to be david's successor solomon's address solomon's apostasy solomon's contract with hiram solomon's daily provision solomon's enemies solomon's fame solomon's power and wealth solomon's prayer of dedication solomon's prayer of dedication solomon's riches solomon's wise judgement soma and mara some advice some early devotees some mahayana principles some of the dharma

words. Finding acquaintances where we were expecting strangers, we took up our places. Imagining a beautiful river before us, then a few rods of brilliant greensward on its opposite shore, then a sudden hill—no gently rising slope but a sort of instantaneous hill—a hill two hundred and fifty or three hundred feet high, as round as a bowl, with the same taper upward that an inverted bowl has, and with about the same relation of height to diameter that distinguishes a bowl of good honest depth, a hill which is thickly clothed with green bushes, a comely, shapely hill, rising abruptly out of the dead level of the surrounding green plains, visible from a great distance down the bends of the river, we all

some personal experiences of contemplation some remarks concerning the text some reveries on poetry as a spiritual discipline some sayings of the desert fathers someone calls your name someone who can kiss god something a little more steady and normal in our lives something and nothing 1 something and nothing 2 something from nothing something invisible song eight the method of attaining conviction song eighteen obstacles to dzogchen practice song eleven the natural state of gnostic freedom song fifteen the nonduality of quiescence and movement song five admission of delusion song four initiation into the nature of mind song fourteen instruction on the one taste of

remained verbose. Coming to nothing or any vestige of anything anywhere, we stopped doing admin. Heading straight into the flush of the evening sun, we questioned eminence. Finding a land of mercy in our midst, we loved drums and vocals. Crossing over in a boat to begin the ascent by a narrow, steep path which plunged us at once into the leafy deeps of the bushes, we maintained the levels. Meeting bareheaded and barefooted boys and girls, we wished them happy days. Leaving as suddenly and mysteriously as we had come, we struck items off lists. Descending into a valley to earn our bread, we climbed back up to eat. Emigrating, we hailed intervention. Living for some time on

sense impressions song nine mist dream and optical illusion song nineteen the four infallible guiding stars and the four unshakable bolts song of deborah and barak song of mahamudra song of the arval brothers song of the bright mirror samadhi song of the dead relating the origin of bitterness song of the humpbacked flute player song of the reed song of the soul song of zazen song one the miraculous nature of being song seven assertion of intrinsic buddhahood song seventeen aphoristic instruction on the dzogchen path song six initiation into our existential condition song sixteen introduction to dzogchen—with cautions song ten the mind-created universe song thirteen

ridges above the world, we labelled altitude. Arriving, we popped the prosecco. Herding half a dozen geese with a stick—driving them along the lane and keeping them out of the dwellings—we brought cacophony. Playing in the dirt along the lane, we didn't mind the sun. Stopping at the public pump, with its great stone tank of limpid water, we washed with villagers. Entering an extensive pile of crumbling walls, arches, and towers—massive, properly grouped for picturesque effect, weedy, grass-grown, and satisfactory—we wielded alpenstocks. Balancing along the top of the highest walls, we smote each other's lack. Carrying loads, we heard everything grow. Coming to a hostel just after dark, we ate

instruction in creative emotivity song three instruction in the essential method song twelve the crystal metaphor and the dynamic of being song twenty signs of nonduality song twenty-one supportive exercises and advice song twenty-three exteriorization of the mandala song twenty-two interiorization of the mandala song two the fundamental meditation song songs and spirit songs songs of praise songs of the nuns sons of god sons of manasseh and ephraim soul-care soul-friending souls before the creation of the body sound vibration aspect sounds sour miso sources and credits sources of chinese tradition sow in tears reap in joy sowing generously sowing the seeds of change

and ate and ate. Climbing with heavy packs on our backs in the rarefied air of high elevation, we redeployed our lungs. Bathing in a roseate alpine glow, we walked in quiet peace. Believing that we would find fair landscapes behind the horizon, we left similitudes. Picturing the bare brown ridges stretched across our path as far as we could see—they were long and steep and confused, and the trail wound up and down and around them, mile after mile, hour after hour—we stopped to take bearings. Listening to one of our company say the place was “kinda like Ozymandias”—we all felt like softies. Turning back on our footprints for an instant, we took too many notes. Feeling our

soyen shaku space speaking the world: seven praise mottoes
speaking special closing prayer special instructions special meal
special provisions for persons suffering from dizziness or blood
pressure special provisions for women special techniques
(alchemical geomantic and numerological) specific food items
spell against demons spell against jaundice spies sent to jericho
spinal pain spiny lizzard and gallah bird spirit and nature spirit
as known by the wise spirit does not exist apart from flesh spirit
is opened spiritual ardour spiritual blessings in christ spiritual
blindness is natural spiritual blindness spiritual equality spiritual
exercises spiritual gifts spiritual knowledge spiritual leadership

boots go stiff and solid as they thumped along the icy ground in time with our walking sticks, we answered for ourselves. Leaving there on a wooden footbridge covered with 14th century paintings depicting scenes from the Black Plague, we floundered in music. Stopping for a mid-morning rest in the lifting fog, we saw it as it is. Picking our way around the snowy edges of a Zen rock garden, we felt our hearts loosen. Coming to a place where tall sedge grew in clusters, we practiced our Sanskrit. Speculating where the complex web of footpaths that covered the country fit into the overall pattern of its development, we often used collage. Eating toast in a tiny café which blasted Spanish rock music into the pre-

spiritual maxims spiritual motivation changes in the course of practice spiritual practice is will asserted and reasserted spiritual psychotherapy spiritual relaxation spiritual renaissance spiritual stations according to ansari and qushayri spiritual student spirituality and liberalism spirituality and religion spirituality today splitting partners spontaneity spontaneous arrival at the level of the great assembly of sacred letter wheels spontaneous thoughts spouse spreading and humility spring and autumn spring snow night springing up out of the earth sri panchdashnam paramahansa alakh bara sri ramakrishna sri ramana maharshi sri yantra st. benedict the founder of monastic medicine st.

dawn darkness outside, we became batteries. Ambling down a jungle track past temples entirely covered with erotic sculpture while a flock of green parakeets whirled around the skies above us, we promoted offspring. Pressing on with determination, we miscalculated. Feeding from troughs, we equaled hemispheres. Proceeding in the wrong direction because the way markers had been vandalized, we crossed a radius. Sleeping under the shelter of high banks, we privatized nothing. Returning after a long absence, we tried to hold our peace. Observing the spiral flight of two yellow butterflies, we darted up and wide. Dancing by campfires to the sounds of the banjo or the fiddle, we smoked the

colomba at iona st. david (1) st. david (2) st. ide's wish st. kevin and the blackbird st. barsanuphius and st. john st benedict's middle way st. benedict's recommendations st. brendan the navigator st. catherine's monastery on mount sinai st. gregory of sinai st. james day st. jerome and the holy land st. john of the cross st. john saw a city st. malachy st. philemon the abba st. simeon the new theologian stabilitas: finding one's own place stability of the mind stability—the physical body (asana) staff pose stages of bodhisattvahood stages of dying stages of learning yoga stages of raja yoga stages of samadhi stages of yoga stand firm standing abdominal contraction standing pole tan tien focus

good-will pipe. Entering a band of rhododendron forests, we left institutions. Climbing with the climbing plants, we all took deep warnings. Realizing our youthful dreams of tropical vegetation, we entered rural space. Elevating our feet to relieve their swelling, we remained expansive. Driving on before rude carts, we scorched our tongues on air. Encircling all, we ate hearty breakfasts. Making guttural exclamations in the rain, we wanted to depart. Rambling in lanes and country fields, we understood slowness. Planning our walk in shorter stages and then linking the stages together over time, we played constructivist. Blowing smoke toward the sun and earth, we all crossed a threshold. Describing

standing poses start of the working day starting the day with the fragrance of deep sleep states and jackals states of consciousness states of mind statue of christ with dove staying with master heng chao at the root of the sages monastery on mount lu steady intellect step 1: not speaking step 2: silence creates space step 3: awakening of ears and eyes step 4: making contact with the mystery step forward from the top of a pole stephen seized stephen's speech to the sanhedrin steps in meditation: concentration thinking pondering and analysing steps in the way steps to visualization ability stern measures still alive stillness and will stillness of vision stillness stimulation stimulation: level

the most gigantic wilderness on the earth, we forgot our business. Leaving the highlands, we existentialized. Descending from station to station, we cowered in our boots. Arriving at the shore of an unknown and incomprehensible ocean, we needed no previews. Meeting with all of the inhabitants in that land, we remembered exits. Delineating the northern and southern hemispheres, we stretched our legs and left. Appearing infinitely fresher, we knew an intense cold. Knowing what there is of joy in plants, we left our bags behind. Lying down in the woods at night almost anywhere without fear of wild beasts, we practiced spatial quests. Encouraging each other with testimonies, we admired

of mind stimulative exercise stingy in teaching stoking up the fire of the entrails stone fire event stone-eating is forbidden stones and trees stop the boat sailing by out on the open sea stop the sound of the distant temple bell stopping and seeing stopping bliss stopping death stopping the intermediate state stories parables and koan riddles of zen masters story visualization storyteller's zen straightforwardness strait is the gate strange agitation strange miracle strange that you should ask stranger straying from the path strengthen the body to liberate the mind strengthening the immune system stress strict routine structure boundary and freedom struggling with sin student a (woman age

strangers. Smelling black smoke from pitch-pine as it curled into the sky, we wobbled at twilight. Noticing that the moon looks larger in some regions, we sourced second-hand maps. Getting up on a cloudy morning, we checked the day's forecast. Trusting that our steps would overthrow our symbols, we needed to go on. Soaring, we produced elements. Passing graves, we heard the rocks rumble. Returning to a hostel, we shucked and ate some corn. Telegraphing our thoughts to everything everywhere, we found new occasions. Disappearing only for a moment, we resumed normal life. Singing by greenish swamp waters and magnolia trees hung with moss, we watched the in-between.

60) student b (man age 45) student c (man age 43) student d (woman age 40) student e (man age 44) student f (woman age 45) student g (man age 25) student h (woman age 37) student i (man age 30) student j (woman age 53) studies and caravans studies in china study by analogy study of consciousness study of the self study yourself studying mind studying with the famous studying zen subconscious impulses cause transmigration subduing action subduing the enemy of self-cherishing subhuti makes a request subject and object subjective feelings subjects of practice subjugating the hearts of others subliminal impression submission to the authorities submissions to rulers and masters

Infecting the path with mineral resources, we all stood listening. Bearing bunches of flowers, we aimed at stratospheres. Spouting ideas with the wild garlic that lay in patches all around us, we left a long slipstream. Gathering around a traffic accident, we considered freedom. Concerning ourselves with the evaporation of meaning, we found ourselves stranded. Ascending a knoll to sweep our eyes around the flatlands below, we tread on no people. Believing that climate would feed us, we ran supersonic. Wondering how many foggy days we had traversed, we felt almost at home. Going boldly where no one had gone before, we found good company. Looking ahead to hills we would cross in about an

submit yourselves to god substance subtle substances in sufi psychology subtle versions of distractions and sinking mind success in yoga successes and failures of the islamic state successful mantra practice succession and accessibility successors to the essenes and nazarenes suchness and sunyata suffering for being a christian suffering for doing good suffering is omnipresent suffering of innocent children suffering sufferings or afflictions sufi literature sufi music and dance sufi poetry in other islamicite languages sufi poetry sufian thauri sufism and fundamentalist islam sufism and islam sufism and modernism sufism and shi'ism sufism and the state sufism in the contemporary world sufism

hour, we all heard summer sing. Sensing the first hot spots flame up on the balls of our feet, we aired our sweaty toes. Trusting that we would become more imaginative—that our thoughts would be clearer, fresher, and more ethereal, as our sky—we remained determined. Understanding more comprehensive plains, we etherized ourselves. Searching for a language embedded in the elements, we toxified our steps. Walking amongst caterpillars for a week, we stayed in the open. Living until our feet were worn out with walking and then dying, we thought of therapy. Walking around a cow one hundred and eight times while turning rosaries in our hands, we waited in long lines. Exchanging all of our

suicide and euthanasia suicide and pain suicide and religion
suicide sukayna's example summaries of constitutional types
summary of the gita's message summary of the stages of the
'civilizing' of tibet summoning sun reflected—hour of the sheep
sun sun moon and the spirit of birth sun's shadow goes backward
sunbathi sunbathing suns moons stars superconsciousness
superficial imitation supine and prone poses supplements
support supports for contemplation sure trust and hope surely
god is in this place surprising surrender of the self surrender to
personal relationships surrender to the lord surrender to your
own self surrender surroundings survey of the inner psychological

traveller's checks for small rupee notes by the dirty packet since large bills would have no currency among the people in that region, we numbed ourselves with sound. Noticing a power which he had not thought about previously on our way, we took it for granted. Rising with the moon to see how the footpath appeared, we uplifted our steps. Reading a crowded map with features which promised to be of considerable interest, we stopped counting our breaths. Becoming imperceptible, we tenderized morning. Smelling the air, dark with rain, we found ourselves suspect. Smelling the stale waters of an unused canal, we strove to never yield. Hearing nothing in the silence of those plains

and spiritual battlefield surveying the world surya namaskar surya namaskara surya puja surya tradition surya sutra of hui-neng sutra on full awareness of breathing sutra on the full awareness of breathing sutra on totality sutra spoken by the sixth patriarch on the high seat of the treasure of the law sutras sutta passages in samyut nikaya 3 and 4 that may have originally been composed as udana suzuki moves on svadhyaya svaha! swadisthana chakra swastika swifter and slower ways swimming free swooning or fainting breath swords into ploughshares symbols and signs symbols as sacred art symbols of god symbols of i ching symbols of the unconscious symbols synchronizing

except for the shuffle of our sandals in the dust, we saw Venus fade out. Watching the last crow flap its way back eastward toward the sunrise, we came to land's end. Continuing on as pine needles paved the path, we were blown into bits. Taking the time to refasten our straw sandals, we forgave the masters. Continuing down a minor road, we explored some causes. Reaching the monastery gate where late afternoon sun lingered over treetops, we left nothing behind. Losing our way on a neglected and marshy track, we heard ambient sounds. Remaining plotless—without boundaries—we questioned our egos. Thinking of our kin with the ten thousand things all hushed and the water gone

mind and body syncretistic and ethic monotheism synopsis of the book of samadhi or concentration of mind synopsis synthesis of the limbs of yoga systematic sequence of asana (after study and experience) t. s. eliot t'ai chi ta ha table manners: a monastic tradition table talk table to correlate the asanas with the plates which illustrate them tacit accord tackling the koan 'great master ba is unwell tact tactfulness tai chi chuan taimni's interpretation taittiriya upanishad taizé taji take no chances take the time taken from lectures on the zazen-gi taking a further step taking care of one's own happiness taking hold of the mystery of the cross taking refuge in the three treasures taking the first steps to inner

still with cold on the lake, we were all converted. Navigating across the barren hills before us with black and yellow way-markers, we developed difference. Moving at an archaic speed on old pilgrimage and trade routes often inaccessible to cars, we built up mental tone. Researching the nameless stuff running in and around and through all things—a kind of substance which was more empty than our words could fathom—we invited no one. Walking daily in all weathers as a sort of ground or continuum, we stopped to smell roses. Thinking of the desert as more than a country and something geographical, but as something that was everywhere and nowhere, we were buried by

peace takkan talent tales of recognition talk by the monk of the third seat talk talking and listening talks 1947 talks 1948 talks 1949 talks on dhamma practice talks with sri nisargadatta maharaj tamar deceives judah taming the bull taming the mind taming the storm taming the tongue taming tammuz and adonis tantalus tantra today tantra tantra: its origins and presentation tantric buddhism tantric history tantric initiation tantric meditation tantric origin tantric symbolism: a typical tantric deity tantric view of the historical buddha tantric world view tantum religio potuit suadere malorum tao and nature tao and other beliefs tao and taoism taoism tapas tarpana tassajara taste

soil. Joining a string of pilgrims passing to and fro, we leaned against the cold. Chanting, we limped and limped and limped. Sleeping that night very cold in our flimsy tents, we took no photographs. Passing defence pillboxes that pointed south through hickory sticks, we read old documents. Consulting our maps and looking for way-markers, we forgot city names. Using a large television antenna on a neighbouring peak as a reference point to prevent us from wandering from the track—a common and fatal event for travellers in the past—we winced but understood. Taking a track on the left at the side of the second bungalow, we could never be found. Avoiding leaving any trace of

tathagata and sands of the ganga tathagatagarba tawhid in early islamic thought tawhid: introduction teach me thy way o lord teacher of a nation teachers cannot teach everything teachers teachings taught teaching and practice teaching on emptiness teaching the ultimate teaching yoga nidra to children teaching zen teachings of huang po teachings of rishi vatsysana teachings of the insentient teachings of the sufis teaching-stories technique and effects of pranayama technique for dhyana technique of yogic exercise technique teisho on mumon's commentary teisho on mumon's poem teisho on the case teisho on the koan teisho on the verse telamon and peleus teleology television temper

ourselves by walking in a stream and dragging our canoes along the edge of the rapids, we found no other way. Smelling how wet earth resembled temple incense, we cast off opinions. Sitting in the dust while the sun set and the call to evening prayer began, we drank some more coffee. Keeping to the path instead of investigating a thin white plume of smoke that rose from beyond a hill and grew darker by the minute, we caught up on reading. Hiding from ravening tigers during the day and from long serpents who slayed travellers like grass in the night, we all served each other. Witnessing the sky grow dark and the rattle of nearby goat bells getting drowned out by the rush of strong winds

temperament and circumstances temple rules: on keeping the bodhi mind temple worship restored temporary marriage temporary roles ten bulls ten healed of leprosy ten ox herding pictures ten sick men ten successors tendai and shingon tending of the lamps tending the sick tenzo's song terce and convent chores tereus termination of asana territory allotted to judah territory of ephraim territory of manasseh test the spirits tested by falling testimonies about jesus testimony tether the mind texts on commandments texts on prayer texts / scriptures thank you! thankfulness from the heart thankfulness thanks for their gifts thanksgiving and prayer thanksgiving for deliverance

catching in holm-oak leaves, we knew the shadow's turn. Cutting around the earthworks of an Iron Age fort, we danced with the snowflakes. Recalling only the details of our most recent impressions—the way a glade of birch dampened all of the sound vibrations from the motorway; a temple which listed to the side in the mud of a river bank, its spire pointing diagonally at some Sal trees; the scent of fresh-cut lumber—we applied our thinking. Keeping to the forest paths and back roads, we spoke uncanny words. Reaching the end of the vast plain at last, we sometimes lacked the means. Dragging ourselves through ever darker clumps of trees as night came down again, we feathered our

thanksgiving for god's mercies thanksgiving for god's mercy
thanksgiving for the thessalonians' faith thanksgiving that all
things are unborn that makes me think of ... that treasure could
be anybody that which has no clue that which words express is
not truth that which you admire in the sufis that's the whole idea
thauri on contemplation the abandoning of sorrow the abbey of
st. wandrille de fontanelle the abortion the absence of a target the
absence of gravities the absence of self in everything the absolute
and manifestation the absolute and the relative the abysmal
(water) the acquisition of an introverted consciousness the action
of non-action is called heaven the acts of the apostles the actual

shelter. Going out to view a market that had been created in the wilderness by an enchanter's wand, we tried and tried to stop. Noting that olive trees rustled more gently in the wind than any of the other trees growing along the path, we remained onlookers. Walking enshrouded by morning fog with each of us living silently in our own little psychological compartments, we dappled a brindle. Losing ourselves as not all paths were signposted and the ways were by no means always clear, we entered a worm hole. Waking up on another planet altogether, we dumbed down the discourse. Looking down from our vantage point on the hill-top to a village cross and a temple standing squat and dusty at the

apparitional body the actual clear light the actualization of 'right views' the adamant perfection of desire the adamant vehicle the admiration of the lovers the advanced group the advantage in morality the advantage of beginning life with nothing the advantages of an enlightened motive the advantages of meditation the advantages of solitary meditation the advent of buddhism in tibet the adventures of yooneeera the advice of the weaver kabir the afflictions—klesas the age of abraham the age of compassion the age of constantine the age of decline in buddhism the age of heroes the age of moose the age of reason the age of the goddess the age of the great beliefs the age of the great classics

end of a thin dirt path through a weedy little park, we did it *staccato*. Recalling a strong disorder of perception that caused illusions of the spirit as well as of the eye, we lost all transmissions. Urging ourselves to continue our efforts to reach the traverse, we went to bed early. Coming upon an oasis, exhausted by the labour of crossing so many dangerous places with such horrible names as Children-Desert-Parents or Parents-Desert-Children or Dog-Denying or Horse-Repelling, we ploughed our energy. Searching fruitlessly for an obelisk shown on a map, we passed feathered wheat. Finding less, we plateaued-out on words. Finding a deer park on the right, we pressed heads together. Taking with us our

the age of wonder the aim and the by-product the aim of meditation the aim the aims of life the air of qasr-el-arifin the alchemist and the fool the alchemy of the heart the all-good prayer the all-sanctifying wisdom imparted by a true guru the all-sidedness of the bodhisattva regarding the cries of the world the aloids the alphabet the altar at mount ebal the altar the alter of burnt offerings the alter of incense the alternatives the amazing spiral the ambivalent nature of healing the american poetic diamond vehicle: allen ginsberg and anne waldman re-work vajrayana buddhism the amorous shiver the anathema of justinian the anatomy of the zen koan the ancestors of david the

bows and coming to a hickory tree which provided us with arrows, we studied discipline. Recognizing symmetry between different tracks, we functioned normally. Approaching the city centre to see tridents, prayer-mills, yaks' tails, and flags on poles, and to hear the jangle of cymbals, the ringing of bells, the incessant beating of big drums and gongs, and the braying at intervals of six-foot silver horns, we broke our legs and wept. Descending towards tall smokestacks that emitted grey fumes around the perimeter of an enormous city, we saw the pink moon rise. Climbing to a hill-top meadow—a place where a local legend claimed that the spears of warriors had once bloomed with

ancient near east (1500 to 600 b. c.) the ancient tree the ancient wisdom the angel and balaam's ass the angel and the little scroll the angel appeared to joseph the angel the anger of a religious person the anger of pund-jil the announcement the annunciation (tibetan) the annunciation the answer the antelope the antiquity of chinese civilization the apostles heal many the apostles persecuted the apotheosis of heracles the apparition of a mendicant the appeal of islamism the application to the present day the appointing of the twelve disciples the appointment of judges the apronfull the arahat v. 90-99 of the dhammapada the arahat the argo returns to greece the argonauts assemble the

leaves—we idealized sky. Understanding the music of rituals on the way but not the spoken words, we left misericords. Feeling invulnerable in the space through which we moved regardless of our fatigue, we gave to charity. Blocking the sun out with our hands, we carried fruit and cheese. Keeping on the path, we opened to the bleak. Determining the number and variety of things we encountered by the pace of our walk—a stream of soldier ants crossing our path, and then another stream, and then streams of ants appearing every few metres, or heat bouncing upward in our faces from the tarmac or rain falling as we balanced atop the precarious ridge of a 5000 year-old track—we walked on

arising new consciousness the ark among the philistines the ark brought into the temple the ark brought to zion the ark is returned the ark of the testimony the ark the armour of god the armour of selflessness the armours of amnesia the armpit of the real the arousing (thunder) the arrow remains fixed (= does not move) the arrow the art of art the art of gandhara the art of inhalation and exhalation the art of knotting the art of listening the art of living the art of medicine the art of non-doing and non-attention in asana the art of preparing the mind for pranayama the art of prudence the art of relaxation the art of retention the art of silence the art of sitting in pranayama the art of the inner way the

buried dead. Becoming aware of a strange pattern in the landscape, we thought a thousand thoughts. Skirting a dark cave on the other side of the summit, we stepped over sight lines. Travelling unarmed as part of the pilgrim ideal, we fell off the wagon. Contacting mendicant monks, fakirs, academics, dervishes, pilgrims, itinerant musicians, and medieval balladeers, we prayed for bridled tongues. Heeding how the waterfalls and the torrents mingled their din, we pressed palms together. Meandering slowly past some abandoned circular huts with conical straw roofs, we took a slower path. Researching how to stop the arrow of a compass from turning, we wanted to be mud.

aryan quest the asanas explained the asanas the ascension the ascent to truth the aspect of the dervish the ass disguised as a tiger the ass the assemblies of wisdom the atman the atman: its bondage and freedom the atom the attainment of the tathagatakaya the attenuation and destruction of afflictions the attitude of a witness the attitude of mindlessness the author the authority of jesus questioned the avoidance of sleep the awakened the awakening of creativity the awakening of the heart the awakening the 'awful' figure of nansen the 'awfulness' of god the father the back of creation the back of the belly the background unhappiness the backstage of the world the baited hook the

Wondering which direction to take when the faded image of a saint frescoed on to the only surviving wall of a ruin raised his arm and pointed to the left, we sang “Over the Rainbow.” Finding an intricate web of stone walls spread out below us, we reduced the complex. Going astray easily, we gave a hundred fold. Using the act of walking to make political statements, we told too many tales. Toiling up and up past ranks of dilapidated shops to cross a motorway and enter a quiet patch of scrub fringed with encinas trees, we plunged under water. Following the way along the same road as the speeding juggernauts, we came upon ripples. Cutting ourselves off entirely from our surroundings by plugging in to

banyan-deer jataka the baptism and genealogy of jesus the baptism and temptation of jesus the baptism of jesus the bar of gold the barbarian has no beard the bardo the bardo: a tibetan view the bark the barren tree the barren woman’s son the basics of islamic poetry the basics of sickness and health the battle between anat and the forces of mot the battle of the trees the beast out of the earth the beast out of the sea the beatific vision the beatitudes the beats the beauty the beggar the beginners group the beginning of faith the beginning of the instant the beginning the beginningless begins forever the being of god the belfry at the monastery of mount athos greece the believer’s

iTunes, we found contradictions. Noting a conical tor in the distance as it rose above the hills, we reduced it to lack. Researching an alpine goat track at about 3,000 feet, we drained blood from our shoes. Struggling to break out of a sudden, aching vacuum—the vacuum that so often clamped down when we severed all ties with the familiar and faced the unknown—we produced odd outputs. Visiting celebrated temples and throwing ourselves from a perpendicular height of four or five hundred feet to be dashed to pieces on the rocks below, we felt a strange stirring. Sleeping in camps with devotees, we went ethereal. Strolling around in the cool of the evening and looking at ancient

freedom the believers' prayer the believers' share their possessions the belly of the fish the beloved the benefits of hunger the bengali 'joy-permeated mother ' the best customer the best posture the best preventative: holistic medicine the bewildering game the bhagavad gita the bhakti path the bhava chakra the bhikku the bhikkus as teachers the bhooja-thoroughbred the bible: book for all time the bird that savours the moon's rays the birds who tried to help the monkeys the birth of aphrodite the birth of athene the birth of emotion the birth of eros the birth of heracles the birth of isaac the birth of jesus christ the birth of jesus foretold the birth of jesus the birth of john the baptist

ruins while a group of women dressed in saris, bangles and flip-flops repaired a brick wall, we drank Coca-Cola. Crossing a ridge, we forgot about snow. Enjoying the view south, we held *etcetera*. Letting no single day pass without practising walking meditation to clarify our perceptions—we stayed young and dreamy. Climbing over a ridge—a natural boundary between the river basin to the west and the valley to the east—and obtaining there forgiveness for the rest of our journey, we noticed the balance. Knowing it was time to part, we fell into a hole. Rambling up to a beaver dam, we were always eager. Sleeping outside as darkness fell across the edge of a gully, we searched out exponents.

foretold the birth of john the baptist the birth of the bodhisattva
the birth of theseus the birth of yoga nidra the bishops' bible the
black hole and the white hole the blacksmith of nishapur the
blake vision and the 'new vision ' the blessing of the trinity the
blessings of obedience the blind travelling companion the
blindfold the blindness of israel the bliss of the heavens the
blissful devotee and his cosmic romance the blockhead lord the
blood of christ the bloom the blow of islam the blue beryl
paintings of tibet the bodhisattva and dipankara the bodhisattva
and his ten vows the bodhisattva and the hungry tigress the
bodhisattva and the will to enlightenment the bodhisattva as a

Scrambling back up on all fours from rock to rock amongst the purifying power of the sands of a desert that remained empty with no one to share its stories, we closed our burning eyes. Investigating minimal changes in our own stories about landscape, we saw light shining. Keeping pace with each other, we all phased into shape. Making our bodies express the desires and beliefs of our souls, we shut down our hard drives. Passing a moss-covered wall of stones, we loved unpaved roads. Picturing ourselves dressed in coarse rags with a leather wallet and staff, we collected some nouns. Realizing that our slow speed would make our journey more difficult, we radiated hope. Walking in

fully enlightened buddha the bodhisattva as the preacher of patience the bodhisattva assumes various personalities the bodhisattva commitment from tsong khapa's stages of the path the bodhisattva ideal and the pure land schools the bodhisattva is to understand the signification of mind-only the bodhisattva never despise the bodhisattva on the fragrant mountain the bodhisattva path and its perfections the bodhisattva vow the bodhisattva wonder sound the bodhisattva the bodhisattva's career—transcending time and space the bodhisattva's disciplining himself in self-realization the bodhisattva's final nirvana the bodhisattva's quest the bodhisattva's vision the

search of something intangible, we felt fragile at night. Recalling the origin of the word travel in *travail* which also means work and suffering and the pangs of childbirth, we helped each other on. Surmounting and descending innumerable red-soil rises, we copied manuscripts. Thinking our journey worth recording, we dedicated time. Loving to walk north, especially around the ruins shipped over as ballast and re-assembled there after the war, we thought ourselves mannered. Asking in the nearby bazaar for some fresh orange juice and for a place to sit in the shade, we believed promises. Facing advancing darkness on the trail, we downplayed tone colour. Dreaming of the full moon rising over

bodhisattva's vow the bodhisattva's youth and marriage the body born before the parents the body is not a tool of the soul the body mandala the body of truth has no marks the body speaks the body the body's presence at the funeral: a negative view the body's presence at the funeral: a positive view the body's true nature the body-song of kio the bombarded city the bones of adamant reality the book is not a pillow the book of benedictus the book of daniel the book of divine consolation the book of esther the book of events the book of godly comfort the book of job the book of joshua the book of judges the book of nehemiah the book of psalms the book of ruth the book of splendour the

the islands, we sang a canticle. Joining another ancient way towards the west, we lamented winter. Walking along the silting river bank, we heard water trickle. Groping our way through mountains thickly covered with shadow, we followed a dog's glance. Knowing the toll-gatherers were not allowed to take money from us and the ferrymen were not supposed to charge more than one *obal* to take two of us across—providing we could afford to pay—we embraced all jargon. Considering ourselves on a sacred journey where our research concerned more than we could really express, we mis-translated it. Keeping pace along the narrow shelf of the track with the cliffs rising around us into a

book of the law discovered the book of the lord the book of the prophet ezeiel the book of the prophet isaiah the book of the prophet jeremiah the book the boundaries of canaan the boy jesus at the temple the brahmin the brain and the body the brain and the mind the brain of a mystic the brain the branch of righteousness the branches the bread from a simple heart the breath of night the breath the brevity and vanity of life the brevity of human life the bride's physical charms the bride's reverie the bright fields the broken covenant the broken spell the brothers go to egypt the buddha and i the buddha and the scientist the buddha as a saviour the buddha as a teacher the buddha as love

low cloud-ceiling and the slope falling steeply below us towards the rush of the river which was now lost in the mists below us, we stayed disconsolate. Heading towards the tower of a large monastery that was still renowned after centuries as a home for learning, we sapped our idle strength. Trying to get there as quickly as possible, we boasted scholarship. Wondering if we were pilgrims or walkers, we healed our poisoned thoughts. Having nothing but our own two legs to move us from place to place, we remained true spouses. Interested in milestones, we exoticized them. Swarming over the parking lot with lamas, monks, and other pilgrims—all come to receive a sacred blessing—

the buddha as the tathagata the buddha jayanthi address 1956
the buddha made of clay will not pass through water if he does he
will surely drown the buddha made of metal will not pass through
a furnace if he does he will surely melt the buddha made of wood
will not pass through fire if he does he will surely be burnt the
buddha questions other sectarians the buddha was not a
philosopher the buddha the buddha's advice to sariputra the
buddha's enlightenment the buddha's flexibility the buddha's
indeterminacy the buddha's physical body the buddha's previous
lives the buddha's rhetoric the buddha's silence the buddha's
teaching on living in the present the buddha-nature the

we lost our whole family. Avoiding traces by wading through streams, we raced ahead blindly. Crossing a wooden footbridge covered with dragon-like scrolls and surrounded by pine trees, we were not refugees. Undertaking something apparently impossible, we lost our currency. Traversing more suburbs and industrial parks to get to the old city, we upheld nothing. Putting on the habits of religious mendicants, we helped to fill a gap. Thronging the roads like nefarious travellers, we learned other customs. Emerging from the forest and finding ourselves in a totally different country, we saddened at Christmas. Recalling that the Sanskrit word *tapas*, meaning asceticism, had a

‘buddhicization’ process: monasticism and asceticism in the medieval period the buddhist context the buddhist enlightenment movement the buddhist layperson’s vow the buddhist scriptures the buddhist society programme the buddhist society the buddhist teaching on karma and emptiness the buddhist views concerning such subjects as alayavijnana nirvana mind-only etc. the budding of aaron’s rod the builders of the walls the building blocks of compassion the bull elephant the bull pictures the bull transcended the bull-footed god the burden of guilt the burden of nothing the burial of jesus the burning bush the butcher ding’s principles of hygiene the butcher’s song the

connotation of heat, we found everything hurt. Putting on our boots in the morning, we unlocked a doorway. Making out the rocks that marked our trail in the fog, we somnambulized. Dropping down some steps into a field, then bearing left down through a small coombe to a gate near the bottom corner, we lost our apathy. Walking as often as we could through hallowed places, castle sites, cloisters and churches, we threw away our clocks. Finding no progressive movement, we felt all too weary. Hoping to return, we became lay preachers. Coming across an enamelled casket whose soul of wood was covered with eighteen golden badges, we often fidgeted. Leaving a small convent with

caged nightingale the calendar the caliph ali the call for true repentance the call of jeremiah the call of the gentiles the call of the west the calling of levi the calling of matthew the calling of the first disciples the calydonian boar the cannibal hymn the cannibal woman the canticle of brother sun the cap of invisibility the captain and his servant the captives—a psalm the captivity foretold the captivity of israel the capture of ai the capture of pylus the caravanserai the case for rebirth the case of the moth the castle in the air the castration of uranus the catacombs of rome the categorically imperative fruition component the cauliflower robbery the causal state the cause of misery the cause

its nine nuns and continuing on into the forest, we broke our mileage wall. Choosing a very bad route, we heard strange animals. Shielding our eyes from harsh electric light as it illuminated apples lying scattered and cold on the frosty ground, we slogged through muddy fields. Dribbling the last of our sacred water onto the sand, we threw off jewellery. Writing one thousand haiku per minute, we gave away our coins. Climbing two hundred yards or so away from a monastery, we worked the neglected. Returning from poverty to an abundance of everything we wanted, we gave away clear hints. Watching our lengthening shadows swing behind us to point west, towards the end of the

of pain the cave of the heart the cave of vanatti the celebration of life the celestial apple the celestial cobbler the centrality of personality change the ceremony of purification the certainty of god's promise the cessation of suffering the ch'an and the pure land schools the chambers of the temple the chanda-fairy the change the chapter of changing into ptah the chapter on karma the chapter on morality the character of brother lawrence the characteristics of vikalpa given by patanjali the chariot the chen-yen (shingon) the childhood of jesus the children of abraham the children of adam and eve the children of echidne the children of heracles the children of israel leave egypt the children of pasiphaë

world, we fucked and fucked and fucked. Coming upon another Neolithic tomb, we made no other claims. Learning that hiking in the cold with our bodies warmly wrapped was a simple pleasure, we thrust in our jack knives. Stepping lightly, we became more alert. Passing through the deeper forests before dawn with our head torches illuminating raindrops as they fell from the leaves above us, we were the champions. Interpreting that bit as a total Neolithic track-way, we left there much too soon. Lodging in a filthy place with rough straw mats spread out on an earthen floor, we could not even speak. Learning that walking brought us to a moment of ultimate presence, especially in the cool breeze and

the children of pelops the children of the devil the children of the sea the chinese compass directions the chinese feudal age the chinese schools the choosing of the seven the christ of history the christian context of the gospel readings the christian mystery the christian revelation: the rebirth of the myth the christ like life of lahiri mahasaya the church and the truth the church in antioch the church persecuted and scattered the churches of wales the circle and the spiral the cities of god the cities of men the cities of the levites the claim of dhyana to be the highest form of buddhism the claims of jesus about himself the clash of civilizations the classic book of zen koans the classification of beings the cleansing

shade of the afternoon, we feared our own phantoms. Sweating in the cold and slipping over the broken slopes, we woke at 4 AM. Finding ourselves blown by cold winds under aged oaks, we heard a cockerel cry. Passing spray-painted graffiti stating that “everything’s false,” we stopped conversation. Turning north-east on the old prairie road, we crossed a Roman bridge. Locating rest in a pilgrim’s hospital, we were inconclusive. Completing our research, we smoked in the boy’s room. Drifting in and out of the drone of traffic all afternoon, we reduced lethargy. Returning by the same route, we found a different place. Walking the last few leagues towards the mosque holding hands, we changed our

of lepers the clearly enlightened monk falls into a well the clinging (fire) the cloister: heart of the monastery the cloud author—’the sharp dart of longing love ’ the cloud of unknowing the club and zen the cobbler’s prostration the cock’s crow the cocoon the code-cult connection the collection for god’s people the collective ego the comet the coming of death the coming of spring the coming of the kingdom of god the coming of the lord the command centre the commentaries the commentary the commerce of tyrus the community of love the companionship of fools the complete man the completion stage the compulsion to teach the concept of ‘i ’ the concept of ‘obstacle ’ the concept of fervour the concept of

consciousness. Remaining lost from the outset, we pushed or we let go. Following arrows, we derived theatre. Knowing nothing of the ancient rites and practices which the authorities had subdued along that path, we often fragmented. Dealing with multiple horizons, we slumbered together. Paying our respects at a shrine, we found an old fresco. Leaving lotus flowers to bloom in our footsteps, we all sang Hosanna. Strolling past a rice paddy flanked by a row of very high palm trees, we found another shape. Traversing lands devoid of human habitation, we shunned community. Putting on our packs and leaving, we hoped to be in tune. Noting how far south we had come but thinking that all

heroism in orthodox judaism the concept of heroism in soviet labour camps the concept of samapatti the concept of supports extended to the qualified being and the unqualified being the concept of unity the conception of the spiritual exercises the conch shells: inner vibratory battle in meditation the conduct of zen monks the confusion of life with death—the romeo error the conquest of desire the conquest of elis the conscious and the unconscious the consecration of the levites the consecration of the priests the consequences of a sleepless society the consort of the bull the contemplation of decay the contents of the yoga sutras the context of cross-examining questions the context of

information about place should be kept private, we were scared of the dark. Spending many weeks on a high plateau among the people and prey of the snow leopard, we made friends with weather. Easing the terror we all felt at the enormity of our endeavour and at the expansion of all things towards a kind of nothingness only held in place by something we called faith, we added three more feet. Wearing scarves, hats and thick woollen coats near a frozen beaver pond, we went through paper towns. Finding ourselves temporarily stumped by the detours of a construction site, we pined for our lovers. Tottering onward in a straight line with our eyes closed until our toes bumped into a

meditation the contingent effects of the cognitive component the continuity of life the control of psychic prana the controversy over christ's resurrection: historical event of symbol? the convent community: an alternative model of living the conventional truth the convocation of the assembly the cooing of the self the core of ego the coronary personality the cosmic christ the cosmic dance the cosmic fall and renovation the cosmic powers the cosmic significance of the bodhisattva ideal the cosmological sequence—mirror of the human body the cosmos: the macrocosm the cosmos: the microcosm the cost of being a disciple the cost of following jesus the council in jerusalem the council's letter to

stone, we played gospel music. Avoiding wet, swampy bottom lands, we had it done to us. Passing that way often times with good company, we lay on frozen ponds. Becoming conscious of daily-increasing energy and vitality, we checked the almanac. Throwing off our hot boots on the beach after walking all afternoon on country roads in the hot sun, we waded into waves. Losing our sense of perfection, we took a short bus ride. Sprinting to make the crossing over the silted bay before the tide turned against us and we drowned, we bruised our filthy feet. Catching our breaths higher up on the moor where prayer flags tied to thin poles lashed in the wind, we all employed collage. Picking up our

gentile believers the court at babylon the court of the tabernacle the courtesan the covenant of circumcision the cowherd the crab the cradle the crane's questioning the creative (yang) the creative mode the credulous camel the cremation and relics the crooked milk pudding the cross and the crescent the cross is a symbol of the power of humility the cross is the resurrection the cross of jesus and the resurrection of all men the cross of jesus the cross the crow's beak the crown of thorns and the inner kingdom the crucifixion the cruelty of job's friends the cry of the absolute the cult of relics the culture of intelligence the cunning old snake the curse of the bedouin the curses at mount ebal the curtains of the

pace to escape the stench, we carved out our niches. Cursing in our fatigue the dogs who yelped at our feet as we passed—a big change from our state of mind on departing—we waited and waited. Perceiving broken-hearted beauty, we split up our marriage. Receiving everything that we needed for our journey, we lusted after stuff. Intending our journey to be a protracted research exercise, we lit up the daytime. Walking around a flat space covered in white pebbles raked into parallel rows about one inch high, we studied antique plots. Setting our compasses, entering the scrub, and taking our bearings from trees glimpsed vaguely in the blankness, we recognized a truth. Listening to the

tabernacle the dactyls the daily routine of the abbey the dalai lama and the panchen lama the dance of demons the dance of the doshas: ayurvedic constitution and yoga the dance of the legs the dance of triangles the dance the danger of ecstasy the dark night of the soul the darkness the date of the lanka the date of vijñānabhairava and the commentaries the daughter of jairus the daughters of thespius the daughters the dawn of spiritual and sorrowless light the dawn of the great eastern sun the dawn of truth the day and hour unknown the day of atonement the day of battle the day of relaxation the day of the dead elsewhere the day of the dead in mexico the day of the lord the day of vengeance the

ambient music of footpaths again, we did not want to lose. Remaining on the move so no one knew who we were, we felt it run through us. Meeting someone who got himself together after a bout with cancer by walking for six months, we sought dispossession. Trudging on with red clay hardened around our ankles and veils which were so poor that in fact they were nothing but rags, we lost our form to earth. Thanking people from all parts of the inner plateau, we loved the old stories. Crossing a river atop the tail of a giant tortoise before we could reach the land of eternal life, we left before dawn. Coming across small offerings left on a flat stone—a posy made from wheat, a feather

daybreak the days in jerusalem the days of judgment the dead are judged the dead man's answer the death of achilles the death of ahab the death of ahaziah the death of eli the death of jesus the death of lazarus the death of pelias the death of samson the death of the starets the death of theseus the decayed well the decision to teach the decline and revival of zen the decline of buddhism in india the decline of indian buddhism the dedication of the altar the deep-rootedness of illusive tendencies the deep-seated attachment of existence the defeat of mara the defence of shin buddhism the definition of a koan the definitions of yoga the delightful village the delusion of appearances the demand for a

in a bunch of heather, and a circle of snail shells—we used local knowledge. Arriving at the high plateau which would surround us for the next few days, we revived and felt young. Trudging through afternoon heat towards a poet-saint's tomb where women wearing blue and white linen headscarves shouldered us out of the way, we stood for firmament. Strolling through the orchards of the garden county beside the rows of caravans set up for immigrant workers, we came to a full stop. Passing a one thousand foot waterfall, we thought we'd never end. Entering a valley of orange vineyards dotted with autumn-rusty poplars, we talked revolution. Losing some of our travelling companions in

sign the denial of death the depth of existence the dervish and the camel rider the dervish in hell the dervish under a vow of solitude the descendants of cain the descendants of esau the descendants of noah the descent into sleep the descriptions of king lent the desert of judea—the site of the first settlements of hermit monks the desire for bliss the desire for death the desire for pleasure the desire for rebirth the desolation of israel the desolation of the sanctuary the despondency of arjuna the destiny of the gross body after death the destiny of the soul the destiny of the subtle body and the spiritual entity after death the destruction of death the destruction of judah the destruction of nineveh the

the maze of city streets, we never changed our theme. Laughing in a sun shower of hail stones, we limped to the doctor. Thinking that the footbridge was unusable due to the mist that rose around it from the river, we found ourselves zero. Looking back over the mountain range we had crossed yesterday from a footbridge over a motorway, we scratched skin conditions. Resting in a bee-loud glade, we mediated sky. Liking the fact that it might snow even more, we pissed onto the frost. Calling our findings God or presence or Being or leaving them altogether nameless in the ecstatic stillness of our walking, we listened to crickets. Strolling with children to the edge of the village, we humanized constraint.

dethronement of cronus the development of buddhism the development of shunyata the development of the middle state the devotee observes the enemies to be destroyed the devotee prays to hear from the lips of the lord himself: 'what are thy many aspects and forms ' the devotees the dew on the top of each branch of coral reflects the light of the moon the dhammapada the dharanis the dharma is like the ocean the dharma of the heart the dharma the dhyana sect the dialogue between spirit and soul concludes the dialogue in myth of east and west the dialogue of europe and the levant the dialogue of north and south the diamond path the diaphragms the difference between social and

Setting off across the sands, we were exhilarated. Stepping under the faint hum of pylons, we avoided the crowds. Ambling around the apse of a cathedral, we sported mirror shades. Noticing how our recent yoga practices had strengthened our legs and lungs on a very steep ascent that took us through woodlands and into open country, we smelled rotten apples. Waking up early among wild garlic with some resonance left over from the previous day's uphill battles to hear the first unknown birdsong of the day, we turned each other on. Thanking the kind old monk for speaking with us, we gazed at each other. Crossing straight over a field towards a large oak tree then over a stile, we overtook meaning.

initiatory activity the difference between vijnana and jnana the dilemma of pain the disciple the disciple's vision the disciples rejoin jesus the disciples' grief will turn to joy the discipline of yoga the discovery of india the discovery of inner space the disease process the dismissal of chandaka the dissemination of buddhist art the diverse modifications of god's nature the divided monarchy the divine nature the divine power of the tathagata the do's and don'ts of spiritual life the doctor's prescription the doctrine of non-duality the doctrine of not-self the doctrine of original sin the doctrine of the chandogyas the doctrine of the four cardinal humours the doctrine of the three bodies the dog

Trailing a narrow road up a valley between banks of dripping moss, we went all medieval. Receiving charity and respect by everyone along the way, we crossed the field of blood. Poking our fingers or toes through the path and its surroundings and through each other, we burned all our incense. Carrying our loads on bony shoulders, we were fond of details. Finding the entrance under renovation, we listened to traffic. Straying from the path, we became cartoonish. Realizing something, we derided no one. Trudging across that endless plateau—scorched by the sun, blown by the wind, framed by distant glimpses of gaunt mountains interspersed with rocky outcrops and solitary lines of poplars—

and the blows the dog vision the dogs that were really snakes the donkey's head the doom of the wicked the door of compassion the door the doshas and taste the douay-rheims version the double certainty of eternal life the drawings of the lights of the six places of rebirth the dream of ebkidu the dream state the dreamer and the dream the dry cloud the dual nature of spirit in creation the duck with a human mind the dugong the cockatoos and the chicken hawk the dwarf the dying person and death the dynamic dialectic of the part and the whole the dynamics of being the dzogchen mandala the dzogchen mode the dzogchen tradition of tibetan buddhism the dzogchen yogin the eagles and the vine the

we threw away our cares. Carrying on straight through an avenue of beech trees, we counted every cent. Returning along the path through the jungle, we listened to the leaves. Admiring a stylish woman who offered some food to a homeless man who had been sleeping rough on the pavement, we passed shrivelled rose trees. Sensing that our idea of pilgrimage was much older than the word pilgrim, we were swept by transports. Loving to see pack animals reassert their rights, we anthropomorphized. Getting the loads as high up as possible before we had to begin to carry them ourselves, we disintegrated. Scrambling down over sand and boulders, we skewed normal usage. Preparing a mold for a distant

earliest manuscripts and other ancient witnesses do not have
john 7:53-8:11 the earliest manuscripts and some other ancient
witnesses do not have mark 16:9-20 the early martyrs the early
years the earth scroll the edge of a water-nut is sharp sharp
sharper than an anvil the effects of pranayama the effects of
satori the effort the ego and the present moment the ego in illness
the ego is not personal the ego the ego's need to feel superior the
ego's search for wholeness the ego-self and reality the eight limbs
of yoga the eight mansions theory the eight petals of yoga the
eight precepts the eight steps the eight vijnanas the eightfold
path the eighth labour: the mares of diomedes the elaboration of

future, we were given short shrift. Supporting the annual decay of vegetation with our footsteps, we all dissolved meanings. Climbing a hill after breakfast, we were so far from near. Entering an area of picturesque scenery, we longed for the sublime. Persevering, we visited ancients. Inventing other letters for our children to learn, we clustered on the green. Expressing wild and dusky knowledge, we showed little restraint. Suffering damage, we remained nobodies. Repeating an implausible tale, we rumbled with decay. Leaning against the inner walls of a church, we fondled bas-reliefs. Doubting an old legend, we held twisted branches. Losing ourselves in the lonesome pines, we couldn't

muhammad's image the elder sutra the elders and young men the elementary actors and their wardrobe the elements primary and secondary the elements—their role and their language the elephant and the jackal the elephant the eleventh hour the eleventh labour: the apples of the hesperides the emanation and function of the vijnanas the embryo the emergence of a subtle body the emperor asoka the empire of alexander the emptiness of patterned flux: ernest fenollosa's buddhist essay 'the chinese written character as a medium for poetry' the empty shrine buddha the empty tomb the empty world the empusae the end of history and the last man the end of the caliphate the end of the

meet our needs. Stretching up and over the grassy ridge, we reformed consequence. Thinking of going by skiff to the next town, we filled and lit our pipes. Disappearing into a leafy sea, we considered hard ground. Descending from a church by steep stone stairways which curved this way and that down narrow alleys between the packed and dirty tenements of the village, we spoke with confidence. Perching on an old stone wall, we all turned and twisted. Encountering uncombed children—who held out hands or caps and begged piteously—we learned four or five words. Learning of feral knowledge, we satisfied our eyes. Leaving behind our saddles, ordinary supplies, and everything not

new testament the end of your life drama the end the ending of
craving the ending of objectification the endurance of love the
enemies' plots the enemy of faith the energies of yoga and
ayurveda: secrets of self transformation the energy body the
english mystics the engulfing of time the enlightenment of
buddha sakyamuni the enlightenment the epigoni the epistle of
paul the apostle to philemon the epistle of paul the apostle to the
colossians the epistle of paul the apostle to the ephesians the
epistle of paul the apostle to the galatians the epistle of paul the
apostle to the hebrews the epistle of paul the apostle to the
philippians the epistle of paul the apostle to the romans the

considered absolutely necessary for traversing the mountains, we set off all alone. Zigzagging slowly up a slope of black volcanic sand, we entertained remarks. Approaching something unknown, we welcomed accidents. Suspecting intentions, we failed from time to time. Taking advantage of our ignorance, we were indifferent. Accumulating myriads of facts, we lay them in storage. Sauntering out onto the grass like horses who have left their harnesses in the stable, we left accuracy. Changing our minds about taking the train, we admitted nothing. Sprinkling essential meanings here and there, we pleased the simple way. Charming each other with ancestral stories, we felt totally safe.

epistle of paul the apostle to titus the epistle of prayer the escape from god the escape to egypt the esoteric meaning of 'waiting' the esoteric message of the tradition the essence of all sciences the essence of buddhism itself the essence of life is change the essence of sufism the essenenes: christianity before jesus the essential readings the essential teachings of the buddha the essential truth the essentials the estrangement from self the eternal religion the eternal witness from the beginning the eternal transcendental nature of the soul the eternalist the eternal-unthinkable the eucharist promotes good health the everlasting god the ever-present the evil reign of ahaz the

Finding our ignorance more beautiful than our knowledge, we found it natural. Laying in a most opulent stock of misinformation, we startled the details. Gaining un-necessary qualifications, we remained diffident. Wading between enchanting shores, we stayed on the lookout. Swapping notes about different manners and customs, we gained some assurance. Hoping to bathe our heads in atmospheres unknown to our feet, we forgot groundless fears. Seeking a new law, we were all too hungry. Asking strangers, we befriended windmills. Studying the laws of fatigue, we loved education. Being safe, we began to puzzle. Resting on a lava rock amidst the clinker-like cinders of an old volcano, we wanted

evocation of the meaning of the syllable om the evolution of ego the evolution of nature the evolution of samadhi and liberation the ex-abbot the exemption of the levites the expansion of buddhism the experience of cessation the experience of nada the experience of non-existence the experience of the desert the experience of the holy the experience of the spiritual realities the experiences the exploit the expression bija ('seed') the expression of the soul the extraordinary reality of sovereign wisdom the eye is also fasting the eye of the living the eye of wisdom the eye the eyes the face of religion the faggot-bringer the failure of islamism the fairy woman's lullaby the faith of a syro-phoenecian woman

assistance. Growing apace, we flashed recognition. Observing and noting and inquiring, we could never let up. Waking through a clearing to find the air hanging thinly about us, we thought fitness second. Practising walking meditation, we touched the icy wood. Thinking of the pathways we trod as spotless, we remained curious. Being more present in the afternoon—especially with the pines creaking in the gentle wind—we had the highest hopes. Cursing yet another metalled road, we told ourselves stories. Touching no money and content with a handful of rice while all our worldly possessions consisted of a small dry pumpkin to carry water, a harmonica, a brass cup and a walking stick, we

the faith of the canaanite woman the faith of the centurion the faithful servant the falcon the fall of babylon the fall of jericho the fall of jerusalem the fall of man the false imagination regarding twelve subjects the family and the funeral the far-sighted wisdom of god the fasting of the early christians the fasting regulations of the church the fate of the mocking bird the fates the father and you are one the father the fatiha the fault of indecisiveness the fear and temptation of becoming king the feast of purim the feast of tabernacles the federalization of attica the fellowship of the believers the field and the knower of the field the field of anathoth the field of the lord the field where good and evil are sown and

interrupted crows. Discovering from our own experience that there is only one centre and that centre is everywhere, we remained subjective. Knowing we would only accumulate more frosty hairs on our heads as we approached the higher regions, we kicked through crackling leaves. Starting a long walk of a hundred and thirty miles to the capital of the province, we hiked up up and up. Arriving at the so-called Oakwood of Witches—a place where the wise women of the area were once found guilty of witchcraft and burned at the stake—we were forbidden drink. Loving gentle paths through shady groves, we joined on a love train. Hearing the descendants of pre-historic birds, we warmed

reaped the fiery furnace the fiery serpents the fifth labour: the stables of augeias the fig-tree withers the figure of the fool joshu the final ascension the final commission the final couch the final farewell the final goal the final task the final union of the two truths the fire scroll the fire the dervish needs the first aspect the first book of moses called genesis the first book of samuel otherwise called the first book of kings the first book of the chronicles the first book of the kings commonly called the third book of the kings the first bullroarer the first census taken the first christmas the first conversation the first easter day the first epistle general of john the first epistle general of peter the first

ourselves with sun. Sitting with a goatherd for hours beside a fire, we contented ourselves. Navigating the waymarks, we spoke about our trip. Hearing that the rivers in that region were lethal to drink, we saw the town emerge. Finding it easier to climb up and walk along a ridge near the top than to follow the map's directions, we upset our stomachs. Looping up through suburbs on the other side of town and strolling through a meadow below a flatiron cliff before ascending some hills, we contemplated love. Questioning this strange thing called long-distance walking and why we had bothered with it in the first place, we listened to airports. Climbing up a steep ridge to push our hands at the sky,

epistle of paul the apostle to the corinthians the first epistle of paul the apostle to the thessalonians the first epistle of paul the apostle to timothy the first five obstacles the first gathering at aulis the first home the first labour: the nemean lion the first letter the first light the first man in the southern cross the first missionaries the first monasteries the first point the first precepts—with buddhaghosa's commentary the first principle of buddhism the first principle the first pure precept: not creating evil the first retreat the first sectarian divisions the first sermon the first similarity the first sin the first steps the first stone the first week of the exercises the first book of moses called

we inherited traits. Taking paths as we found them, we abandoned ourselves. Making sky ladders to descend further, we surmounted a guess. Beginning also to glimpse, from time to time, just how empty our walk could become, we lost our best players. Confusing drones with random events, we sexualized them. Coming across hints of an even older way—recent civil engineers had decided to stick with the routes of the ancient footpaths, overlaying one road on top of another—we took some nourishment. Congratulating each other and offering thanks for our safe descent from that fearful place, we grieved with obstacles. Creating unofficial paths which were indistinguishable from the

deuteronomy the fish in the sea is not thirsty the fisher king the fishing-net of the world the fittings of the tabernacle the five afflictions are so fundamental the five afflictions the five ages of man the five aggregates are impermanent the five basic methods of meditation the five cardinal virtues the five classes of spiritual insight the five dharmas and their relation to the three svabhavas the five dharmas the five element theory the five elements colour meditation the five elements of tao the five elements the five gaping mouths of consciousness the five great elements the five hindrances the five hundred disciples receive the prediction of their destiny the five hundred gold pieces the five immediacies

genuine rights of way, we wanted to be girls. Walking through the industrial outskirts of a city, we loved our children most. Bathing in the hot mineral springs inside one of the city's temples in the hope of gaining purification, we found much interest. Tramping on with swollen ankles and soaking socks, we remembered childhood. Stepping into sludge that curled up between our toes with each step, oily as butter, we took early warning. Wandering about the silent lanes in exultation, we loitered for some hours. Struggling up a series of switch-backs in 50 degree heat to arrive at a wide plateau—home to goats and the ruins of a castle—we understood boredom. Changing course outside of an ancient city

the five kings are captured the five koshas the five miraculous powers the five nara schools the five pillars of islam the five points of yoga the five practices of chinese pure land the five precepts the five qualities of mind the five reflections the five skandas the five tastes the five varieties of zen the flame and the smoke the flame-crowned mountain the flies and the bees the flight into egypt the flight of qetzalcoatl the flight of the garuda the flight of the syrians the flight to egypt the flight the flood of kashmir the flood the flower and the stone the flower the flowering bowl the flowering of human consciousness the flowers poem the folly of idolatry the food the fool and the donkey the fool who was easily

even though it meant walking an extra seven miles or so, we lost money's value. Relying solely on drawings which served as our guide, we were simple figments. Smelling fallen leaves and mouldering fungi, we left purgatory. Following a lonely mountain trail trodden only by hunters and woodcutters, we planted many trees. Remarking that the people in those parts had dead eyes, we somehow lost our way. Crossing many streams and stumbling over many rocks, we sat among the Real. Resting under a long row of weeping willows that hung over a canal's tow path, we dismembered ourselves. Visualizing a herd of mastodons who lumbered along the hilltop, we left our earplugs in. Sleeping

satisfied the fool the foolish shepherds the foolish tortoise the foolishness of men the force of passion the force of the universe the foreigner has no beard the forge the forgiving one the form of haiku the form of the agama the fortune of man the foundation of faith the foundation of troy the foundation of tyranny the foundations of life the founding of a temple the founding of the friends of the western sangha the founding teacher and his angelic disciples the fountain of creation the four aims of life the four aspects of life: soul mind senses and body the four blisses the four brahma viharas the four degrees of practice the four establishments of mindfulness the four examples the four final

shallow, we saw jewels in a net. Pointing to the fact that the necessity of our journey arose because of the importance of separateness to sacredness, rather than because journeying was initiatory, we spun unconscious lack. Meeting up with an ancient track-way which we had abandoned many years before, we hummed a twelve-bar blues. Appealing for aid to the whole of our personal courage, we lost ourselves in myth. Hearing a minor chord of wind sigh through the leaves of chestnut trees, we reported nothing. Pushing towards the north, we learned to speak Hebrew. Dropping many sorrows and worries, we raced ahead for miles. Listening to the hum of foraging bees, we lifted

exercises the four formless trances the four gifts the four great haiku poets the four ground rules of fasting the four holy truths the four initiations the four men and the interpreter the four noble truths of suffering the four noble truths the four noble truths: suffering its cause its ending and how to end it the four preliminary exercises the four right efforts the four sheikhs and the caliph the four stages of life the four things needed for the constitution of bodhisattvahood the four trances the four unlimited the fourfold intuitive realization the fourteen auxiliary saints the fourteen points of meditation the fourteenth century the fourth book of moses called numbers the fourth conversation

our sternums. Loving the pure bracing air and the proximity of glaciers, we adjusted our poles. Crossing the earth's darkest spot, we stored up the proof. Following one of the ancient paths radiating out from a stone circle, we felt extra lonesome. Studying the flowers and darkening clouds with nothing to do and nothing to lose, we turned interior. Drinking tea that was distributed gratis by monks of low rank who carried large brass-bound copper cans on their right shoulders, we waited 'til midnight. Stopping in a clearing to speak with an old man who had spent the earlier part of his life on continual pilgrimage to the celebrated temples of his god Vishnu, we lay down on sawdust. Making up

the fourth labour: the eryminthian boar the fourth letter the fourth week of the exercises the fox and the camels the fox the fragments the fragrance of the lotus the franciscan monastery of oberzell near wurzberg the freedom of the soul the freedom of yoga the freeing of the waters the frequency-holders the frog at flood time the frog food of the bunnyip the frog the wallaby and the dugong the froth and the sea the frugality of the cistercians the fruit the fruits of buddhism the fruits of meritorious action the fulfilment mode the fulfilment of the law the full bow the fullness of life the fully renounced mind the function of the smrti-attention in the transformation of the vrtti pratyakasa into the

our minds to travel on foot through the unspoiled and relatively little-known eastern regions—desert in the south, mountain ranges in the north—we collected nothing. Deciding to abandon foothill pastures altogether and go straight up a mountain, we exchanged assumptions. Reconciling in our minds and hearts with those with whom we were at odds, we rode on higher winds. Wondering if we should take the left-hand road, we learned of nothing new. Being photographed as ‘pilgrims’ by tourists, we sang call and response. Dreaming the wildest dreams, we sculpted raking light. Stepping over rails, we straddled energies. Discovering that serpents, griffins, flying dragons, and other

pravrtti pratyaksa the fundamental difference the fundamental mandala of the five tathagatas the funeral of lillian—an eighty-four year old writer the funeral of marie—a six year old the funeral prayer the futility of relying on egypt the futility of result the future glory of zion the gagga the garden of eden the garden of love the garden the gardener the garland of sounds the garment of the law the garment of the mystic way the garment the garments of the priests the gate of the prince the gate of weal the gateless barrier the gateless gate the gates of paradise the gates of the temple the gelug school the geluk-pa the gem-thief the genealogy of jesus the general epistle of james the general epistle

fanciful embellishments of heraldry have their prototypes in fossil remains found along the route, we released impressions. Thinking of forests as if they were people in society, we danced with our new friends. Stepping over walls, we imagined beauty. Discerning a faint and shadowy knowledge of previous states of organic existence, we stood on the bedrock. Leaping over icy puddles, we indicated nerves. Getting older while the trees we had planted on the way grew bigger and bigger, we aimed at the future. Dreaming that the earth underfoot rested on an elephant and the elephant on a tortoise and the tortoise on a serpent, we haunted flute music. Putting inside circles outside, we started

of jude the generous man the geneva bible the genius the gentle (wind) the genuine heart of sadness the giants' revolt the gibeonites get a treaty the gift of the lord of tears the gifts of lovers the gifts of the sun goddess the girl of the early race who made the stars the girl who came back from the dead the gita's way of freedom: meditation on god plus desireless activity the giver should be thankful the glories the glorious nagarjuna the glory of tawhid the glory of the lord the glory of the new covenant the glow the gnani does not grasp or hold the gnani the goal can be reached the goal the god of all comfort the god of love the godly art the gods of the underworld the gold the cloak and the

really small. Confessing that we were partial to wild fancies which transcended the order of time, we laughed at carnivals. Reaching further, we traversed a patchwork. Walking in solitude, we created forces. Finding it all strangely familiar, we did it all again. Reminding each other of the cries emitted by wild beasts in their native forests, we found a new touchstone. Stressing the transparency of our journey, we embraced the constant. Collaborating with each other's journeys, we shared our sandwiches. Fielding ourselves, we attended to wheat. Getting up early in the spring and boldly swimming a river—a cold, gray tide, twenty-five or thirty rods wide, swollen by the melted

horse the golden calf the good and the bad figs the good friend the good heart the good root the good samaritan the gorgon's blood the gospel according to st. john the gospel according to st. luke the gospel according to st. mark the gospel according to st. matthew the gospels the gravitational pull and the point of no return the great ape the great assembly of sacred letter wheels the great astonishment the great attainments the great bible the great churning the great commandment the great commission the great compassionate dharani the great crematorium: corporeal worlds and practices of cremation the great death and the great renewal the great death the great death-great death

snow—we glided over slate. Weeping because wild horses must be broken before they can be made into slaves, we imagined cellos. Stopping a hole in the thin wall of our shelter to keep the wind away, we examined skin cells. Sowing wild oats along the way before we become submissive members of society, we wandered stone by stone. Serving as illustrations, we found a shoemaker. Inhaling in the deep piney woods turpentine as it dropped from incisions in trees, we laid down many routes. Learning from landscape, we followed the contours. Activating ourselves in sunlight, we intersected moors. Coming across windlasses worked by horses along a tow-path, we understood

dynamism the great departed one or the joyful sinking the great feast the great flood the great flood the great lock the great mercies of god the great mother the great multitude in white robes the great night of siva the great piercing attitude the great renunciation the great reversal the great secret the great separating attitude the great silava-king the great void the great way the great work the great works of god the greater jihad the greatest commandment the greatest in the kingdom of heaven the greatest obstacle to enlightenment the greatest work the ground of our being the ground of our praying the grounds of our translation and interpretation the group of six sunyas the group

effort. Joining the shell of a dead oak tree, we re-absorbed the ground. Looking over a list of travelers' names in a foreign language, we found something in them. Expressing the latitude's collapse, we all remained earthbound. Straddling lines between stone and wood, we found the site remote. Breaking through winter waves, we left the cold dark world. Surrendering progress, we coronated streets. Leaving the path to the elements, we regained our balance. Making lines on the turf by walking, we defined a new field. Bringing along bags of wheat and barley, we re-shaped our passage. Having no names at first but earning our names on the way, we underlay fractals. Growing up quickly on

of sufis the grove and beyond the growth of the movement the guard at the tomb the guards' report the guest house the guiding light the gumagabu song the guna theory the guru and the yogi the guru the guru's advice the guru-disciple relationship the guru-sisya relationship the guttila the half locust the handwriting on the wall the happiest man in the world the hardness of the way the hard-to-know jataka the hare the hare's horns the harvest of the earth the harvest the hasty priest and the loyal mongoose the hatha yoga pradipika the head of rahu the head of the knee or the crowning the healing art the healing at the pool the healing of a boy with a demon the healing of a boy with evil spirits the healing

the way, we were little adults. Mucking about in meadows, we rainbowed the summer. Remembering our connections to something unknown, we tapped into practice. Weakening gently, we took an easy route. Plotting a dead-straight line on a bearing, we all expected more. Clambering, we formed pathways of light. Terminating in a small wood, we referenced boulders. Entering the garden of speculation, we held each other's hands. Reducing our loads, we circled ziggurats. Co-creating the Anthropocene with our crisscross of trails and roads, we remained grandiose. Trying to possess the land, we deluded each other. Blinding ourselves in an excess of informing light, we read too many

of a deaf and mute man the healing of a demon-possessed man
the healing of two demon-possessed men the healing vrttis the
healthy vrttis the heart of a stone image the heart of asana the
heart of the prajnaparamita the heart of transcendent wisdom
the heart sutra the heart the heart's counting knows only one the
heave offering the heaven's declare god's glory the heavenly
banquet the heavenly city the heavenly lords the heaviest wave
the hedonist the heritage of rome the hermit's life the hermit's
song the hero of auspicious anger the hero who was changed into
a mountain the hidden meaning of the torah the hiding place the
hieratic state the high cost of learning the high priest of a new

books. Observing that those of us who underwent transformations during daylight hours possessed the power of restoration during the hours of night, we spoke of stone circles. Serving no immediate use, we negotiated. Flitting like shadows across mental landscapes, we drowned in black bogs. Leading each other towards new kinds of social organization, we came to tumulus. Hearing a dead cornfield rustle in the autumn breeze, we cauterized our skin. Shaking off the authorities who wanted us to postpone our journey indefinitely while they processed our credentials, we could sense the truth. Returning to the same places again and again, we found them different. Turning a

covenant the high priest questions jesus the higher good beyond good and bad the highest attainment the highest person as the witness within the hinayana position the historical basis and esoteric essence of yoga the history of the movement in india and its spread throughout asia the history of tibetan buddhism the history of zen the holiness of the priests the holy lineage of the dalai lamas the holy oil and the incense the holy reading the holy sonnets the holy spirit comes at pentecost the holy unspeakable name of god the homeric and orphic creation myths the hope of salvation the horrid dib-dib the hospice and euthanasia the hospice movement the hour of silence the house the huang po

simple trip to a shop into a pilgrimage, we wondered about streets. Experimenting with obsolete analogue technology, we recorded our steps. Walking upwards of an hour as the under-wood decreased while the white birch and poplar grew to the tallest height of their kind that we had ever seen, we spotted more contrails. Finding one of our company was missing, we foregrounded our faith. Leaving the next morning without having slept, we understood our grief. Stepping on fresh-green oak leaves that had been blown from their branches in a gale, we opened our feelings. Passing through a deserted village where circular plates of cow dung and straw had been set out to dry in

subject the human consciousness project the human spirit the human story the hundred-feathered jataka the hunt the hypnagogic state the i in space the idea of balance is to be found in herons and loons the ideal of a universal religion the identification of mental quiescence the identification of transcendental insight the identity of buddhahood and its four aspects the identity of contraries the idiot self the idiotic vision the idol the idolaters slain the idolatry of ahaz the ignatian spirit of chivalry the ignorant the illusion of ego the illusion of ownership the illusory christ the illusory nature of the world the illusory self the image the imitation of nature in her manner of

the sun, we thrust our leaves skyward. Increasing our happiness, we soaked our leather boots. Passing along the gangway to the altar and placing small heaps of meal in bowls, we dignified our steps. Wearing medals or amulets about our necks in the hope of a safe journey, we welcomed news from home. Veering west at the foot of a rainbow, we seemed poor beside it. Losing all sense of continuity in order to reach our destination, we stared at the ceiling. Slowing our pace to less than a crawl, we found it of no use. Finding a way-marker at last emblazoned with the scallop-shell motif of the Camino, we left our polemics. Taking first an excellent poplar-lined road followed by a road without shade, we

operation the immanent transcendent divinity the immanent transcendent god the immediate cause the immortal dialogue between soul and spirit the immortal inner controller the impact of the iranian revolution the imperative application or the practical component the imperishable absolute the implications of conditionality the implications of the eightfold path the importance of practice the importance of the lord the importance of vedana in the teaching of the buddha the importance of voice and the use of clear language the incarnations of the divine the incomparable merit of this teaching the incomparable value of this teaching the increase of variety the indian bird the indian

became nothing else. Creeping silently by the sleeping guardian of a mountain pass who was known to leap like a wolf on all travellers who were not his kinsmen, we found a watering place. Encountering a group of thirty five pilgrims, who with six hundred sheep and one hundred yaks had visited a holy lake and mountain shrine and were now on their way home, we sang it *legato*. Enduring a few more leagues to the mountain of the hot springs, under whose shadow, in the cave beneath a sataparni tree, we required resources. Resting by huge wooden crosses along the side of the road, we confirmed innocence. Passing many birthdays along our many years on the way, we knew of

golden age the indifference the indignation of jesus the individual and society the indivisibility of openness and compassion the indus civilization the industrial revolution and the crises of natural supernaturalism the indwelling of god the inequalities of life the infant the infinite manifestations of the unmanifest spirit the infinite staging of the guru the infinite the infinitude of dust the infinity of being the influence of buddhism on the american avant-garde the ingredients the initial vow of a bodhisattva the inner attitude is the most important thing—meditation is supplemental the inner body the inner exercises the inner guide the inner home the inner purpose of your life's journey the inner

secret laws. Losing all roads, we erased everything. Relying on map and compass to find our way through the outback, we did it for good fun. Observing no views to the south in the haze, we were shaken to depths. Singing: “Though you’re thinking that you’re leaving there too soon,” we left there much too soon. Wandering about the silent lanes in exultation, we were simple figments. Walking for six kilometres to collect water, with the weight of the water we carried back on our heads about twenty kilograms—a weight equivalent to the average airport luggage allowance—we saw it as it is. Passing a shack with cow dung smeared on its walls and a handful of old bicycle tires thrown on

spring of living water the inner treasure the inner workings of consciousness the insanity of psychological time the integral culture the integral principle the integral revelation the integral vision in the world at large the intellect the intellectual the interconnectedness of all life the interest without the capital the intermediate group the intermediate realm the intermediate state the international dimension the interpretation of vyasa and bhoja the invading armies slain the invisible counterplayer the invisible hand the inward journey the is—a different time-scale the isle of saints the israelites leave sinai the japanese language the jataka tales the jesus prayer the jewel of life the jewel the jews

its roof, we plunged into order. Finding the entrance under renovation, we inhaled holy fumes. Remaining on alert because of the hucksters and pranksters of the city, we knew the way there too. Heading out, we loved ceremony. Leaving after noon—a late start—we unified our torment. Centring our attention on the bottoms of our feet, we sometimes took refuge. Walking quickly while aiming to stand still in our minds, we tried to quell the storm. Starting another long walk on a promising route, we welcomed the Lord's grace. Recognizing the remains of an hermitage, we claimed kinship with it. Returning two weeks later, we found the leaves yellow. Tottering onward in a straight

and the law the jews continue in their unbelief the jews slay their enemies the jews to protect themselves the journey begins the journey of yoga the journey to enlightenment the journey to jerusalem the journey to paradise the journey the journeys of st. paul the joy of being the joy that never ends the joyous (lake) the judaic revelation the judas-tree parable the judean ministry the judge's role the judgement upon the earth the judgement the judgement the juice the jump to second-tier consciousness the kagyü school the kagyü-pa the kalama's dilemma the kamma of teaching the kangaroo dance the karma of 'innocent' children the karma of oppressed cultures the karma of parent and child the ke

line with our eyes closed until our toes bumped into a stone, we pined for our lovers. Navigating the waymarks, we contented ourselves. Continuing to follow the shadow and noise of a big road, we enticed our own words. Coming across hints of an even older way—recent civil engineers had decided to stick with the routes of the ancient footpaths, overlaying one road on top of another—we grieved with obstacles. Hoping it would not be another one of those walks along the motorway kinds of deal, we complained to ourselves. Knowing how missing a stone marker meant we would never be lucky at love, we leaped chasms of doubt. Thinking it unwise to walk back to another path after

cycle—the cycle of mutual control the keeping still (mountain)
the key to liberation the key to spiritual effect the key to the
spiritual dimension the killer the kind of man desirable to be
acquainted with the king and the wolf the king of kings the king
of the inner kingdom the king spoke to me the king who divined
his future the king the king's dream fulfilled the king's food
refused the king's lesson the kingdom of christ is not of this world
the kingdom of god the kingdom of heaven is like a certain king
the knife needs some place to land the knot of space the knot the
knower of spirit abides in the supreme being the knowledge of
sorrow the knowledge of the spirit the known and the unknown

coming so far, we chafed with untold rage. Stepping over a stone stile, we expressed thankfulness. Taking fields for granted because they were so much a part of our everyday experience as walkers, we came down with the flu. Renewing our hopes once again, we divided ourselves. Experiencing a kind of cyclical movement of walking, we questioned medicine. Disappearing into fields of chest-high corn and navigating only by occasional glimpses of lighting poles on the receding motorway, we argued about faith. Coming upon some industrial ruins that looked like the setting for several sci-fi B movies, we all hoped for the best. Pausing to tell each other about the most important things that

the koan 'alive or dead?' the koan 'gutei holds up a finger ' the koan 'hyakujo and the fox ' the koan the kosen and harada lineages in american zen the labours of theseus the lack of initiative the lack of refinement is also refinement the ladder to heaven the lady julian and her cell the lady julian cell: the plaque the lama in tibetan buddhism the lamb and the 144 000 the lamb of christ among the wolves of the world the lamentations of jeremiah the lamp of the body the language of dzogchen the lankavatara sutra the last hours of dying the last hours of socrates the last poem of hoshin the last rap the last song of priepriggie laughing jackass and the sun fire the last will and testament the

had happened to us, we missed the moon in clouds. Remembering that there were people who practiced walking meditation in reformation camps and in small prison cells, we mistrusted leaders. Taking the ruins as a new starting point, we extended our spines. Holding on to gratitude for the openness of the road ahead, we *foetalized* ourselves. Wandering out again on a road that was totally unknown to us, we boasted far too much. Blocking the sun out with our hands, we read a way-marker. Hearing nothing in the silence of those plains except for the shuffle of our sandals in the dust, we came to land's end. Walking amongst caterpillars for a week, we thought of therapy. Doubling back, we

latter dissemination of buddhism the laughter of the cripple the law and the promise the law of burnt offerings the law of karma the law of miracles the law of offerings the law of peace offerings the law of sin offerings the law of the temple the law of trespass offerings the laws of inheritance the lawsuit the lay follower the learned or the wise? the leaves of the lotus are round round rounder than a mirror the leaves the leave-taking from vaisali the lectures the legend of the buddha shakya-muni the legend of the world saviour the lemnian women and king cyzicus the lens of consciousness the leper the lesson of the conch the letters and comments the letters the levitating saint the levite and his

repeated ourselves. Encountering an uninhabited village, we found nothing to eat. Limping over a parched riverbed where a herd of white oxen clustered around a single black bull, we learned we were OK. Leaving one historical period and walking into another, we waded through oceans. Hiding from ravening tigers during the day and from long serpents who slayed travellers like grass in the night, we caught up on reading. Embodying in our journey what was related to the experimental, ritualistic and social dimensions of belief, we needed companions. Purifying ourselves with the journey's austerities, we worked for no payment. Recalling that the Sanskrit word *tapas*, meaning

concubine the lexis and the olive tree the liberated sage the liberating power of devotion the liberating principle the life and work of hafiz the life ascetic the life force will survive the life force the life of the buddha the life of zen master dogen the light is god our maker the limitless love of god the lines the lion roars the lion throne the lion with the steady hand the little children and jesus the little wisdom library the liver compress the living body-mind of the buddha and patriarchs the living bread the living buddha and the tubmaker the living present the living stone and a chosen people the living waters the locust the logician the long road to peace and happiness the long-haired aesthetic the lord calls

asceticism, had a connotation of heat, we unlocked a doorway. Undertaking walks because of a vow, we carried our daughters. Discovering from our own experience that there is only one centre and that centre is everywhere, we lost inheritance. Telling our stories about how the way—if followed far enough—passed out of the known and into the mythic, leading to areas of great danger and reward, we howled like wolf-packs. Sensing how disembodiment followed us all day, we tramped perpetual. Meditating only when we were walking, we loved cartographers. Believing that simply walking on the earth was as much of a miracle as walking on burning coals or walking on spikes or on

samuel the lord is my shepherd the lord is the only god the lord is the only redeemer the lord of stars the lord of war the lord the lord's compassion the lord's courtesy the lord's covenant with solomon the lord's exhortation to the devotee and the devotee's plea for guidance the lord's grace to paul the lord's love for jacob the lord's messenger the lord's modes of action within his creation the lord's prayer the lord's promise the lord's supper the lord's unyielding anger the lorsche pharmacopoeia: the first record of monastic medicine the lost ring the lost son the lotus garden's play the lotus sutra the love of god the love of solitude the lovers of the torah the lovers the loves of minos the lower tantras the

water, we remained each other. Wearing a veil on one shoulder or on both shoulders or around our loins, we longed to take a bath. Walking barefoot, we stopped televisions. Doubting we could ever return, we fertilized the earth. Taking a path to *Nowheresville*, we made love in basements. Stepping over stones picked clean beside the path, we felt the wind return. Waking up more optimistic and taking to the road before sunrise, we questioned who we were. Entering a small village just after dawn to find nothing but shuttered windows and swirling swallows, we became infected. Feeling the first roll of more hills to come, we brought the kids along. Skirting along a fence bordering bald,

luminous lamp of powerful rites the machi exorcizes the spirit
huecuve the madman and the muezzin the madman and the
wrestler the madness of ajax the madness of heracles the magi
the magic box the magic horse the magic powers the maha bodhi
society the maharishi the mahayana position the mahayana
sangha the majesty of god the majesty of god's kingdom the
majesty of the lord the making of the tabernacle the man of god
the man of lawlessness the man who knows the man who slept on
the hardest boards the man with leprosy the mandala principle
and the meditative process the many gifts of green the map of the
human being the mares of glaucus the marred girdle the marriage

sandy ground and tall poles of pine, we knew we were needed. Paralleling an old mud wall covered with moss, we held it together. Noting a conical tor in the distance as it rose above the hills, we drained blood from our shoes. Greeting a familiar peak, bound up with so many memories, whose noble summit towered, roof-like, over the surrounding hills, we were all overjoyed. Lagging behind, we changed citizenship. Sleeping equally well in soft beds or on the grass beside the road, we were liars and fools. Studying the flowers and darkening clouds with nothing to do and nothing to lose, we waited 'til midnight. Returning greetings to a smiling woman, we pondered simple stuff. Finding shelter in

of east and west the marriages of zeus the marrow of zen the marrying maiden the martyrs the masks of god the master imbues his speciality the master of subtle detail the master the masters the masters' reaction to death the masters' response the materialist the maxims of the ancient fathers the mean green meme the meaning of 'look ' the meaning of chakras the meaning of culture the meaning of festivity the meaning of providence the meaning of surrender the meaning of the word 'dharma ' the means of liberation the measurements the medicine man the medium of endor the meeting of father and son the meeting with the five mendicants the meeting with the mendicant the mental

an old town hall which was mainly used as a chicken coop, we got ripped off again. Lying down to rest our feet on the hall's acrylic blankets, we felt love in our hearts. Continuing for several miles upstream and through a gorge, we tried to make it back. Crossing over a land-bridge many centuries before the land in that area had sunk and the tides had begun to carve out the white cliffs which rose in the distance, we begat a nation. Strolling with children to the edge of the village, we knew the moon was right. Realizing there must have been a way up the hill, we couldn't find teachers. Keeping our eyes open in mindfulness and our steps at ease, we trimmed our grey beards short. Stepping lightly, we

processes the mentor worship the merchant the merits of joyful acceptance the merits of the preacher the message of king sakis and the legend of the twelve dreams he had in one night the message of the lanka the messengers of clarity the messiah foretold the metaphor of the chariot the meteora monastery in greece the method of attaining the supreme the method of determining the view: identification of addictive misknowledge the metta bhavana the middle path the middle way school the middle way within the middle way the middle way the migration to egypt the milkman's horse the mind and the world are not separate the mind at the moment of death the mind is like a baby

were the champions. Keeping pace along the narrow shelf of the track with the cliffs rising around us into a low cloud-ceiling and the slope falling steeply below us towards the rush of the river which was now lost in the mists below us, we embraced all jargon. Stumbling on our knees and clawing at rock and tufts of frozen grass, we mistrusted cartels. Wandering easy and full of presence, we delighted ourselves. Refusing to power-walk, we came to X Y Z. Settling into a simple stroll—a pursuit which sat on the happy midpoint between doing something and doing nothing—we recalled our siblings. Following a shortcut which ran straight for miles and miles across the moor and which was lined with pre-

the mind is the cause of bondage and liberation the mind is trained to be indrawn the mind of sages the mind of the ancient buddhas the mind of the way the mind store the mind the mindfulness of breathing the ministry of reconciliation the ministry the minor section the miraculous the miscellaneous koans the miser and the angel of death the miserable mopoke the mission of paul the mission the mode of the great perfection the modern jahiliya the modern world the moment of death and the clear light of pure reality the monastery of mel reflected in the waters of the danube the monastery wall always permeable the monastery the monastic community the monk with sweaty palms

historic barrows, we dreamt over the world. Smelling how wet earth resembled temple incense, we drank some more coffee. Reading a crowded map with features which promised to be of considerable interest, we tenderized morning. Bearing south once more as the sun came up over our shoulders, we merged into oceans. Slipping over the surface of sucking quicksand, we feared for our safety. Striding through a landscape dotted with sarsen stones, much like those used to make stone circles, we heard the birds of youth. Catching our breaths higher up on the moor where prayer flags tied to thin poles lashed in the wind, we waited and waited. Stopping for a mid-morning rest in the lifting

the monk's life the monk's medicine books the monkey-lord the monks and the mouse the moon cannot be stolen the moon is always the moon the moon of silence the moon the moon's reward the moral and ethical teachings of zen the moral effects the moral value of sentiments mentioned the mosquito jataka the most ancient masters the most exciting time of your life the most powerful prayer of all and the highest work of all the most powerful prayer of all the most silent art the most useful trade the most valuable thing in the world the mother goddess eve the mother of god the mother the motor homunculus or 'little man ' the mount athos plan the mountain of the depths the mourning

fog, we practiced our Sanskrit. Shivering after a short rain-storm, we fell into migraines. Finding it hard to believe the plateau was a part of what one of us claimed to be “the hottest region of the old world,” we carried strange info. Walking around a flat space covered in white pebbles raked into parallel rows about one inch high, we lit up the daytime. Taking the five fat buzzards with white under-wing chevrons that followed us as a metaphor or an omen, we played at middle age. Circulating repetitious tunes in our minds as walked on and on and on, we paralleled music. Hoping that our journeys would not just lead to more noise in the world, we loved one another. Thinking it too clever to make a

song of small-lake underneath the mouth of abundance the muhammadan paradigm the mullah’s dream the mullah’s tomb the murder of apsyrtus the murder of iphitus the muslim brotherhood the mutual embrace the mysteries the mysterious ‘aromatic substances ’ the mysterious templars the mystery of love the mystery of monte cassino the mystery of nirvana and the brahman the mystery of the spirit the mystery of the sufis the mystery of the universe the mystery of the void the mystery of words the mystic syllable aum denotes him the mystic way the mystical synthesis the myth of christ the myth of paradise lost the myth of the church the myth of the exodus the myth of the

connection between walking and footnotes, we edited pages. Finding the grotto full of amorous ladies and gentleman, we could not inspect it. Growing hungry, we all felt gratitude. Walking daily in all weathers as a sort of ground or continuum, we invited no one. Registering even the least emphatic occurrences on the way, we shook dust off our feet. Wondering how we could ever measure our journey, we lay on astro turf. Hiking on towards a wild pony that neighed to the north, we found the route had changed. Stepping into sludge that curled up between our toes with each step, oily as butter, we remembered childhood. Slowing the walk as darkness fell, we all salivated.

messiah and his kingdom the myth of the new creation the myth of the new jerusalem and the city of god the myth of the promised land the mythic flood the mythic past the mythological age the mythologies of india the mythologies of the far east the mythology of the old testament the nadis: channel systems of mind and prana the naked intent the names of god meditation and mystical experience the naqshbandi order the narrow and wide gates the nassene document the national teacher calls three times the national teacher's three calls the natural abiding the natural liberation through naked vision the natural liberation the nature and fate of souls who shun the divine the nature of bhairava the

Stumbling along for two miles under the stars, we studied Madonnas. Hoping the church bells rang from our destination, we saw the ghosts of boys. Perceiving things about the path which one of us knew about and another did not, we slept on yoga mats. Turning right along a field of poppies, we gesticulated. Struggling through long, dark, muggy nights and seasons of gloom, we listened to bodies. Revisiting some forgotten thoughts, we learned of secret winds. Slowing our pace in crowded city squares, we smelled barbecue cow. Looking ahead to yesterday's hills, we looped into the past. Ending a cross-country walk without a bang, we thought it meaningless. Walking on a railroad, we

nature of buddhist tolerance the nature of compassion the nature of consciousness the nature of death the nature of dialogue the nature of divine knowledge the nature of experience the nature of god's law the nature of health the nature of jivanmukta—one who rises above nature's qualities the nature of knowledge the nature of lamaism the nature of meditation the nature of nirvana the nature of pleasure the nature of right action: performing all works as oblations the nature of sakti the nature of self the nature of spirit and the spirit of nature the nature of the dharma the nature of the enlightened mind the nature of the ground the nature of the purusha (spirit seer) the nature of the

summertimed easy. Trying to save our last GPS battery power, we got lost on the way. Heading to the trail on a train full of morning commuters, we put grease on our feet. Resting in a public library amongst books our meagre language skills would not let us read, we missed the tumulus. Setting out early with lower back pains, we tried to keep in step. Reacting negatively to sleek animals, we found the way. Neglecting to touch the Cathedral doorway upon our arrival due to fatigue, we took the train right home. Parting from new-made friends who took another route, we heard the darkling sea. Living a sort of border life on the confines of a world into which we made occasional and

rinzai (linji) koan practice the nature of things the nature of truth the nazarenes the necessity of religion the need for compassionate friends the need for discipline the need for initiation the need for inner unity the need for solitude the need of mankind the new buddhists of india the new earth is no utopia the new international version the new jahiliya the new jerusalem the new london buddhist centre the new man the new millennium the new society the new testament of our lord and saviour jesus christ the news from tibet the next four exercises the next generation the niceties of fasting the nichiren school the nidana chain the night follows from the day the night sea journey the nihilist the nine blendings

transient forays, we bowed and doffed our caps. Turning away from the coombe, we hoped to rest assured. Entering a village near two streams of water—one flowing to the right which the locals called the brook, and the other running to the left which they called the river—we conceived of nothing. Sleeping by rivers to purify our ears, we surrendered futures. Lying down alone in a dormitory, we lamented yellow. Shielding our eyes from harsh electric light as it illuminated apples lying scattered and cold on the frosty ground, we heard strange animals. Pointing at hundreds of migrating geese overhead, we forgot to Facebook. Sleeping shallow, we left our earplugs in. Missing our families

the nine herbs charm the nine levels of consciousness the nineteen mouths of tejas the ninety-nine names of god the ninth labour: hippolyte's girdle the nobel peace prize lecture by tenzin gyatso his holiness the fourteenth dalai lama of tibet the noble eightfold path and postures the noble eightfold path the noble eightfold path: right intention right livelihood right speech and right action the noble quest the nobleman the nonduality of buddhahood and ordinary life the nonduality of discipline and licence the nonduality of enlightenment and affliction the nonduality of good and evil the nonduality of matter and emptiness the nonduality of phenomena and noumenon the

above all else, we stopped at the frontier. Replenishing our supplies and purchasing snow boots to walk for another six weeks through the deepest part of winter, we became satellites. Knowing nothing of the ancient rites and practices which the authorities had subdued along that path, we buried our weapons. Becoming snow-hidden, whereabouts unknown, we shouldered wooden skies. Gnashing our fingers with our teeth on an unhappy journey, we held photographs of home. Thinking that the northern forests and steppes would allow for quieter and more peaceful walking and would make it easier for us to undertake research, we became atomic. Losing ourselves when all we could see in any direction

nonduality of quietude and disturbance the non-existence of the obstacles the nothing between the nothingness neurosis the notion of sarupya according to vyasa and other commentators the number of the beast the nuns have placed death in their midst the nyingma school the nyingma-pa the oak tree in the forest garden the oath the observance of the passover the obstacles as factors of dispersion the obstacles the obstruction of non-obstruction the occidental and the oriental hero the oddness and usefulness of humility the offering of isaac the old believer girl the old tea seller the olympian creation myth the omen that worked the omniscience of isvara the one and the many the one

were trees—there were no signposts or waymarks, and one path looked as good as another—we hoped for social change. Discovering that every step was a mere beginning, we clung to our clichés. Finding ourselves completely displaced, we bilingualized. Feeling our boots go stiff and solid as they thumped along the icy ground in time with our walking sticks, we floundered in music. Reading a sign by the path about the shallow, pre-Roman dwelling holes before us, we stayed proverbial. Looking out from the dark of the forest to the sunset glow of a clearing, we stayed quiet subjects. Being totally fucked with fatigue, we tried the acoustics. Reading that the word

hundred and eight negations the one seated on the top lip the one spirit in all religion the one vehicle and the triple vehicle the one-course the one-way pull the oniric knowledge the only one the only sin i know the only son the only woman awake is the woman who has heard the flute the open rock-tomb the opportunity given by a crisis the opposing armies of the spiritual and materialistic forces the oppression of israel the oracles the oracles of troy the order of presentation of the subject matter the order of the sacrifices the orders of priests the ordinary shot through with the extraordinary the orientalist ‘discovery’ of sufism the origin of buddhism the origin of fear the origin of this book the

saunter came from the French *sans terre*, which holds the meaning “without land,” and which is also a contraction of *à la sainte terre*, meaning “to the sacred place,” we needed no passports. Becoming confused by the way’s many detours, roundabouts and zig-zags, we slipped on some black ice. Staying in our tents for a long time while listening to the wind, we curled in the whirling. Struggling through a forest of sessile oak—old woods where the trees crowded in with their maze of roots—we squealed like pink piglets. Hearing the descendants of pre-historic birds, we joined on a love train. Dragging ourselves through ever darker clumps of trees as night came down again, we tried and tried to

original religion the origins and nature of sufism the origins of the buddha the origins of the hebrews the other the overwhelming force of i am the owls and the king’s hawk the ox and the man both gone out of sight the oyster brothers and the shark the pa kua the pacification of the erinnyes the pain-body as an awakener the pain-body in children the pain-body the painted book the paired meditations of sanctification the pairs of opposites the palace of the enlightened the parable of enyadatta the parable of the good samaritan the parable of the great banquet the parable of the growing seed the parable of the herbs the parable of the hidden treasure and the pearls the parable of the host and the

stop. Thinking of our kin with the ten thousand things all hushed and the water gone still with cold on the lake, we wound ourselves right up. Hobbling into the sanctuary of an arboretum with our feet lacerated by blisters, we spurned compensation. Speculating where the complex web of footpaths that covered the country fit into the overall pattern of its development, we signified nothing. Becoming conscious of our decreasing energies, we had it done to us. Reading a sign by the trail marking the point where our steps crossed the meridian line, we couldn't quite place it. Picking our way around the snowy edges of a Zen rock garden, we left nothing behind. Straying from the path, we crossed into a zone.

guests the parable of the lost coins the parable of the lost sheep the parable of the lost son the parable of the magic city the parable of the mustard seed the parable of the net the parable of the persistent widow the parable of the pharisee and the tax collector the parable of the raft the parable of the rich fool the parable of the shrewd manager the parable of the sower the parable of the ten minas the parable of the ten virgins the parable of the tenants the parable of the unmerciful servant the parable of the wedding banquet the parable of the weeds explained the parable of the weeds the parable of the workers in the vineyard the parables of the mustard seed and the yeast the paradox of

Leaving no footprints, we unfolded our maps. Crunching steadily along the icy ruts of a dyke road, we checked the local time. Walking constantly on and on in the same direction, we contributed much. Arriving somewhere at last, we heard a guard yell “Halt!” Calling our destination a shit pile, we were immolated. Liking the fact that it might snow even more, we sported mirror shades. Reading on our maps an enormous number of lesser sites marked by gothic script—cairn, cist, field system, hut, circle, stone row, stone circle, tumuli, settlement—we calmed each other’s qualms. Walking there a few months later, we changed our E.T.A. Finding plenty of places to buy strawberries, we cycled

‘going out yet remaining within’ the paradox of the beatitudes the paradox of the ground the paradox of time the paradox of will the park-spoiling jataka the particularity and pre-eminence of isvara the passing of a master the passing the passion narrative the passion of christ and the persecution of christians the passion plays the passion—the time of suffering the passover instituted the passover kept at gilgal the passover restored the past and future both live in the present the past cannot survive in your presence the patched robe the path and the gate the path is difficult the path of devotion the path of harmony the path of love and inner unfolding the path of the inner life the path of yoga the

AutoPlay. Preferring dirt roads with meadows, we grieved our parents' deaths. Loving pebbles and leaves, we were of several minds. Watching clouds stretch away eastwards, we imagined planets. Creeping closer to the sound of a strange, high-pitched drone, we thought of dark sayings. Researching an alpine goat track at about 3,000 feet, we unfurled our own lack. Deciding to abandon foothill pastures altogether and go straight up a mountain, we rode on higher winds. Keeping the bearing of the river below and to our right, we watched the lights die out. Clinging to a plan that was foiled by unforeseen circumstances which had no real bearing on the matters that were so dear to us,

path to arhatship the path to holistic health the path to liberation
the path to peace the path the path: action the path: entering the
stream the path: meditation the path: the dharma as a raft the
path: vision the pathological ego the paths of yoga the pattern of
buddhist life and work the pay and the work the peace beyond
the peace of the soul and the noise of the world the peace that
passes all understanding the pearl the pebbles and the ghee the
pelasgian creation myth the people of the house the people save
jonathan the people's gifts the perceived cannot be the perceiver
the perception of the madman the perfect devotee the perfection
of wisdom the perilous chapel the persevering yogi ultimately is

we found another way. Deciding to snap our fingers at all the red tape the job required, we eroticized it. Stuffing our maps into our pockets, settling our packs more comfortably onto our tired shoulders, and stepping out from the shelter of a large chestnut tree into the middle of the road, we knotted bandanas. Finding ourselves where every tree and blade of grass dripped and the path shone like a stream, we thought our mother earth. Enjoying the route without being able to identify any birds or trees by name, we spoke no words for days. Being more present in the afternoon—especially with the pines creaking in the gentle wind—we remained curious. Stepping through ancient cities in

victorious the persian period the person is not reality the personalist controversy the pharisees investigate the healing the phenomenology of the body the philistine giants slain the philistines suspect david the philosophical systems of india the philosophy of asana practice the philosophy of the tao the philosophy of yoga the physical aspect the physical practice of tao the physician the pictures the pilgrim meets his starets the pilgrim's journey continues the pilgrim's story the pine whisk the pitiful state of zion the place of beheading the place where the three ways flourish the plant the pleasing inner sound the plot against jesus the plot against joseph the plot to kill jesus the plot

ruins, we carried too much weight. Treading gently on broken fragments of rubble, under which rested the ruins of other cities, still more ancient than the last, we aimed to be women. Leaving lotus flowers to bloom in our footsteps, we found another shape. Preferring the more open areas of the broad-leaved wood with its often rich undergrowth of flowers and ferns, we stood on our shoulders. Being cursed as wankers by the young passengers in a passing car, we witnessed a halo. Contacting mendicant monks, fakirs, academics, dervishes, pilgrims, itinerant musicians, and medieval balladeers, we pressed palms together. Traversing borders that did not correspond to national boundaries, we

to kill paul the plough the poems the poetry of self-emptying the point of no return the point of zazen—after zen master hongzhi the poison sea the pole sitter the polis the poor man's yoghurt the portion of the priests the portrait of edessa the position of the nirodha of the previous sutra and of the nirodha of the present sutra in the theory of the samapattis the position of this sutra in the exposition of patanjali the postural field the potential of the body the potter and the clay the potter's broken bottle the power of compassion the power of i am the power of the mantra the power of thought the power of will the power to choose the practical approach the practical aspect of laya yoga the practice

needed no passports. Trying consciously not to make an imprint on the ground with each quiet step, we must have remembered. Listening to the wind gently shifting through the juniper hedges—a sound whose timbre reminded us of our childhood homeland—we wondered about death. Admiring a stylish woman who offered some food to a homeless man who had been sleeping rough on the pavement, we counted every cent. Rambling without any fixed order or direction, we questioned our lovers. Intending to live like pilgrims and make no use of those contrivances which sprang into existence in a world deluded by money, number and time—and which drained life of its other contents—we saddened

of austerities the practice of centring awareness the practice of cleansing and churning the practice of god purifies the mind the practice of introversion the practice of non-practice the practice of perfect giving the practice of perfect practice the practice of resignation: what to do inwardly and outwardly the practice of the presence of god the practice of the presence the practice of vomiting water the practice recommended by patanjali the practices of yoga and ayurveda: techniques of inner transformation the praise of the twenty-one taras the praises of the falls the prakrilayas (which dissolve in the primal matter) and automatic restraint the pranayamic breathing the pranic body the prayer

in winter. Craving seclusion, we shouted out in pain. Heading towards the tower of a large monastery that was still renowned after centuries as a home for learning, we boasted scholarship. Encountering new sounds from outside the aerial boundaries of our normal hearing, we raged against the night. Reaching the monastery gate where late afternoon sun lingered over treetops, we felt our hearts loosen. Going to bed footsore amidst the howling of the hill-top wind, we grew holes in our chests. Waking up early the next morning amid the chanting of the monks soon followed by the noise of a gong calling us to breakfast, we smiled without strength. Reconciling in our minds and hearts with those

and the nose the prayer of faith the prayer of the levites the prayer takes over the prayers of two men the preciousness of human embodiment the preciousness of our human form the precipice the pregnant woman the preliminaries of 'seeing ' the preliminaries the prelude to realization the present day the present english translation the present is also made up of the past the present sutra and vedanta the present version the present work the price of knowledge the price the priest and the three rogues the priest who fantasized the priestcraft of art the priestly benediction the priestly robes the priestly vestments the priests begin the ministry the priests' offerings the prime directive

with whom we were at odds, we exchanged assumptions. Wandering in those lands to find again the places and peoples of our past, we came forth from the earth. Plateauing out, we twisted our torsos. Encountering other groups of wanderers, we found simple wisdom. Increasing our happiness, we crossed the sculpted sand. Travelling over the great roads with a vast number of pilgrims of all kinds—whom we often fell in with, particularly after the autumn harvest had been gathered—we scrutinized ourselves. Crossing a wooden footbridge covered with dragon-like scrolls and surrounded by pine trees, we raced ahead blindly. Kicking up thick grey clouds as the dust devils corkscrewed

the primordial buddha the principle obstacle to dialogue the principle of buddhism is complete freedom the principle schools and traditions the prison phoenix trust the probable best method of starting dialogue the ‘problem’ of ahimsa the problem of desire the problem of evil the problem of modernization the problem of music the process of detoxification the process of dying the proclamation of cyrus the progressive steps of meditation the promise of a saviour the promise of restoration the pronouncement of chinese words the proper amount of food and drink the prophecies of balaam the prophecy against jeroboam the prophecy concerning maitreya the prophet made dumb the

ahead—always collapsing into nothing by the time we reached them—we found security. Pacing towards, through, and away from church bells, we knew inspiration. Stepping over cracks in the granite filled with pine needles, we longed for our old friends. Using the act of walking to make political statements, we gave a hundred fold. Finding no landmarks in a forest to guide us out the other side, we used dialectics. Finding the language spoken *enroute* incomprehensible, we felt our purpose shake. Wondering why a *ridge* was called a *down* when it was up, we fought amongst ourselves. Thinking we could see whatever it was we were looking for, we were so mistaken. Following the way along the same road

prophet muhammad as mystical exemplar and object of devotion
the prophet of islam the prophet the prosperity of the wicked the
proverbs the psalms and the million recitations the psalms in
english verse the psychic breath the psychic prana the psychology
of goal setting the psychology of the 'three classes of men ' the
publication of the secret the pull of love the punishment of achan
the punishment of korah the pure heart: divine love and gnosis
the pure land of amithaba the pure land the purely mental pure
land the purer mind the purpose of making one's way through
grasses and asking a master about subtle truth is only to realize
one's self-nature the purpose of the universe the purpose of this

as the speeding juggernauts, we found contradictions. Wondering if we were pilgrims or walkers, we remained true spouses. Noticing how different birdcalls sounded to us at dusk—with bells ringing compline further down the path—we never abated. Knowing it was not just *our* pilgrimage but that it was always *the* pilgrimage—a collective effort—we sought out some comfort. Questioning this strange thing called long-distance walking and why we had bothered with it in the first place, we saw someone with wings. Asking for dry bread and a few handfuls of salt to pack our knapsacks and filling our bark jars with water, we knew we had to die. Visualizing a flower opening as our feet touched

book the purpose of zen the purposes of kriya yoga the pursuit of inner purity the pursuit of outer purity the pursuit of the soul the purusha is inactive the purusha is uncreated the quadric order the qualities of food the quality of being the quality of our permeability the quest for an islamic state the quest for the impossible the quest of milarepa the quest the question contains its answer the question of genetics the question of return the questioning mind the questions of king melinda the quickening of st. john the baptist the quiet hero the quietist controversy the quintessence the qur'anic event as the matrix of mystical experience the quran and the prophet the quran encapsulated

the ground with each step, we practiced outside shapes. Resting a moment in an alpine meadow, we supported our heads. Detouring around the area where some of us had been murdered for our sandals and satchels, we lay down in water. Trudging along old drove lanes after dark, we flowed with gentleness. Resting our feet amongst bamboo glades, we came last in the race. Walking the dales, we faced predicaments. Moseying on for half an hour in unfathomable happiness, we saw faces in clouds. Remarking how the river, the rain, and the mysterious forested hills combined to produce in us a sense of nameless anticipation, we took new directions. Encountering another proliferation of

the quran the radio and music the radiocarbon dating of 1988 the rainbow snake the rainbow snakes the rarity of finding liberty and opportunity the rationale of yoga the real and the apparent man the real experience the real goal of life the real miracle the real nature of man the real teachings of the great way the real world the realization of nirvana the realms of rebirth the reason the rebellious son of baiaame the receptive (yin) the rechabites' obedience the recluse's vision the record of master rinzai (linji) the recovery of paradise the red cloud the refinement of mind the refuges and precepts the reign of elah and zimri the reign of orestes the reign of the righteous king the reigns of free will the

pre-historic burial sites, we accepted our fate. Stopping to dry out our boots and eat some figs, we touched beyond our toes. Reading to each other aloud from itineraries, pilgrim diaries, maps and plans, scriptures and sutras, ambient lyrics, novels of the road, guide books, and travel accounts, we were careful pedants. Speaking about different stages of the journey—somewhat similar to the experience of a spiral—we sat on our home turf. Accompanying the rhythms of our feet on the earth with mantras, we resumed our practice. Having no purpose or direction in space or time, we prayed at the sunrise. Meeting no other walkers in the forest, we read all about it. Carrying bags containing prayer

reincarnations the relation between words and meanings the relaxation response the relevance of yoga today the relic the relics of shariputra and maudgalyayana the relics the religion of love the religious framework the religious signification the remnant of israel the remnant the rendering of the text the renunciant vow the renunciation of suffering the repetition of the syllable om the request of james and john the requisites the resistance i faced the resounding echo of the buddha's words the restoration of worship the restraint of mental processes and the method by which it is attained the restraint of the others the restraint of the senses the resurrection and marriage the resurrection body the resurrection

beads, incense sticks, and coins used for offerings, we passed ultimatums. Walking west under the first big summit and north along the river, then west and north again around more peaks and across a valley, we whelmed and over-whelmed. Struggling up a series of switch-backs in 50 degree heat to arrive at a wide plateau—home to goats and the ruins of a castle—we left purgatory. Chanting, we leaned against the cold. Becoming aware of a strange pattern in the landscape, we walked on buried dead. Tearing strips off our ragged coats to tie improvised prayer flags, we restored our muscles. Dreaming insights, we tried to remember. Using plastic knives which we had taken from a café

of christ the resurrection of sri yukteswar the resurrection the return of the goddess the return of the pain-body the return to nazareth the returns the revelation of st. john the divine the revelation of the mystery the revelation of the personal god the revelation of the upanishads: the knowledge of the self the rhinoceros the rhythm of life the rich and the poor the rich man and lazarus the rich ruler the rich young man the riches of tyrus the richness of the celebrations the richness of the spiritual life comes from living alone the rider on the white horse the right degree of moderation as a way of life the right ground plan the right method of worshipping god the right to refuse medical

at the airport departure lounge to cut our cheese, bread, and tomatoes, we shared each other's love. Waking slowly under the arch of a ruined convent, we disobeyed no one. Listening to hoot owls in an oak wood before dawn, we wrapped ourselves in wool. Looking at the northern lights, we misunderstood sex. Plunging back into a forest, we exchanged perspectives. Synchronizing our morning songs to our footsteps, we hid all the handbooks. Stepping on fresh-green oak leaves that had been blown from their branches in a gale, we opened our feelings. Veering west at the foot of a rainbow, we clapped in unison. Perceiving broken-hearted beauty, we all employed collage. Treading on lichen that

treatments the righteous and the wicked the righteous the rights of an apostle the riot in ephesus the rise and development of zen the rise of the pure land school the rise of the two schools the risen christ the ritual of eating the rival twins the river of life the road of flame the road of smoke the road to heaven is through hell the road the roar of the unknown the rock monasteries of cappadocia the rocking bow the roebuck in the thicket the rogue the sheep and the villagers the role of ego in life the role of the hypothalamus the role of the pituitary gland the role of the vrittis the root of samsara the root of the problem the root of the root of yourself the root of war the root verses the roots of islamic law

clung to the rock-shield underfoot, we saw the last few leaves. Wearing out pair after pair of shoes, we were symptomatic. Cursing in our fatigue the dogs who yelped at our feet as we passed—a big change from our state of mind on departing—we lusted after stuff. Valuing the simple joys of a roadside café with an electric heater and the sound of waltz music playing on a tinny radio, we drank out of cartons. Resting while a group of old women dressed in black and white sang to us before falling asleep, we dissolved into love. Understanding the music of rituals on the way but not the spoken words, we gave to charity. Departing revitalized long before dawn, we turned on to orbits.

the roots the rose of baghdad the rose of sharon the round dance
of jesus the royal feast the royal knowledge the royal mystery the
royal reason of relativity the ruby the ruins of the heart the rules
of man the sabbath must be kept the sack of troy the sacrament
of creation the sacred land the sacred mystery the sacred sources
of sufism the sacrifice of breath the sacrificial altar the sacristy in
the monastery of nova rise bohemia the sage the saint and the
essence the saint with two bodies the saints and their bodies the
sakya school the salt of the earth the salvation of zion the san
francisco poets the sandpiper's misfortune the sandy road the
sangha the sangha the sap the scandal of the cross the scapegoat

Hoping that the lights we saw shining ahead might mean breakfast, we hollered to our friends. Imagining two suns—one incandescent green and the other a kind of day-glo orange—we blessed our teenagers. Following heavily wooded lands where the vegetation provided us cover from hostile people, we bought fair-trade items. Keeping to the path instead of investigating a thin white plume of smoke that rose from beyond a hill and grew darker by the minute, we all served each other. Running off the path shouting incomprehensibly as if a zombie dog was biting our heels, we made subtle changes. Becoming fascinated with the sound of a frog hopping into an old pond, we washed all our

the scene the school the schools of tibetan buddhism the science of healing and rejuvenation the science of kriya yoga the science the scope of divine judgment the scope of this sutra the scorpion the scribe in the woods the scripture of the golden eternity the scriptures of tao and taoism the scriptures the scroll and the lamb the scroll of emptiness the sea within the fish the seal of effacement the seal of joy—the kiss of death the seal of non-separation the sealed book the seals the search for the bull the search for truth the search the seasons the second aspect the second book of moses called exodus the second book of samuel otherwise called the second book of the kings the second book of

laundry. Battling on through headwinds, we hid from hillbillies. Passing an exclusive golf club before entering a long avenue of vacant suburban new-builds—all for sale after the crisis and soon to become more ruins along the path—we nudged ideologies. Taking turns without rest, we addled our coastlines. Counting syllables on our fingertips, we returned to our rhythm. Finding ourselves surrounded by raw material, we drank curdled milk. Climbing over the prostrate stems of primitive forest trees, we remained cadavers. Seeking out new worlds, we surrendered our wills. Functioning as part of a much bigger pattern, we were not in control. Trying to find our footing, we became authentic.

the kings commonly called the fourth book of the kings the second census the second coming the second conversation the second covenant tables the second epistle general of peter the second epistle of john the second epistle of paul the apostle to the corinthians the second epistle of paul the apostle to the thessalonians the second epistle of paul the apostle to timothy the second four exercises the second gathering at aulis the second labour: the lernaean hydra the second letter the second pure precept: practising good the second similarity the second week of the exercises the second wycliffe version the secret name of god the secret of arunachala the secret of happiness the secret of jesus

Hearing of the impervious quaking of swamps, we knew what we needed. Finding ourselves attracted to a few square rods of impermeable and unfathomable bog, we took our left foot out. Re-organizing our gear along with our thoughts, we loved root vegetables. Going out for a walk in November with no coat, we remained psychotic. Thinking of weather as part of our temperament, we applied for funding. Deriving more of our subsistence from swamps than from cultivated gardens, we grasped at ancient soil. Covering tender places on the earth's surface, we learned some botany. Standing in quaking sphagnum moss, we swatted mosquitos. Knowing that storms were far more

the secret of the grail the secret of work the secret the secrets of the monks the secular sources the seed of desire the seed of sufi knowledge the seed of zen practice the seen and the unseen the seer the seizure of the fleece the self and its journey the self as transcendental witness the self is the foundation of all the self stands beyond mind the self the self the semblant apparitional body the sense of 'i am ' the sense of nothingness the separation of east and west the sermon on the mount (or the plain) the sermon on the mount: the beatitudes the sermon on the third seat the serpent power awakens the serpent's bride the servant's suffering the servant's will is kept constant the servant's

severe on Jupiter, we put on our raincoats. Standing for a moment by dull red bushes, we watched tropical dirt. Bypassing gardens with borders, we forsook our classrooms. Weaving our steps like words in ropes, we tangled our laces. Separating ourselves only to conjoin again, we forecasted lovers. Flashing on so many images along the way, we held inflammation. Doing as much for the passer-by as the dweller within, we utilized time frames. Rising with our spirits in proportion to outward dreariness, we put things together. Pounding the pavements, we spat out chewing gum. Enjoying a mere 'animal existence,' we tempered the climate. Surrendering to something even more vital, we

willingness the service the settlement in canaan the seven against thebes the seven bowls of god's wrath the seven brothers the seven dhatus the seven factors of awakening the seven factors of enlightenment the seven limbs of tejas the seven limbs of vaishwanara the seven pillars the seven stages of wisdom the seven subtle substances in the kubrawi system of the simnani the seven visuddhis the seven wisdoms of liberation the seventh labour: the cretan bull the seventh seal and the golden censer the seventh trumpet the seventy elders the shadow loves the sun the shaking of the foundations the shambhala lineage the shaming of rainbow snake the shared myths of the one that became two the

trusted everyone. Decaying together, we adjusted errors. Traveling long on the steppes, we dramatized music. Re-entering cultivated lands where agitation, perplexity, and turmoil oppressed and suffocated us, the air seemed to fail us, and we felt every moment as if about to die of asphyxia, we counted up the cost. Recreating ourselves, we sought the darkest woods. Become frank and single-minded in the desert, we just rode the day out. Entering a swamp as a sacred place—a *sanctum sanctorum*—we found nature's marrow. Eating locusts and wild honey, we were anomalies. Surviving as long as the soil wasn't exhausted, we thought it time to go. Following a single straight line one hundred

shari'a and its consequences the shari'a and muslim societies the sharpest sword the sheep and the goats the sheng cycle—support and promotion the shepherd and his flock the shepherds and the angels the shi'i imamate the ship sunk in love the shipwreck the shobogenzo (the eye and treasury of the true law) is a koan the shoes the short-cut approach of k'an-hua meditation the shopkeeper and the law the shroud—a legacy of jesus the shunammite's land restored the sick man at the pool the sick man the sick may be healthy the siddhis the sighted and the sightless the sign of jonah the signatures of the four great domains the significance of human life the significance of vijnanabhairava

and thirty-two rods long through a swamp at whose entrance might have been written the words which Dante read over the entrance to the infernal regions—"Leave all hope, ye that enter"—we sunk up to our necks. Discovering good books written on the prairies, we entered noun phrases. Making darkness visible, we checked barometers. Lighting a taper at a hearthstone, we warmed up the ocean. Finding plenty of the genial love of nature, but not so much of nature itself, we searched for tamarisks. Expanding like buds at the approach of spring, we waited for comets. Yearning for mythology, we traversed hurricanes. Enduring all with the elms, we set velocity. Preparing to add

the silence that changed everything the silent temple the similar character of koans and the bible the simple life the sin and doom of godless men the sin of achan the sing period: a time of maturation the single poetic theme the single stroke of asana the sinking of contemplation itself the sins of eli's sons the sins of elisha's servant the sins of israel the sins of jerusalem the sins of judah the sins of others the siravaka's realization and attachment to the notion of self-nature the sisters denounced the sivananda yoga training manual the six element practice the six emotional disturbances the six perfections the six realms of samsara the six subtle substances in a simplified naqshbandi system the six tastes

more fables, we nuked the trail ahead. Finding the real presence of our goal was more clearly realized when surrounded by nature, we became Romantic. Turning from time to time to watch our shadows lengthen behind us, we improvised bird calls. Fixing shells to our packs or maintaining an image in our minds—the circle, the maze, the happy family, the cross, the tower, the cold beer, the eight-spoked wheel, or in some cases, no image at all—we slept under canvas. Emerging from lands under the sign of the dollar and the ducat—although our purses were never too empty to stop walking—we all ran out of torque. Continuing on towards the vanishing point, we bypassed opinion. Coming into

the six types of persons the six yogas the six-faced mirror the six-phase system the six-rayed tusker the sixteen exercises the sixth labour: the stymphalian birds the sky of consciousness the slave without a master the sleep rhythm of the monks the sleepless saint the smell of a thought the soldiers mock jesus the solitaries the solitude of the cell the soma chalice the son of mount gambier the son of the creator the son of the shunammite the son superior to angels the son the song of amergin the song of solomon the song of the sannyyasin the song of the tree frogs the song of the vision of cutting through to the clear light of the great perfection with the capacity to traverse quickly the paths and stages the

contact with something very clean on that trail, we returned prodigal. Passing a field of dying sunflowers with their grey faces drooping towards the ground, we feared another night. Smelling the air, dark with rain, we strove to never yield. Wondering if we would remember a stand of pine when we are too old to walk, we lost drive with music. Noting that olive trees rustled more gently in the wind than any of the other trees growing along the path, we dappled a brindle. Watching our breath shine in the beam of our head torches before stopping for a simple breakfast of green apples and cheese, we hastened extraction. Sitting amongst the tiniest yellow flowers, invisible from standing height, we inverted

song of zazen the sons of abraham the sons of helen the sons of hippocoön the sons of pandion the soul and its different bodies the soul defined the soul garden the soul is at home in god the soul is one with god the soul qualities that make man godlike the soul the souls of the just are in the hand of god the sound of one hand clapping the sound of one hand the sound of the bell and the seven-panel robe the sound of water in the ears of the thirsty the source of chi the sources the sovereign god the sovereignty of god the sowing of meanings the spare room the spark the spear with the stingray spines the special love the spectacular the speculative element the 'speech' of the silent jesus the sphere of

bodies. Visualizing a herd of mastodons that lumbered along the hilltop, we saw jewels in a net. Continuing west across a plateau of sodden earth to find an enormous wooden cross surrounded by small cairns of stone, we used the pause button. Dropping many sorrows and worries, we learned to speak Hebrew. Descending towards tall smokestacks that emitted grey fumes around the perimeter of an enormous city, we idealized sky. Coming upon a stone spiral laid in the sand, we read our manual. Finding ourselves temporarily stumped by the detours of a construction site, we played gospel music. Keeping the sound of the local river on our right as a way-marker, we turned up the

the enlightened the spiral of compassion the spiral out the spiral path the spirit of depth the spirit of impermanence the spirit of poverty the spirit of solitude and freedom the spirit of truth as the subtle body of christ the spirit the spiritual discipline of the bodhisattva the spiritual exercises and a zen sesshin the spiritual exercises of st. ignatius the spiritual leader the spiritual life the spiritual maxims of brother lawrence the spiritual origins of haiku the spiritual process of attaining enlightenment the spiritual surgeon the spiritual teacher the splendid rapport between master and disciple the spontaneous dzogchen mandala the spread of buddhism the spring of the milk of grace the

volume. Entering the city later that morning to visit its celebrated cathedral but soon leaving the temple's so-called *fear of emptiness* décor behind, we farted in public. Passing out through the city's walls, we chased after the wind. Arriving on the high plateau which would surround us for the next few days, we used local knowledge. Stopping to offer kind thoughts and prayers for the well-being of inmates held in a penitentiary on the outskirts of the city—so close to the wide open space of the plateau and yet so completely cut off from its healing winds—we gained intonation. Taking in a landscape that seemed more black and white than colour, we found heartbreak passage. Spitting swarms

stability and the restraint the stages of yoga the star of the king
the stars the starting point the starting point: a personal
perspective the starting point: ignorance the starting point:
initiation the starting point: karmic acceleration the state of
presence the state of receptivity the state the statements the
steadfast love of god the steed of the mind the steps of koan
practice the sterile woman the stick the stingy artist the
stockpiling of deadly drugs the stone mind the stone of heaven
the stone robe the storm the story of king resplendent the story of
shunkai the story of the bodhisattva medicine king the story of
the leopard tortoise the story of the little salt doll the story of the

of miniature flies out as they stuck in our mouths, eyes and hair, we cleaned our teeth with twigs. Walking enshrouded by morning fog with each of us living silently in our own little psychological compartments, we remained onlookers. Finding the church doors of some villages locked—although their walls and towers provided us with all the information we needed to proceed—we washed faces and hands. Beginning to wonder if the constant impact on our feet and legs and minds was good for our health, we dropped crumbs for field mice. Limping, blistered, covered with flies and plagued by wasps and other unknown insects, we avoided violence. Locating rest in a pilgrim's hospital, we smoked

mustard seed the story of the wine and dagger the straight path the strange agony of success the strength of humility the stress response the striking of the clock the string game the struggle between the self and the ego the struggle for truth the study of sufism in the west the subject matter of the sutras the subjugation of a ghost the submissive wife the substance of mind the subtle state the subtle tantric psycho-physiology of birth and death—the channels drops and winds the successor the sudden school and the gradual school the sufferings of the present time the sufi call the sufi is a liar the sufi orders: mastery discipleship and initiation the sufi tariqas the sufi who called himself a dog the

in the boy's room. Stopping in a downpour to consult our maps under the roof of a chapel's porch, we wrung out our wet socks. Dealing with multiple horizons, we found an old fresco. Running down a busy road between cars after dark, we thought laughter healed us. Paying our respects at a shrine, we slumbered together. Smelling the stale waters of an unused canal, we found ourselves suspect. Singing the old familiar chants as we walked in silence, turning them over and over in our own minds—we changed our names again. Resting under a long row of weeping willows that hung over a canal's tow path, we sat among the Real. Hobbling on with songs in our head, feet wrapped in bandages and pain

suhrawardi order the sujata jataka the sun and moon stand still the sun salutation the sunni consensus the superiority of spiritual practice the superiority of unformulated truth the super-logic of the fool the supremacy of christ the supreme is beyond all the supreme science of knowing god the supreme secret the supreme spirit beyond the perishable and the imperishable the supreme swan the supreme value of faith the supreme the mind and the body the sura of light the surrender to the lord and detachment the suspense the sutra of innumerable meanings the sutra of knowing the better way to live alone the sutra of meditation on the bodhisattva universal virtue the sutra of the great decease the

killers running through our veins, we envisioned taxis. Watching our lengthening shadows swing behind us to point west, towards the end of the world, we gave away clear hints. Noting for the first time that maple leaves had started to turn rusty, we passed the literal. Crossing a pedestrian footbridge over a motorway to encounter another city spreading out below us—its borders reaching towards the far mountains that we would need to cross in the days ahead—we fell into shadow. Repeating ourselves because our insights were shared, we heard it all before. Reaching the end of the vast plain at last, we found it uncanny. Joining another ancient way towards the west, we sang a canticle. Rising

sutra of the lotus flower of the wonderful law the sutras the swimmer the sword dance the sword of the lord the sword of zen the syllable aum the symbols the tabernacle is set up the tabernacle set up at shiloh the table in the refectory of the monastery of marienau the tale of the bedouin and his wife the talk the tantric guru the tantric path the tantric practitioner the tao of pooh the tao tsang the task of 'seeing' the task of fazwel-rabbi the task of the hero the taste of banzo's sword the tathagata variously designated the tathagata-garbha and the alayavijnana the tathagata-garbha and the ego-soul the tattooed lion the teacher and the disciple the teacher and the dog the teacher of

early to take a quiet route into the city, pace by gentle pace, we all remained lo-fi. Coming across an enamelled casket whose soul of wood was covered with eighteen golden badges, we became lay preachers. Meeting two brothers who joined our journey—the younger one was blind while the older one held his hand to lead him along the path—we sung antiphonal. Making up our minds to travel on foot through the unspoiled and relatively little-known eastern regions—desert in the south, mountain ranges in the north—we lay amongst stardust. Returning from poverty to an abundance of everything we wanted, we fucked and fucked and fucked. Thinking of the desert as more than a country and

the high priest the teacher the teaching career the teaching of the tathagata the teaching the teachings of haiku the teachings of the essenes at qumran the tea-master and the assassin the techniques of meditation the technological imperative the telchines the telephone occupies a rather unimportant place in the convent the temple cleansed the temple gate the temple of annamalaiyar the temple tax the temple the temptation of jesus the ten bull pictures the ten commandments the ten grave precepts: wisdom mind the ten lost tribes of israel the ten oxherding pictures with commentary and verse the ten oxherding pictures the ten sefirot the ten undeclared issues the tenth labour: the cattle of geryon

something geographical, but as something that was everywhere and nowhere, we were essentialists. Realizing that our individual personalities were illusory constructs, we hopped our perspectives. Ordering our experiences non-sequentially, we braided our long hair. Losing ourselves as not all paths were signposted and the ways were by no means always clear, we dumbed down the discourse. Pointing to the fact that the necessity of our journey arose because of the importance of separateness to sacredness, rather than because journeying was initiatory, we hummed a twelve-bar blues. Responding to the hail of an Imam outside a mosque, we washed ourselves in sound.

the term sufi as a prescriptive ethical concept the terror of tomorrow the test of abraham's faith the test the tetralemma declared meaningless the tetralemma the text the texture of reality the texture of reality: faces and expressions of space-time the theme of the mandukya upanishad the theologian the theory and practice of dzogchen the thesis of no-birth the thief who became a disciple the thief will enter the third aspect the third book of moses called leviticus the third conversation the third council the third epistle of john the third labour: the ceryneian hind the third letter the third point the third pure precept: actualizing good for others the third similarity the third week of

Returning to camp to get our spears and woomeras and then setting off by foot to look for kangaroo, we matched internally. Hearing that coiled dragons awaited us there during the spring renewal, we paid tax to Caesar. Backtracking to find the lost path again, we lined-out the stanzas. Setting foot on the land towards which our expectations had grown so great—another false lead to pin our hopes on—we mourned the dead forests. Believing the discontinuities of our shared perceptions would lead us closer to our goals—both on a relative and an absolute level—we danced to thumping beats. Proceeding to the necropolis for the death ritual where the ground felt springy with human ash underfoot, we

the exercises the thousand years the thousands the three 'lower' tantra levels the three aims of zazen the three angels the three aspects of noble wisdom the three aspects of the soul the three baskets the three beings the three blendings during death the three blendings during sleep the three blendings during waking the three bodies of the buddha the three body mentor yoga the three components of the human body the three components the three deaf men and the dumb dervish the three doshas the three essentials of zen practice the three forms of knowledge the three forms of svabhava the three functions of the perfected man the three great feasts the three gunas and mental nature the three

followed difficulty. Carrying our five tools and some yams with us, we drew on resources. Circumambulating a city of the dead and holding it in our minds as a great mandala, we outnumbered ourselves. Moving away from that place as a group of wandering lamas crossed our path, we craved clear integers. Losing all sense of continuity in order to reach our destination, we relished absurd tales. Recalling a strong disorder of perception that caused illusions of the spirit as well as of the eye, we did it *staccato*. Crossing a wilderness where the way was full sandy, we encouraged slackers. Taking our hats off in the shade so the cool air could dry our scalps, we only laboured part time. Obtaining

impurities and the five limiting factors the three incisive precepts the three jewels the three liberations the three modalities of awakened doing the three modes of humility the three modes of nature the three modifications of citta for samadhi the three most gracious the three pillars of ayu the three principal aspects of the path to enlightenment the three principles of the path segment the three principles of the path the three principles the three progressive stages of meditational experience the three refuges the three rhythms in postural practice the three signs of being the three stages of buddhism in india and beyond the three steps in emancipation from the birth-death duality the three steps in the

victuals, we fled a tradition. Passing on foot through the desert, we romanticized heat. Putting on the habits of religious mendicants, we lost our currency. Visiting celebrated temples and throwing ourselves from a perpendicular height of four or five hundred feet to be dashed to pieces on the rocks below, we produced odd outputs. Scrambling back up on all fours from rock to rock amongst the purifying power of the sands of a desert that remained empty with no one to share its stories, we searched out exponents. Carrying stones with us to make lime for the building of a church, we secured a small niche. Coming across the slaughter signs of a fox—feathers strewn across the path—we deconstructed

understanding of the cross the three strands of spirit the three svabhavas the three yearly feasts the threefold gate of hell the threefold path: ethics the threefold path: meditation the threefold path: wisdom the threefold tensions the throne in heaven the tibetan buddhists finally arrive the tibetan pantheon the tibetan world and its creators the tiger swami the tiger's prey the tile and the iron pan the time of the end is the time of no room the time of the end the time to realize god is now the time-being the tomb of jesus in srinagar the tomb of moises in kashmir the tongue the torment of separation the torments of the hells the touchstone the tower of babel the tradition of the mantra i the tradition of

dust. Arriving at the same place once again, we almost left the path. Being born into the family of the walkers, we knew about bluebells. Describing some walks which we took ten years ago—in which we were so blessed as to lose ourselves for half an hour in the woods—we stumbled over roots. Trying simplify our heavy loads, we took a break on top. Running over hot sands with water drawn from a sacred stream, we forgot how to lie. Smiling while walking, we liked low dynamics. Becoming more aware of the breadth of the sky, the angle of the ridges falling away, the geometry of a desert thorn curling in on itself like a wicker ball, and the trace of bright cobbles beneath the white salt surface of

the mantra ii the train the training of concentration the training of mora conduct the training of wisdom the transcendence of the doctrine of the voidness the transcendent 'it ' the transcendental eightfold path the transcendental mind the transcendental state the transference of merit the transfiguration the transformation of all things the transformation the regeneration must begin with you and not with another the transitory nature of life the translations of pravrtti and of visayavat of bengali baba woods and hauer the transmission history of the lanka the transmission of baraka the transmission of the tantric tradition to tibet the transmuted body of the yogi the trappist abbey: matins the

the sands, we blurred our own edges. Coming to a well, we drank from a bucket. Finding ourselves on a path which the map showed as heading straight and true with no junctions and diversions but which in reality turned out to present choices every few hundred metres, we painted our faces. Starting to look and feel like tramps, we stared right through spectrums. Dribbling the last of our sacred water onto the sand, we worked the neglected. Coming upon an oasis, exhausted by the labour of crossing so many dangerous places with such horrible names as Children-Desert-Parents or Parents-Desert-Children or Dog-Denying or Horse-Repelling, we went to bed early. Being uncertain about our

trappist cemetery—gethsemani the traveller and the tiger the traveller the treasury of wish-fulfilling gems the treatment of servants the tree of life the tree of life the tree of yoga the tree unaware of its state the tree-alphabet the trellis the triad the trial before felix the trial before festus the trial of judas the trial of orestes the trial of peter the tribes reconciled the trip dharma trip sangha trip the triple muse the triple refuge the triumphal entry the true church the true ecumenism the true guru the true nature of health the true nature of matter and spirit body and soul the true nature of space and time the true path the true self the ‘true’ jesus in islam the trumpets the trunk the truth about joy and

location and if we had returned back to the same place more than once, we were self-reflexive. Speaking a word for absolute freedom and wildness, we opened our mouths wide. Meeting with but one or two persons who understood the art of taking walks, we forgot the relics. Deriving our model from idle people who roved about the country in the Middle Ages and asked for charity under pretense of going *à la Sainte Terre* (to the Holy Land) till the children exclaimed, "There goes a Sainte-Terror," a Saunterer, we were made wonderful. Having no particular home, but equally at home everywhere, we all started again. Seeking the shortest course to the sea, we put on our warm gloves. Coming

sorrow the truth of things the truth that is within you the tunnel the turin shroud the turning back the twelfth labour: the capture of cerberus the twelve apostles the twelve basic asana the twelve links of becoming the twelve nidana the twelve nidanas the twelve principles of buddhism of the buddhist society london the twenty-four guru of the dattatreya the twin verses the two classes of imprints the two egos the two jihads the two loyalties of europe and the levant the two lying prophets the two ogres the two queens the two realities the two rings the two servants of jahweh the two silver trumpets the two truths the two thousand six hundredth birthday of buddhism the two ways of india and the

around again at evening to the old hearth-side from which we had first set out, we tried to keep our peace. Returning never, we entered caverns. Knowing that if we were to die on our way it would only be the fulfilment of providence, we collaborated. Resting quietly in the shade of a date orchard and listening to a villager sing to himself while watering his trees, we released the background. Asking in the nearby bazaar for some fresh orange juice and for a place to sit in the shade, we downplayed tone colour. Compiling travel notes which included references to the wind, the sun, and the rain, as well as to the sounds of nature and of humans and machines, we were too cerebral. Strolling around

far east the two witnesses the twofold egolessness the twofold truth the tyranny of materialism the ultimate futility of intellectual learning the ultimate object the ultimate point the ultimate prostration the ultimate semblant clear light the ultimate swindle the ultimate truth the umbrella of mental impressions the unbelief of the jews the unborn and beginningless beyond form and conception the unfed dervish the union of opposites the unitive nature of creation the unity of body and soul the unity of buddhism the unity of knowledge the universal christ the universal monarch the universal philosophy of yoga and ayurveda the universe and body like a mandala the universe within the

in the cool of the evening and looking at ancient ruins while a group of women dressed in saris, bangles and flip-flops repaired a brick wall, we went ethereal. Regaining our strength, we packed our tents and pots. Making our bodies express the desires and beliefs of our souls, we loved unpaved roads. Abandoning everything, we found all importance. Picturing ourselves dressed in coarse rags with a leather wallet and staff, we radiated hope. Keeping pace with each other, we saw light shining. Expecting to proceed in sombre silence, we made observations. Beginning again each spring when the days grew longer, we consulted music. Surmounting and descending innumerable red-soil rises,

universe: shell and kernel the unjust the unknown is the home of the real the unknown life of jesus the unknown myth of buddhism the unreality of phenomenal distinctions the unshaped one the upside down tree the urgency of transformation the use of the light the uttermost being the vairagya as a means to obtain nirodha (restraint) the vajradhara guru the vajrasattva mantra the validity of jesus' testimony the valley of dry bones the value of a desire the value of chanting the value of contentment the value of ego the value of personal direction the value of questioning in grief the value of repentance the value of the gifts the value of truth the value of yoga the vanity of human pleasures the vanity

we dedicated time. Drifting apart when we reached the rough sandstone expanse of the Badlands, we collapsed recent fears. Adapting a religious form—the pilgrimage—to carry political content, we bathed in holy wells. Bargaining for last-minute supplies in the rumpus of the bazaar, we reproduced process. Thinking perhaps we should join in with some of the many pilgrims preparing to walk the way to the holy mountain, we created a whole. Living on the support of the people we encountered during our wanderings, we followed ox-droves. Trudging on with red clay hardened around our ankles and veils which were so poor that in fact they were nothing but rags, we

of idols the vanity of life and riches the various states of consciousness related to the waking state dream state and deep sleep state and their background the vedic age the vedic connection the vedic myth: the cosmic vision the vedic revelation the vehicle of specific attributes the veils of luminous darkening the vengeance of orestes the venom of awakening the verse the via creativa the via negativa the via positiva the via transformativa the victory of the sons of light the view from kanazawa the view of self the viking era the vine and the branches the vine the virtuous woman the vision behind the gaze the vision of god the vision of mosul the vision of the temple the vision of unity the

sought dispossession. Immersing in conversation on the way only to return entangled by words, we featured bigger brains. Pausing at the foot of broad steps leading up to a portal, we swallowed chemicals. Crossing a nine-span cobblestoned bridge, we wrote childlike arrays. Carving a considerable network of footpaths across the land before any settlers arrived, we stayed pluralistic. Loving gentle paths through shady groves, we inherited traits. Understanding the difference—not just between discipline and technique, but between a labyrinth and a maze—we treaded clarity. Writing an inexact schema about the uncertain stages of the way that had to be passed through and integrated

vision precedes the gaze the visit of the magi the vital upsurge the voice of happiness the voice of the sound of one hand the voice on the head the voice within the voidness of the conditioned the voidness of the unconditioned the voidness of voidness the vows made by nuns and monks the vows to save all sentient beings and the perpetuation of the way through sustained practice the vulture the vulva song of inana the waking state the wall dedicated the wall of jñanesvar or the nakedness of ‘what is ’ the wandering in the wilderness the war inside the warning the watchers of the dead sea the watchman’s duty the water is calling the thirsty the water of the water the water scroll the water we seek the water-

before moving on, we crossed low-lying land. Regarding widely separated map contours, we pronounced them dull. Heading towards the place where the relics were kept, we indulged fantasies. Hoping that our footprints bore only the marks of peaceful joy and complete freedom, we flowed a steady state. Walking through the thickets of a jungle, we used stunning odours. Continuing a conversation even though our plan was to walk in silence, we might have gotten close. Hoping to walk through deeper and more rapid fields of contrast, we set a sonic frieze. Picturing bare brown ridges stretched across our path as far as we could see—they were long and steep and confused, and

melon hunter the waters of styx the waves of existence the waves of spiritual existence the way in which they bring their teaching the way of buddhas and masters the way of delight the way of emptiness the way of heroes the way of intuition: forgetting all techniques the way of intuitive wisdom the way of release from the cycles of rebirth the way of spirits the way of tea the way of technique when a beginner: practice your scales! the way of the buddha is intrinsically accomplished and perfect the way of the cross the way of the fool the way of understanding the way of vision the way out of pain the way to take nice food fine clothes and gay companionship when these come in the natural course

the trail wound up and down and around them, mile after mile, hour after hour—we all felt like softies. Crossing straight over a field towards a large oak tree then over a stile, we turned each other on. Beginning again just north of a new church with poor acoustics, we displayed accidents. Calling our findings God or presence or Being or leaving them altogether nameless in the ecstatic stillness of our walking, we gazed at each other. Following a clearly marked ridge on which stood a row of the oldest yew trees in the area, we wondered what to give. Confusing drones with random events, we troubled the normal. Knowing that the compass was not really the most trustworthy of all navigational

the way to the realization of a universal religion the way to the way the way you live is the way you die the way the ways of love the ways of the buddha the way-seeking mind the weak and the strong the weird of the gods the well the western buddhist order the western buddhist spiritual quest the western transmission the wheel of energies bound in their source the wheel of life and death the wheel of life the wheel of sonic energies the white goddess the white gown of the goddess the whole experience the whole life the wicked reign of manasseh the wickedness of mankind the wickedness of sodom the widow's offering the widow's oil multiplied the wilderness journey the wilderness of

aids, we souped-up our senses. Coming across the charnel of a hospital, where the living were wont to put the bones of the dead, we spread out the gene pool. Taking the first turning on the right which led towards a black pit, we watched a blur approach. Increasing our daily kilometres, we sold meagre numbers. Listening to the path itself in order to short-circuit our need for control, we almost made it across. Opening up to something rare, we re-tooled objectives. Hearing of wonders just beyond the horizon in a land with plenty of bread, wine, milk and cattle, we attempted answers. Taking the time to refasten our straw sandals, we explored some causes. Bolstering ourselves up by singing

sin the will to live makes man re-live the will the wind scroll the window of the soul the winds the winning of merit and the oriental praise of doctrines the wisdom of the desert the wisdom of the philokalia the wise and foolish builders the wise and the foolish the wise and understanding and little children the wise man the wise men's star the wish-granting prayer of kuntu zangpo the withered fig tree the witness as the midwife of the spirit the witness of the spirit to the spirit the witness paul the witness remains the woman and the beast the woman and the dragon the woman at the well the woman who changed into a kangaroo the woman who married a caterpillar the woman yogi

about wanderers who had crossed the threshold of another world, we all resonated. Wearing cassocks under our backpacks although this garb was really no help at all, we survived completion. Washing our feet in cold water and drying the sweat out of our woollen socks, we knew uncertainty. Crossing the earth's darkest spot, we felt extra lonesome. Stumbling on hoof prints and dung, we heard the great learning. Looking out for spindle bushes—whose presence would indicate an ancient track way—we encompassed life spans. Escaping incarceration, we exhausted nuance. Sharing terrain with insects, we crossed water meadows. Turning left under a 14th Century arch, we crossed millenniums.

who never eats the womb the wonderful catch of fishes the wooden devil-devil the wooden horse the woodland mass the word becomes flesh the word of god is a two-edged sword the word of life the words of agur the words of king lemuel the work of god the work of the father the work of the holy spirit the workers are few the world community for christian meditation the world is illusory the world of resurrection the world regained—as dream the world we live in the world the world's body the world's navel the world's religions the worshippers whom the father seeks the wound in the side and the potent drink the wrath of achilles the written the year of jubilee the yearly meeting of the

Bypassing the northern route, we headed straight across. Scoping out the next day's starting point, we wobbled around town. Noting, we looked for other ways. Considering the variant levels of civilization in the lands we passed through, we reviewed our own past. Stomping through clover on the shoulder of a busy road, we valued positives. Asking the locals where the hexagonal lanterns of love were kept, we queered our narrative. Learning that our guidebook had misdirected us once again, we yelled profanities. Wondering what it would feel like to abandon walking for public transport, we challenged ideas. Eating supper from a plastic bowl in a small room across from a Romanesque

religious society of friends (quakers) in britain the years 1946-1951 the years in the wilderness the yeast of the pharisees and herod the yeast of the pharisees and sadducees the yoga aphorisms of patanjali the yoga of action the yoga of knowledge the yoga of love the yoga of tears the yoga of the christ in the gospel according to st. john the yoga of the cross the yoga of the doctrine the yoganas the yogasutra of patanjali the yogasutras the yogi cautioned the yogi says the yogi the prince and the sufi the yogi the yogi's experience at the time of death the yogic art of right action that leads to infinite wisdom the yogic disciplines the yoke of religion the young man of nain the young men's buddhist

church, we lost criteria. Editing our notes for clarity, we got all muddled up. Buzzing with excitement with the other passengers as our ship entered the port, we scanned the shore for trails. Ordering longer coffees, we rested in the sun. Singing *nous sommes du soleil*, we all loved when we played. Supporting ourselves on the packed-down sand at low tide, we left grand narratives. Eating a breakfast of rice pudding, fresh bread with apricot jam—all served with a large bowl of coffee—we asked our hosts for more. Finding the long slog across the beach too tiring, we turned our steps inland. Replenishing our supplies at a corner store, we re-adjusted weight. Dawdling, we found walls hard to

association the youth of heracles the zen centre the zen of pop the zen teaching of bodhidharma theft analogy their respective attainments their respective tasks and the question of the ordination of relics thematic key to the yoga sutras themes for solitary contemplation then the angel was sent from god theological knowledge veils the eyes theology theoretical aspect theories about sufism theories concerning the real origin of the sect theory and practice of zazen theory of actions (karuna) theory of the samapattis theosophical speculations therapeutic applications therapeutic index therapists essenes and nazarenes theravada buddhism i: the three signs of being theravada

grasp. Looking for the turn off, we inhabited shoes. Meeting no one on that road, we continued lonely. Writing postcards to friends and family, we tried ancient beer. Hoping our hand-washed socks would dry out overnight, we reinforced water. Clipping the edges off our maps to save weight, we noticed obsession. Tearing pages out of our faulty guidebook in frustration, we overdetermined. Stopping to rest beside a modern farm house, we heard wooden wind chimes. Lying down with our sore legs elevated, we loved our silver shoes. Checking our bearings frequently, we remembered ourselves. Smelling wood smoke as we entered a hamlet, we were bitten by dogs. Straining

buddhism ii: the four noble truths theravada buddhism iii: karma and rebirth theravada buddhism iv: the noble eightfold path theravada buddhism v: the four paths and the goal theravada buddhism there can be no peace without love there is an active principle there is neither high nor low there is no death there is no natural religion there is no tree of enlightenment there is no way not to adapt there is not much difference between the two there must be well-established customs therese neumann—the catholic stigmatist of bavaria these methods of attention and prayer theseus and medea theseus and the amazons theseus in crete theseus in tartarus they appear they are all gone into the

our eyes in the Cathedral's amber light to inspect a case of relics, we left normative ways. Hearing the first notes of waves spilling over trees, we knew the beach was near. Finding a crack in everything, we stopped a long day's walk. Gazing on a wide and beautiful landscape made up of wavy distances of woody hills with a nearer prospect of undulating expanses of green lowlands and the shining curves of the river, we became characters. Coming across a huge range of things, we studied the crossroads. Proposing surplus circulations, we forded shallow streams. Dematerializing, we found our route useless. Acting as guides, we checked directions first. Huddling into a subterranean passage

world of light thigh affusion and running in the dew things seen by the shaman karawe think neither good nor evil think of yourself as immortal think thinking of a monk of flower summit on mount t'isen-t'ai third letter to the zen priest iguchi third time wandering to cloud sluice peak thirsting after heaven this alone is true this applies to all applications this body is a rose this is meister eckhart from whom god hid nothing this is my body this space this task this too can be a desert: a track through a field near the monastery this too will pass this useless heart thoracic breathing thorns in the path of yoga those returned from captivity those who are at peace with themselves will also find peace with

that descended gradually to a remote place in the valley, we limited our form. Facing oncoming traffic, we stepped onto the sward. Tumbling through space, we extended margins. Losing for a time the secret of all localities, we wandered round cloisters. Hearing no birds sing, we stopped in withered sedge. Labelling a decade as “free time” on our CVs, we skirted a college. Passing the overgrown plague pits, we missed the way-marker. Handing off news of our process and our progress, we ate butter flapjacks. Wandering back and forth across the sub-continent since the age of fifteen, we got somewhere at last. Asking if we could plug our phones in while we had lunch because our GPS apps took lots of

others those who know cannot tell those who live in harmony with nature are looking after their health those who long to leave the world and practice buddha-nature should study zen those who love can come to truth those who sealed the covenant those who worship the externals those with foreign wives thou and i thou art there thou art thou thought and consciousness thought and love thoughts and ideas thoughts of emptiness thoughts sitting breathing three ‘dharma poems’ three approaches to self-realization three aspects of pranayama three buddhist kings three candidates three characteristics three classes of food three days more three drum poems three forms of the will-body three

battery power, we confirmed advantage. Watching our shadows grow shorter before us, we heard some Arabic. Trudging with clay feet, we entered solitude. Obtaining badges en route, we thought everyday thoughts. Stepping on tiny yellow maple leaves, we were all swept away. Knowing the toll-gatherers were not allowed to take money from us and the ferrymen were not supposed to charge more than one *obal* to take two of us across—providing we could afford to pay—we stayed disconsolate. Heading into dark pine woods where even the beams of the sun could not penetrate, we valued the advent. Interpreting that bit as a total Neolithic track-way, we made abrupt changes. Plodding

grades of action knowledge and character three grades of spiritual practices three great obstacles on the path three kinds of disciples three kinds of faith three kinds of giving three kinds of martyrdom three kinds of mendicants three kinds of preceptor three kinds of the paramitas three levels three magic events three men in a furnace three milestones in a woman's life three modifications in matter three patterns of worship three pious egoists three qualities inherent in cosmic nature three quechua poems three steps three teton sioux songs three visions three visits to a sage threshold of light throat lock through macedonia and greece through self knowledge there is right thinking which is

on beside a church made from stone the same colour as the ground around it, we broke the primate mould. Tottering on in the heat toward the border without a penny, we wanted evidence. Creeping silently by the sleeping guardian of a mountain pass who was known to leap like a wolf on all travellers who were not his kinsmen, we required resources. Reminding ourselves at a stone burial chamber of the antiquity of that route, we extended decades. Rambling about a mile to a beaver dam, we revolved among suns. Resting by a pool of water under a row of tál trees—under which was a natural spring—we confused our stages. Going on and on, we burned brain energy. Knowing we had to get outta

revolutionary and creative throwing away everything throwing yourself into the monster's mouth thunderbolt/spontaneous psychic attitude thus i hear thy word is very pure tibet and the lama tibet since the chinese occupation in 1950 tibet: the buddha and the new happiness tibetan book of the dead tibetan book of the great liberation tibetan buddhism tibetan meditation schools tibetan pilgrims tiger practice tight effort time and eternity time and reality time for learning time of practice time to die time to rest time timelessness of a moment timothy and epaphroditus timothy joins paul and silas timothy's encouraging report tips against dizziness and weakness in the morning tips and tricks in

that part—it was a bummer around there—we embraced trivia. Dawdling to the south, we coloured our notebooks. Setting our compasses, entering the scrub, and taking our bearings from trees glimpsed vaguely in the blankness, we multifaceted. Finding ourselves blown by cold winds under aged oaks, we feared our own phantoms. Feeling frustrated when we encountered similar areas—to the point where they were almost indistinguishable from each other—we just kept on going. Leaving father and mother and brother and sister and wife and child and friends and never seeing them again, we all just ploughed ahead. Fancying ourselves knights of a new, or rather an old, order—not

monastic life tips for a good sleep tissue tit for tat tithes titus sent to corinth titus' task on crete to a dying man to a man from kumasaka to a monk in shobo hermitage (at his urgent request) to a nun to a would-be dervish to accept one's own weaknesses to be a believer to be a sufi to become a monk to bodhidharma to change the metaphor to clutch at madness to come out of the position to concentrate on oneself to die the great death and be born again to donate or not to donate to experience truth to find our life to go through life realistically to help human goodness grow to know one's faults to know that you do not know is true knowledge to know what you are find what you are not to know to

equestrians or chevaliers, but walkers, a still more ancient and honorable class—we were far too clever. Spending four hours a day at least—and it was commonly more than that—sauntering through the woods and over the hills and fields, absolutely free from all worldly engagements, we found quiet summits. Setting out on a walk when the shades of night had already mingled with the daylight, we saw snowdrops in bloom. Following half a mile of climbing mainly through oak and hawthorn, we lost our timetables. Wondering if it was alright for us to break our legs while walking if it meant that the path would lead us away from pure practicalities, we heard grassland expand. Living until our

lord hanuman to lord nakamura governor of aki province to lose and find the self to my first teacher to open the eyes to papaji to polish a tile to reach the degree of truth to sage patanjali to see the false as the false to seek for the jewel to take a step without feet to the abbess of shinryu-ji to the chief musician al-taschith mitcham of david to the chief musician al-taschith mitcham of david when saul sent and they watched the house to kill him to the chief musician on neginoth maschil a psalm of david when the ziphims came and said to saul doth not david hide himself with us? to the chief musician upon jonath-elem-rechokim maschil a psalm of david when the philistines took him in gath to

feet were worn out with walking and then dying, we stayed in the open. Walking outside with bare feet, we required more skill. Coming at last to a garden that was crossed and re-crossed at right angles by numerous paths with rows of plantain and other fruit trees on each side, we played self-consciously. Urging ourselves to continue our efforts to reach the traverse, we ploughed our energy. Enjoying the early-autumn sunshine as it slanted down through a row of planted pine, we felt imaginary. Filling our canteens and dropping in a couple of water purifying tablets before heading west—away from the temples—we mobilized systems. Crossing a little river, sluggish as the

the chief musician upon mahalath to the chief musician upon shoshannim for the sons of korah to the chief musician to the chief musician a psalm of david when nathan the prophet came unto him after he had gone into bath-sheba to the chief musician maschil for the sons of korah to the church in ephesus to the church in laodicea to the church in pergamum to the church in philadelphia to the church in sardis to the church in smyrna to the church in thyatira to the god of fire as a horse to the good thief to the layman ippo to the monastery to the nun furusawa to the prince to the terminally ill to the yogis of past and present to understand oneself one needs enormous pliability and that

circulation in a dying man, we believed rapture. Spotting another city's walls in the distance and pushing on towards their crenelated towers, we longed for completion. Dropping down beside the current of a briskly flowing stream which led to a region where land and water seemed to merge into each other, we sensed our eardrums glow. Wondering in our isolation if we were the only people left on earth, we sang at low volume. Cherishing our scrips and staffs as tokens of our endeavour, we were buried with them. Noting how the old way had still preserved a singular air of loneliness, even with its proximity to a nearby city and to the villas of the wealthy, we could foresee our deaths.

pliability is denied when we speculate in devotion in action in knowledge to walk the path to ward them off to which pravrtti does the present sutra refer? tokusan carried his bowls tolai songs tolerance exemplified tolstoy and the kalmyks tomb of bawa muhaiyadeen tongue lock too-obvious principles tosotsu's three barriers tosui's vigour total dissolution total helplessness and facelessness total mind total restraint total surrender totality and inevitability of 'i am-ness' totality of perception and the four noble truths totality of the terrain and the prannic plough toto vaca touching the patchwork robe toward a different order of reality toward a theology of love towards a new scriptural

Walking through the industrial outskirts of a city, we found much interest. Letting no single day pass without practising walking meditation to clarify our perceptions—we lost our imbalance. Heading towards the horizon along a glowing track made neither from water nor land, we hunted and gathered. Agreeing with a philosopher that walking was good for thinking, we held fossil records. Suggesting that walking was also good for mindlessness—a cherished state of being—we distributed hymns. Passing through suburbs to hear an unfamiliar roaring increase in volume and discovering it was the furnace of the municipal crematorium, we skirted to the east. Getting inside the city to

hermeneutics towards true happiness tozan gets sixty blows
tozan's three pounds of flax traces on the cloth trading dialogue
for lodging tradition and adaptation traditional construction and
translation of the sutra traditional interpretation of pravrtti and
visayavat traditional interpretation traditional origins traditional
religious taoism traditional structure traditional zen spirit
training the mind and body to become one training the mind
trance of restraint trance of revelation tranquillity transcendence
in everyday life transcendental vision transcending birth and
death transcending dualism transcending dualistic relativism
transcending karma transcending our limitations transcending

lose our way briefly in a shopping mall, we locked in a circle. Consulting our guide book, we took an *ad hoc* route. Approaching the city centre to see tridents, prayer-mills, yaks' tails, and flags on poles, and to hear the jangle of cymbals, the ringing of bells, the incessant beating of big drums and gongs, and the braying at intervals of six-foot silver horns, we functioned normally. Transmuting, we found satisfaction. Believing that there was a subtle magnetism in nature, which, if we unconsciously yielded to it, would direct us aright, we ate from plastic bowls. Reducing our expenses, we slept in sculleries. Hoping to take that walk, never yet taken by us through this actual world, but perfectly

the gunas transcending the sensory world transform the world through meditation transformation transformative bodies of the buddha transforming illness into enlightenment transforming spiritual crisis into awakening transforming suffering into peace transforming the little self (ego) into the divine self (soul) transforming the mind transiency is proof of unreality transiency translated from the greek translated out of the original greek with the former translations diligently compared and revised translated out of the original tongues and with previous translations diligently compared and revised translating zen poems translation and commentary on the sutra of knowing the

symbolical of the path we loved to travel in the interior and ideal world, we sipped our herbal tea. Finding it difficult to choose our direction because it did not yet exist distinctly in our minds, we soaked our underwear. Bending our steps towards wherever our instincts decided, we egged each other on. Heading southwest toward some particular wood or meadow or deserted pasture or hill, we pleaded for mercy. Fusing into each other, we learned from promises. Pressing on with hot wishes, we dared not speak aloud. Singing songs about perpetual change, we sent out many signs. Ducking under the jumbled electrical cables and unreadable signs that hung over the cobbled streets, we compromised

better way to live alone translation of smṛti translation of the real according to levels of subjectivity and objectivity translation of the real through the three filters of the nervous system language and our personal history translation of the term samapatti translations and interpretations translations versions and the scripturalization of poetry translator's note translator's preface transmission lineage and thought transmission of the teaching transmission of zen transparence transparent body visualization transparent body travelling in order to arrive travel—with and without a vehicle treasure of the true dharma eye treasure treasures in heaven treasures in jars of clay treasury of songs

nothing. Stopping at a little shop to ask for some salt to go with our bread, we set an example. Searching for the trailhead to begin again, we stayed unspecific. Feeling the wind behind and seeing the path ahead, we wrote quiet sonnets. Doubling back on nothing, we rewrote our journals. Looping up through suburbs on the other side of town and strolling through a meadow below a flatiron cliff before ascending some hills, we heard from distant friends. Keeping to the path down a short way between a hedge and a communication station before passing through a wooden gate, we rubbed arthritic joints. Cleansing the way, we snuck across borders. Discovering the larger cycles of life and myth

treasury of wish-fulfilling gems: a textbook of universal vehicle precepts trials and temptations triangle tribute from my guruji triggers tripping over joy trishul triyana vardhana vihara true but partial true friends true knowledge and ignorance true nature true obedience true penitence and holy living true reality true reformation true religion true renunciation and true yoga depend on meditation true worship trust in god not idols trust in god not wealth trust in the lord trust—the highest prayer truth is here and now truth truth: relative or absolute truthful speech truthfulness try and find a good companion try anything once tsong khapa's medium-length transcendent insight tsong khapa's

represented in the twists and turns of the path, we trained the younger ones. Drawing closer to an ancient landscape, we formed our perfect shapes. Resting in a bee-loud glade, we thought in spatial terms. Coming across a crucifix carved into the chalk downs beside our route, we saw tiny photons. Leaving the path for a score of yards to look around and see all about us high waving grasses in which the path was hidden and then going off hastily in what seemed the right direction for a couple of minutes and then changing our direction again, we were lost forever. Moving slowly forward on our knees, we knew our bones had thinned. Camping out or put up by almsgivers, we found

praise of the inner yama tung-shan ling-chieh turning for help to a higher power turning the wheel of dharma turtle oyster and whale tuscan retreats twelve kura songs from tikopia twelve spies sent to canaan twelve steps for meditators twelve stones as a memorial twenty eight mountain poems twining vines twists two ailments two analogies two and a half tribes sent home two asian letters two aspects two blind men receive sight two burials in john's gospel two characteristics of self-nature two classes of the icchantika two cosmologies two different ways of dying two for the god aia two immortals two incorrect paths one incomplete two kinds of the buddha's sustaining power two kinds of wisdom

intelligence. Staggering on in the falling dark, we listened to echoes. Walking unshaven, we foraged large ranges. Wearing leggings and scarves, we all remained naïve. Walking slowly but with more endurance than big men, we celebrated clouds. Heading off-piste again with our legs nettled through our jeans, we equalized our loss. Entering an area of arbitrary sights, smells and sounds, we spun through many tones. Wondering if our journey had established unseen links between zones of experience, we articulated. Taking first an excellent poplar-lined road followed by a road without shade, we left our polemics. Standing on frost in the shadows, we loved our body fat. Feeling

two monks rolled up the bamboo blinds two of the maharshi's disciples two penniless boys in brindaban two philosophical creation myths two poems for all-hollow's eve two reeds two sorts of rue two stories two streams of the mind two thousand five hundred and twenty seventh birthday of the buddha two thousand years of christian pilgrimage two types of modifications two verses on polygamy two voices two wings tyche and nemesis tyndale's translation types of mantra types of stress types of zen and other practices typhon u. s. journals 1962-1963 ujjayi pranayama ultima thule unaffected by the world unaware unbelief of the jewish leaders unbinding unchangeableness and

the ground to be a little bit squelchy and the air a little bit cool while black clouds came upon us, we lost ourselves in text. Sitting in the dust while the sun set and the call to evening prayer began, we cast off opinions. Taking just long enough to catch our breath, we stopped making babies. Sauntering through a barley field at dusk while the cool of the night came down, we wanted stones to breathe. Ambling down a jungle track festooned with creepers and vines, we became batteries. Reconfiguring, we spread our narratives. Appearing as something unknown on the road, we wondered to what end. Suggesting to each other that the *path* had presented us with discontinuous walking experiences in

detachment unclean issues from the body under the earth
understanding karma understanding leads to freedom
understanding stress understanding suffering and controlling
the mind understanding the language of creatures understanding
the mind understanding the ultimate principal of reality
understanding with the head and understanding with the hara
understanding zen understanding undistracted undivided
activity unfaithfulness reproved unfold your wings unhappiness
unity and separateness unity and union unity in diversity unity in
god unity in the body of christ unity universal and individual
consciousness universal enlightenment universal good universal

order to short-circuit our rational and pre-conceived thought processes, we almost disappeared. Finding it impossible to list the origins of our surviving tracks although each route was developed to serve a particular purpose, we focussed the untapped. Wondering again about our central research question, we materialized sound. Knowing that not all paths were created equal, we ate our stale bread. Shifting perspective, we began our worship. Remarking that many lanes had their own charm and individuality and wondering what that individuality might mean to each of us, we kept our goal in mind. Climbing to a hill-top meadow—a place where a local legend claimed that the spears of

responsibility and the good heart universal responsibility in daily life universal responsibility universalizing style unknowing unless a seed dies it bears no fruit unlimited friendliness unmanifest dimension unminding unmon says ‘you have missed it!’ unmon’s dried shit stick unmon’s shit stick unobtainability unobtrusiveness unreal and real unreal city unremitting effort in the highest progress unremitting effort is the highest purpose unresigned people who are full of own-will unsatisfactoriness unsurpassed untold suffering unusual expression unusual recipes unwise folk upadesa upanishadic description of tejas upanishadic description of vaishwanara upanishadic kriya yoga

warriors had once bloomed with leaves— we saw the pink moon rise. Editing our journals, we copied each other. Being, we added non-being. Exhilarated by fast traffic after trudging for so long on silent hills, we savoured honey comb. Looking down from our vantage point on the hill-top to a village cross and a temple standing squat and dusty at the end of a thin dirt path through a weedy little park, we lost all transmissions. Fording a swollen river with the water almost over our heads, we abandoned numbers. Evolving specific geographies, we crystalized proverbs. Guided by images, we expected something. Relaxing beside a dilapidated shack, only to find a bloated corpse stuck floating in

upanishadic views of the self upon looking at mr. ran's last words upon the infant martyrs upward facing dog urbanization and its effects urgency and impermanence useless suffering and disbelief using and relinquishing negativity using the blessings in the path usual criteria for leadership don't apply uzza touches the ark and dies uzzaiah's prosperous reign vajra repetition vajra vajrasana group of asanas vajrasattva meditation vajrayana of tantric buddhism vajrayana value of loving-kindness vanity variable and 'constant' karma variations (for advanced students) variations of the bow variations of the cobra variations of the crow and peacock variations of the fish variations of the forward bend variations of

a small eddy of the current below us, we interfered little. Climbing all afternoon up a steep incline with the river receding far below as flies congregated around us while military helicopters practiced their manoeuvres overhead, we engaged with process. Encountering a series of arbitrary shifts in geography, we used poetic feet. Huddling together in an empty quarter of the desert bearing the colour of eternity where our path was paved only with sand, we let sounds be themselves. Trudging through afternoon heat towards a poet-saint's tomb where women wearing blue and white linen headscarves shouldered us out of the way, we came to a full stop. Speculating about what these

the headstand variations of the plough variations of the shoulderstand variations of the triangle variations to the routine various treasures of tibetan spiritual culture various types of yoga various views of impermanency various views of nirvana vata vedanta and dhyana vedic culture vedic tradition of yoga veena vegetarian vehicles of styles of buddhism in india veneration of the true doctrine veneration verification of the literary materials by direct contact with sufism verses from the sanskrit dharmapada verses on four forms of explanations verses on no-birth and causation verses on reality and its representations verses on the alaya-ocean and vijnana-waves verses on the

discontinuous topographies might signify, we interfaced with mud. Struggling at the ford because of large stones hidden just under the surface of the water, we all oscillated. Intending our journey to be a protracted research exercise, we studied antique plots. Carrying devotional manuals, we often retraced lines. Agreeing that we all missed our families and wondering if they missed us too, we hinged on subtle gates. Treading on ground that grew more and more unsound, we hailed the clouds at dawn. Poking our fingers or toes through the path and its surroundings and through each other, we forgot our details. Becoming constellations of walking molecules, we called it pilgrimage.

alayavijnana and mind-only verses on the citta parikalpita
paratantra and parinishpanna verses on the faith mind verses on
the triple vehicle vertical and horizontal vertical depths vespers
vicarious salvation vicissitudes of inflation and depression
vicissitudes of justification and the new birth victories over the
philistines vietnam journals 1964-1966 viewing peach blossoms
and realizing the way views and awakening views on
momentariness vigour vijnana-vada and madhyamika schools
vikalpa lacks a material correlate villain victim lover viloma
pranayama vipassana meditation vipassana through enquiry
discrimination and analysis vipassana virilization virtue and

Spooling away with the road underfoot, we loved *Rioja* wines. Offering our best wishes and hopes for peace to all who walked—may they be well, may they be happy, may they be free from suffering—we set up signal paths. Producing a long list of relics to visit, we took the central road. Seeing how the path ahead shined clear and white in the moonlight and following its course as it paralleled the Milky Way, we broke down weariness. Strolling endlessly through that dark night, we visualized factors. Believing that it was a narrow little path that led to life, we trusted directions. Withdrawing our attention from the outside world to a greater extent at night than during the day, we followed

enlightenment virtue and knowledge virtue virtues and opposing vices virtues vishnu imagery vishuddhi chakra vision and illusion vision in the tantra of mastery vision in the tantra of skilful means vision of a man vision of creatures vision of dhamma vision of god's glory vision of the candlestick vision of the cherubims vision of the four beasts vision of the four chariots vision of the ram and goat vision of the son of man vision of the yoga upanishads vision of visions: the lord reveals his cosmic form visions and spells visit to katagiri roshi visualization exercises visualization vital points: the guardians of sakti vitality stimulating breath vitality vive la difference! vocation voice of

conviction. Lying on our backs under low-lying clouds that hid the stars from view, we knew just what to do. Coming to a very important psychological hump, we stopped to write this note. Singing “that path is for your steps alone,” we used hawk-eye vision. Walking mostly after dark and spending our days sitting in the forest reading aloud to each other, we hoped to keep going. Overhearing nightingales sing to the moon and weary of the emptiness of the surrounding hills, we wondered where to go. Freeing ourselves from dependency on the division between daylight and darkness, we ate more kilometres. Moving at an archaic speed on old pilgrimage and trade routes often

the karaw voice void only vows that can't be kept completely but can be constantly repaired vrtti pranayama vrttis—objective and subjective vyasa's commentary waiting for the yeast to rise waiting three days waiting upon god waiting waka poems wakefulness wakes and vigils wake-up sermon waking up wales walk on 'not wondering ' walking a tightrope across a chasm walking in the light walking walsingham walter hilton—'know yourself ' wanderer wandering days wanting: the need for more war against the benjamites war and peace war and the prayer for peace war between israel and judah war between judah and israel war god's horse song i war god's horse song ii war in heaven war

inaccessible to cars, we developed difference. Reading a sign by the path about sink holes and black muck, we investigated. Longing for the distant mountains, we evolved principles. Navigating across the barren hills before us with black and yellow way-markers, we built up mental tone. Noting how far south we had come but thinking that all information about place should be kept private, we made friends with weather. Avoiding traces by wading through streams, we were not refugees. Passing through the villages shown on our maps, we often translated. Toiling up and up past ranks of dilapidated shops to cross a motorway and enter a quiet patch of scrub fringed with encinas trees, we felt our

is a mind-set war years warning against anti-christs warning against falling away warning against false teachers of the law warning against gluttony warning against idleness warning against idolatry warning against immorality warning against refusing god warning against unbelief warning to pay attention warning to rich oppressors warning to zedekiah warning warnings against disobedience warnings and encouragements warnings from israel's history was jesus an orthodox jew? was jesus entombed live? washing of the intestines washing off the surface self washing the nostrils washing waste and effort wastes watch your mind watchfulness watching and praying water and

muscles wane. Wondering which direction to take when the faded image of a saint frescoed on to the only surviving wall of a ruin raised his arm and pointed to the left, we reduced the complex. Following a group of sadhu who were quietly walking along another path about twenty feet below us on such invisible projections of the rock that a child's foot could barely have found room to rest, we always knew our end. Fearing we might betray the path by speaking about its exact location, we shamed ourselves with lies. Clambering up and up to find ourselves on moorland above the clouds, we stuffed ourselves with sky. Hearing we were all vatta deranged—that our Ayurvedic

wine water from the rock water waves of emotion in the ocean of tranquillity wayfarer ways of lying down and different kinds of congress ways of practising ways of surmounting the obstacles and reaching the goal we accept everyone! we all sit in god's classroom we are alive we are his crown we come and we go we do not visit kashmir we help ourselves not the world we live in two orders we possess the mind of christ we shall never be lost we shall not be overcome we should talk about this problem we tend to be too hard on ourselves wearing your own culture and environment like a baggy suit welcome to the convent welcome to the monastery well done good and faithful servant well well-

constitutions were being blown here and there like ships with too many sails and not enough rudders, we shrouded our dark names. Turning away from regulations, we threw guns in deep lakes. Finding that simply following footpaths—especially those which used stiles, kissing gates and other barriers to vehicles and animals—we did not go gentle. Soaking in rain for about two days on the steppes as the road turned into a mire so that all of our legs sank into it and we were barely able to walk, we psychoanalyzed. Being mocked as usual by unbelievers or blessed by priests who invited us to be their guests, we shaved our eyebrows off. Laughing with the children who enthusiastically

known ryutan wesley as psychologist wesley on repentance wesley's stages of spiritual development western mysticism western training western zen what about mind-benders? what about our environment? what about our nation? what about race relations? what about sex and marriage? what about the church? what about war? what am i? what and who what are some of the qualities we would expect to find in the eckhartian vision of creation? what are the vrttis which are able to be converted into pra-vrttis? what are you doing! what are you saying! what church is the 'true church'? what comes and goes has no being what did they say? what do the scientists say? what does it mean that i

joined us, learned our songs and saw us depart with tears in their eyes, we left humming their rhymes. Listening to an old woman who showed us forgotten monuments, we split our intentions. Unable to reach the end, we sang “this is the end.” Lodging in a filthy place with rough straw mats spread out on an earthen floor, we woke at 4 AM. Taking short fast steps and keeping our attention on our feet, we left our families. Thinking that the footbridge was unusable due to the mist that rose around it from the river, we scratched skin conditions. Noticing a power which he had not thought about previously on our way, we uplifted our steps. Singing psalms and canticles as well as favourite hymns—

have this car? what fasting does for you what fasting has to do with love what fell down penis what fell down vulva! what happens at the summit what happens what is a dignified death what is above and what is below what is an ‘appropriate word?’ what is an asana? what is and what should be what is astanga yoga? what is awareness? what is born must die what is buddha? what is compassion? what is death? what is duty? what is eckhart’s understanding of who jesus christ is? what is hoped for what is identity? what is it about the invisible power of faith? what is it all for? what is jesus to us? what is kongen the origin of mu? what is life? what is love? what is meditation? what is

especially those which had a direct reference to the events which the places we passed through had witnessed—we hydrated again. Rising as the ground began to rise and become covered with small pines, we zoned-out conceptions. Knowing we would only accumulate more frosty hairs on our heads as we approached the higher regions, we hiked up up and up. Crossing paths with a young man who told us that he understood what it was like to be a stranger in a strange land, we stayed counter-culture. Trailing a narrow road up a valley between banks of dripping moss, we avoided the crowds. Loving the pure bracing air and the proximity of glaciers, we lifted our sternums. Making a pleasant halt in the

meditation? what is mysticism? what is prana? what is prayer? what is pure unalloyed unattached is real what is real evidence? what is reborn? what is samadhi? what is sickness telling to me? what is soul? what is sufism? what is tao? what is the deva sect? what is the dharma? what is the sharpest sword? what is the soul? what is the sound of one hand? what is the way? what is this sutra? what is to be what is true learning what is virtue? what is yoga? what is zen? what is what kind of warrior? what looks after you what makes us healthy what man really knows what manner of man is this? what mary was doing what monastic medicine has achieved what monks and nuns recommend to remain healthy

clearing before resuming the severities of the journey, we caught up on our sleep. Needing good eyes, sure feet, and very strong heads to avoid sliding down the precipice at the first false step, we all stopped downloading. Knowing how harsh winter conditions can be, we could no longer care. Travelling alongside of eternity, we broke our spectacles. Knowing that any help would be quite out of the question for the ledge was only two feet wide and none of us could walk side by side with another, we passed a final test. Departing on a virtually uncharted and unknown journey, we answered the question. Finding it was a funny type of day—humid, neither cold nor hot—we just kept walking on.

what must be taught to various groups what must come what our lady was doing when the angel came what passes over? what shall i be? what shall we do? what sufism teaches what suzuki actually taught: lassaw's notes 1954-57 what tan acharm maha boowa meant to me what the bible teaches about god what the bible teaches about living in god's family what the bible teaches about sin and redemption what the devil said what the wise do what to do and what to have done what to do in a fainting crisis what to do on missing god who is in hiding what to do on your day of relaxation what to do upon someone's death: a checklist what to do with dharma teachings what to expect what will he

Treading the earth as firmly as possible, we tripped in the vortex. Passing that way often, we went through paper towns. Entering a circular temple, we danced around it. Stepping over the first lizard of the day as it scuttled by under our feet, we loved our solitude. Cutting around the earthworks of an Iron Age fort, we applied our thinking. Strolling through the orchards of the garden county beside the rows of caravans set up for immigrant workers, we stood for firmament. Taking paths as we found them, we surmounted a guess. Trying to get there as quickly as possible to put an end to this crazy adventure, we sapped our idle strength. Going lightly through holly, we remembered movies. Relying

find? what yoga offers what you should know for practising zen
what's not here what's the point of a great deal of knowledge?
whatever pleases you keeps you back wheel when a man and a
woman become one when a single flower blooms it's spring
everywhere when acting disturbed no longer bothers us when
avicenna met abu said when can it happen to me? when cooing is
royal silence when death is not death when disaster strikes when
does this birth take place? when fasting we open up the windows
of our heart when hare heard of death when in the soul of the
serene disciple when moderation and the middle way are disputed
when others are wrong i am wrong when sand suffices when the

solely on drawings which served as our guide, we loitered for some hours. Making out the rocks that marked our trail in the fog, we lost our apathy. Going astray easily, we told too many tales. Drawing our route on a map in pencil, we left gender behind. Stopping at the shadow pond—so called because it was thought to reflect the exact shadow of any object that approached its shore—we were brought to love. Walking at low tide on silver water across a path that extended without apparent end to our north and south, we harmonized circles. Crawling on our bellies across a fallen log which spanned a deep chasm and avoiding looking down and thinking to ourselves *there's only the log*,

rain beats on the pear blossoms a butterfly flies away when the stove is out when the wind blows through the willows the downy seed-balls float away when to worry when you are emotionally disturbed when you face things alone when you have attained your self-nature you can free yourself from life and death when you have freed yourself from life and death you know where to go when you practice zen upward (step by step) every step is equal in substance when your house is burning warm your hands whence came the title? where buddhism begins and why it begins there where did buddhism spread? where does the life force go after death? where does this birth take place? where i am no one

there's only the log, we fell under a spell. Remaining on the move so no one knew who we were, we did not want to lose. Travelling in our thousands on well-worn routes to the great centres of our culture, we knew successful ice. Escaping, we set ourselves a stage. Spending our entire lives on a single walk, we were total phantoms. Surprising ourselves at how different a walk could be going in the opposite direction, we threaded an oak row. Coming from the west where an ancient track way produced the most direct route, we found ourselves in a pub. Dying when fire swept through our camp, we made a large traverse. Arriving safely to receive sustenance, we ate in a church porch. Washing all the dirt

can come where i sit where is god? where is god's dwelling? where is history heading? where is this absolute purity to be found? where is this meeting point? where is this universal man? where it went where the leopard may lurk where yoga can take you where you can find your liver wherever you are be there totally which 'god' should be worshipped which bears truth in or with itself which do you seek—appearance or reality? which is better—serving in the world or seeking wisdom in seclusion? which is my half? which way round is right which way round? while sick while walking i ride the water buffalo whispers of love white who am i? who are the great enlightened ones? who are you and what do

from our bodies in a river, we organized our gear. Returning along the path through the jungle, we heard the wind abate. Finding no way to get out of the other end of the wrong field, we prayed first and cast lots. Wearing medals or amulets about our necks in the hope of a safe journey, we soaked our leather boots. Waking up early among wild garlic with some resonance left over from the previous day's uphill battles to hear the first unknown birdsong of the day, we were exhilarated. Tottering along the crumbly ramparts of a Roman hill fort, we met up with old friends. Walking slowly, we ended forever. Hearing our water bottles gurgle in our packs with each footstep, we found delight

you want? who is god? who is he? who is man? who is nisargadatta maharaj? who is she that rises like the dawn rising who is that? who is the experiencer who is the greatest? who was jesus? who was moose? who were the three wise men? who will be the greatest? who you think you are? who/what is being birthed? who's a buddhist? who's got the pearl? who's who whoever is not against us is for us wholeness and holiness whose servant am i? whose son is the christ? why a bishop can never live like a carthusian monk why are we responsible? why are you milking another? why ask me? why be cruel to yourself? why be good? why believe in karma? why camels have no wings why curlew

in lanes. Taking information in with all of our senses to understand the landscape as much as we could, we remained particles. Recognizing symmetry between different tracks, we broke our legs and wept. Gazing longingly towards the West, we never cut our hair. Setting off again, as usual by foot, we organized our skin. Wading through a river to a large pool where a nearby tree with a hump on its back was known to tribes for hundreds of miles around, we used *ostinato*. Remaining plotless—without boundaries—we heard ambient sounds. Strolling through a valley filled with the songs of Victorian nightingales, we *cornucopiaed*. Basking in a blissful state, we wanted our ending. Keeping to the

cries plaintively at night why do good? why do we fear death? why does a catholic priest practice zen? why does god allow suffering? why doesn't religion simply go away? why don't you? why forty-nine days? why funeral services? why god often lets good people be prevented from doing their good works why god often lets good people people who are really good be prevented from doing their good works why i did that why i meditate why is activity a necessary part of the path to liberation? why is it that a man of great strength does not lift up his leg? why is it that the crimson lines of a clearly enlightened person never cease to flow why is mount ro high and mount an low? why it is interesting

forest paths and back roads, we sometimes lacked the means. Taking a track on the left at the side of the second bungalow, we found no other way. Wondering if we should take the left-hand road, we sang call and response. Striding through a hum of bees about to swarm, we stopped calculating. Encountering crosses that had been placed every thirty meters along the path for as far as we could see, we tried no self-deceit. Passing defence pillboxes that pointed south through hickory sticks, we took no photographs. Speaking to each other on that vast plain yet understanding nothing as our words seemed to drift off into the sky, we entered middle age. Heeding how the waterfalls and the

why log truck drivers rise earlier than students of zen why meditate? why meditations on death? why practice and renunciation are central why sacrifice life to death? why shouldn't they mourn? why the dervish hides himself why the dervish was at court why the dog could not drink why things go wrong and bearing up under adversity why true humility helps us achieve calmness and find ourselves why we meditate why we need a 'saviour' why were the disciples astounded? why women are closer to enlightenment why you should start fasting gradually why? wickedness of the men of gibeah widening the circle: buddhism and american writers of colour wild man events wild

torrents mingled their din, we sang a quiet song. Finding no progressive movement, we threw away our clocks. Increasing our excitement and expectation, we saw indications. Stepping under the faint hum of pylons, we pissed onto the frost. Running through a clear-cut forest straight to the sunset, we tuned our instincts. Wondering what it would mean to walk without moving anywhere, we emulated stones. Speed-walking without looking much about us like people trying to shorten the way with some intriguing train of thought, we thanked the unspotted. Tracing the path as it wound up into cloud, we hoped for slower wrath. Daring to pass through the sands, we earned *compostelas*.

utterances willed thoughts willingly or unwillingly? wine cellar in the abbey of st. hildegard wine or whiskey? wings of desire winter night farewell wiping a buddha's ass wisdom and folly wisdom and the means for attaining wisdom wisdom from the spirit wisdom is everlasting wisdom is god's gift wisdom is not accumulation of knowledge wisdom is not tao wisdom wisdom compassion and skilful means wisdom—the intellectual body wise householders with a distinguished spirit of chivalry with a great price with body and soul with cuts from old chinese ink-paintings with empty hands i take hold of the plough with its mental processes destroyed with knowledge with mahatma

Following the narrow path, we cleaned mud from our shoes. Crossing a river atop the tail of a giant tortoise before we could reach the land of eternal life, we loved the old stories. Continuing into a little wood and across a patch of heath (now used as a car park) and up a steep slope to a church, we remembered prog rock. Crossing the gentle arch of a footbridge carved from a single piece of granite, we entertained nothing. Knowing that we would never have to descend again into any more valleys or stop by a waterfall for a drink or follow the road for a quarter of a mile until we arrived at a market cross or wander along a deep path where the cicadas had not yet started keening, we did not move a step.

gandhi at wardha with pity not with blame with the commentary of sankaracarya with us withdrawal from the women withdrawal withdrawing the mind within this tree without knowing i am one who dies missing the mark without suffering witnessing the body-mind as the veil of consciousness witnessing wives and husbands wives for the benjamites woe on unrepentant cities woes on various offenders woman is a ray of god women acting men women admitted to the order women and family women and the shari'a women in social and religious life women of jerusalem warned women of the royal harem and one's own wife women colonialism and the family women's mind wonder

Bidding the faint shadow of the mountains a last farewell, we tried to be kinder. Listening to the ambient music of footpaths again, we felt it run through us. Chaining ourselves to the ground with a stream of urine, we left theatricals. Kicking through autumn leaves, we owed them everything. Taking much longer than expected to arrive, we stayed indifferent. Veering off the road at a gravel alternative, we chose the lower ground. Passing a dilapidated and unused airport, we walked a softer path. Clearing the suburbs, we crossed a wet pasture. Glimpsing for the first time the last mountain range of our journey, we left the meseta. Striding away from small talk, we all defecated. Coming to the

wondering delight in god wood word made flesh wordlessness words and realities words cannot express truth words from seven magic songs words of christ in red words wordsworth's endless way and the tao of zen wordsworthian capaciousness and zen emptiness work and relaxation work in the posture work on the temple resumed work on the temple stopped work work: every task counts working everything out evenly working time working zen works inward and outward work—with and without ego world civilization world conference of religions world war ii and the interpolation of cultures worldviews worship in the earthly tabernacle worship of the golden image worship with the body

realization that every building we encountered had its own unique personality, we drank from tiny cups. Crossing three more river beds, we gorged on chocolate. Hearing a dead cornfield rustle in the autumn breeze, we could sense the truth. Passing spray-painted graffiti stating that “everything’s false,” we crossed a Roman bridge. Thanking the kind old monk for speaking with us, we listened to crickets. Scaling the mound of stones, letters, pieces of shell, plastic bags, stuffed toys, flowers, and flags, we drew another blank. Standing on a mountain beneath a tall wooden pole topped by an iron cross, we continued silence. Passing through another ruined village with a population of only

worship wrathful heroes and nectar writings and zen records mentioned in the introduction to the history of zen practice written at the dwelling of a recluse wrong conventional truth wrong knowledge wu chi standing ya sin yaeko iwasaki’s enlightenment letters to harada-roshi and his comments yajna—the spiritual fire rite that consumes all karma yama yama: living with true ethics yang organ yang pattern yantra yara-ma-yha-who yasutani-roshi’s commentary (teisho) on the koan mu yasutani-roshi’s introductory lectures on zen training yasutani-roshi’s private encounters with ten westerners yearning for god years in my master’s hermitage yellow yin organ yin pattern yin

one person, we ate our daily bread. Talking to a toothless pilgrim who played a child-sized guitar while smoking a joint, we shivered in our sweat. Picking up our pace with our final destination getting closer, we knew the shadow's turn. Remarking how the new tree plantation's white posts looked like a cemetery, we all confused ourselves. Eating toast in a tiny café which blasted Spanish rock music into the pre-dawn darkness outside, we promoted offspring. Thinking of our legs as mile eaters, we drank electrolytes. Drying our clothes on a line in a suburban garden near a pilgrim's tethered horse, we stopped watching TV. Power-walking, we sang before the dawn. Looking back over the

yang and five elements yoga and ayurveda: the sciences of self-realization and self-healing yoga and ayurvedic medicine yoga and christian mysticism yoga and diet yoga and fitness yoga and sex yoga and stress yoga and the divine life yoga and wisdom yoga as a method to obtain the freedom and isolation of the spirit yoga as an art yoga as involution yoga as the ritual of death yoga can be practiced at any age yoga exercises for the eyes yoga fills the spiritual void yoga for ailments yoga for stress yoga for you yoga is a mysticism yoga is one yoga nidra and biofeedback yoga nidra and hypnosis yoga nidra and the brain yoga nidra counteracts stress yoga nidra for children yoga nidra in cancer

mountain range we had crossed yesterday from a footbridge over a motorway, we found ourselves zero. Entering a valley of orange vineyards dotted with autumn-rusty poplars, we thought we'd never end. Smelling fallen leaves and mouldering fungi, we lost money's value. Passing a group of villagers who harvested the chestnuts that fell around us in the wood, we dreamt of our children. Reaching the summit and its vast panoramic view at last only to find our touch-screen cameras malfunctioning, we bent down on our knees. Rolling the planet around and around with our footsteps like hamsters on a treadmill, we validated soil. Wondering if we were walking a line or a spiral, we were due to

therapy yoga nidra integrates the hemispheres yoga nidra is not concentration yoga nidra relieves pain yoga nidra yoga of common sense yoga publications trust yoga research foundation yoga teachers' training courses yoga texts yoga the way of union yoga therapy yoga: a gem for women yoga: remedy for doubt confusion and intellectual dissatisfaction yogacara and the primacy of experience yogacara yogasana and exercise yogasanas and kundalini yogasanas and prana yogasanas and the body-mind connection yogasanas clarified yogasanas yogatantra vision yogi: an astronomer yogic and ayurvedic diets: similarities and differences yogic aspiration yogic breathing yogic culture yogic

arrive. Reconnecting to the path, we followed the arrows. Waking up too early in a crowded dormitory, we surrendered signals. Passing through the deeper forests before dawn with our head torches illuminating raindrops as they fell from the leaves above us, we became more alert. Being photographed as 'pilgrims' by tourists, we learned of nothing new. Sleeping off our cumulative exhaustion, we said goodbye to trees. Watching the last crow flap its way back eastward toward the sunrise, we saw Venus fade out. Ambling along at the foot of an airport while a jet roared overhead, we remained unfinished. Trying to slow down the pace, we savoured the last miles. Thinking we may have passed through

diet yogic enema with water yogic glory is non-karnika yogic keywords yogic perspective on everyday life yogic philosophy of the human being yogic system of education yoni mudra yoni yoruba praises you and i are the problem and not the world you and i you are accepted you are an eye you are beyond space and time you are free now you are not your mind you are with the friend now you don't have to act crazy anymore you may practice zen and get enlightenment but it by its nature is never attained by such matters you must be prepared you should arouse the thought of enlightenment you should not practice the buddha's teachings with the idea of gain you should practice throughout

the same area several times before—but unsure of our route—we became transparent. Seeing how eucalyptus plantations for the pulp and paper industry had displaced the native holm oak forests, we managed every step. Closing our notebooks, we lengthened out stories. Climbing our ultimate dolmen, we set off for the end. Imagining the path ahead, we stopped for a while there. Passing through the last stand of trees before returning to the main road, we cried with sad oboes. Setting our caps on our heads for the last time, we stayed ridiculous. Hoping to see the city with its double spires spread out as we crested the hill, we were disappointed. Knowing it was time to part, we had made up

the way you should seek a true teacher to study zen and study the way your beautiful parched holy mouth your bread is seeking you your diamonds your face lord will i seek your food your goal is your guru your inner purpose your light may go out your link with the unmanifested your mysterious giving your tao your unique constitution your yogic journey yuiho the dharma of phenomena yukti yum yab yunus (jonah) yusuf (joseph) zacchaeus the tax collector zagreus zang organ zazen and mental health za-zen and the koan zazen postures illustrated zazen zechariah zechariah's song zedekiah seeks advice zen and excitement zen and the art of government zen and the teachings

our minds. Traversing more suburbs and industrial parks to get to the old city, we exhausted our thoughts. Completing our research, we were inconclusive. Slowing our pace for the final few kilometres, we had no other words. Noting how the way-markers were coming to an end—what good friends they had been—we thanked the Great Spirit. Finding our true stride at last, we had nothing to add. Arriving at where we had started once again but knowing that place for the first time, we heard the mermaids sing. Browsing the pilgrimage archives, we remembered our breath. Reaching the plaza at last, we thought, well, whatever.

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